WEEK ENDING FEB. 4, 1928

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

File Copy

In this Issue **PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES** *by* **JAMES O'D. BENNETT**

also stories by **THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW** *and* **WALLACE IRWIN**

Little Spear Horner sat in the corner—
His pie all eaten up clean:
'Twixt finger and thumb he held Double Mint gum—
No brighter boy ever was seen!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

Easy to Remember:
DOUBLE MINT

There's a very good reason why Wrigley's Double Mint is a favorite with millions of buyers.

It has REAL Peppermint flavor, full strength, long-lasting, refreshing, soothing, deliciously cool.

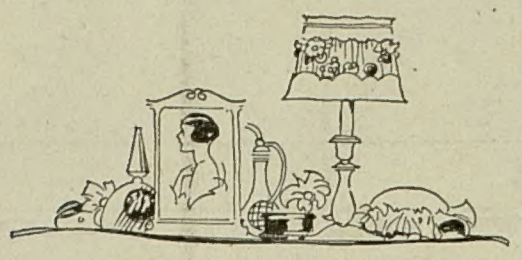
Beneficial to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

H123

After every meal

The flavor lasts

Feminine daintiness has increased in the last five years



Read for yourself *"The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"* and give your daughter a copy

THE woman of today prides herself on her daintiness. She not only desires loveliness; she is constantly seeking new ways to obtain it. And in her progress she has been quick to recognize the advance of personal hygiene to its present degree of safety and effectiveness. Thousands of requests have been received for the booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". The steady stream of letters from all over the country is proof complete that women will no longer permit hearsay and the misguiding advice of well-meaning friends to govern this most intimate matter.

Old views, old methods are giving way

Such widespread desire for the truth is a wholesome sign. It indicates that in a not far distant day the new standard of *safe hygiene* will be known to every woman in the land. But at the present time there is still a vast number of women who do not know the facts—women who in their earnest desire for the fullest possible protection, run grave risks of injury.

The chief menace lies in the employment of dangerous poisonous antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury, carbolic acid and their numerous compounds. Each one is deadly in its effect upon the body. For example, many cases of mercurial poisoning have been directly traced to the employment of bichloride of mercury in feminine hygiene practice. Carbolic acid is an even greater risk. Its continued use tends to harden the membranes and ultimately to form areas of scar-tissue.

What finer service can a woman perform than to tell these truths to others who need such counsel?

Zonite hygiene means safe personal hygiene

And now, fortunately, there *does* exist an antiseptic which compares favorably in power with the old poisons and yet is actually non-poisonous. This new antiseptic is called *Zonite*, and you will find it at your local drugstore in its attractive light and dark green package.

There is no skull-and-crossbones on the Zonite bottle. Its use in the home has the approval of the medical profession. Your physician and your druggist recommend it without a fear or a caution. Why? Because Zonite is *safe*. With all its germicidal power—its ability to kill germs thoroughly and speedily, it is absolutely non-poisonous and harmless to body tissues.

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You will want to read this free booklet

The full story of the discovery of Zonite and of its amazing revolution of feminine hygiene practice is told in the dainty, free booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". It is a frank and authoritative statement of the truth concerning this vital matter. Every woman should have a copy. Especially mothers who want their daughters to be properly informed.

Sign and send us the coupon today. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION L-2
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Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
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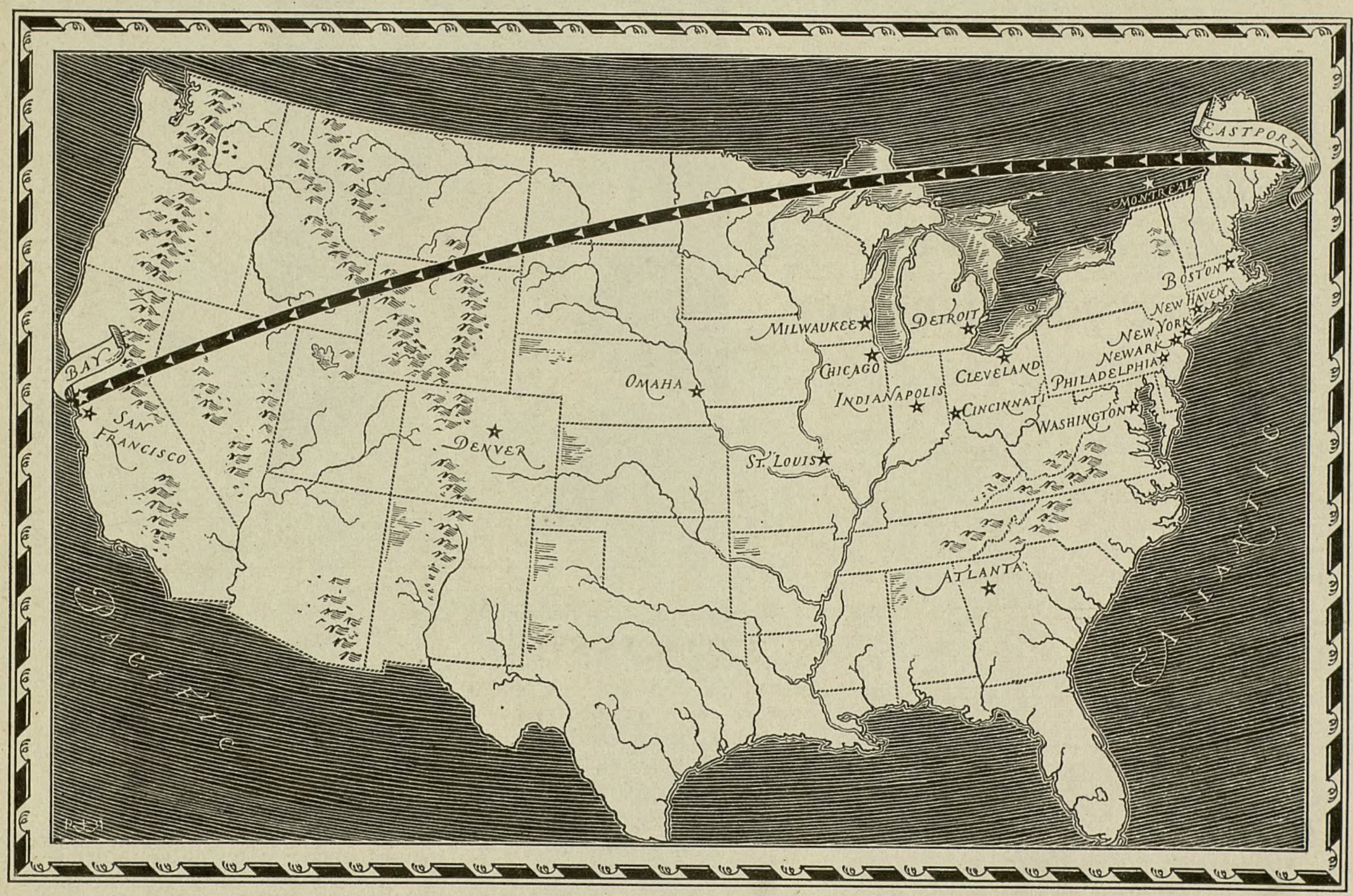

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The longest telephone call you can make within the U. S. is from Eastport, Maine, to the town of Bay, California. Under the new rates, the station to station day charge for this call is now only $10. More than ever you will now be surprised how little long distance calls cost. Business more and more is using the long distance telephone to save trips, buy and sell goods, make appointments and collections, get important things done on time.

A New York company made 14 long distance calls to department stores in 13 cities and sold $37,320 worth of specialties, "all of the transactions having been started and completed by Long Distance at a very nominal cost." A firm of Toledo brokers in one year sold $5,000,000 worth of produce by long distance calls. "Seventy-five per cent of our bean business is done over the telephone. . . . We can get in closer touch with the buyer and understand conditions at his end of the line." In eight months, a tire concern sold $3,180,000 worth of tires by telephone at a sales cost of 2%.

What far-away calls could you profitably make, now? Just ask for the long distance operator and place your call by number . . . it takes less time. . . . *Number, please!*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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FEB. 4, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 5

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

LITTLE AMERICANS

Now that a few marines have died in Nicaragua—killed in the line of duty to which they were assigned in pursuance of a gravely pondered policy—the chorus of Little Americans is renewed.

Take them away! is the burden of the cry. Coolidge is wrong. Kellogg is wrong. Everyone is wrong except Sandino, the Nicaraguan outlaw. This is a brutal country we live in, and we are ashamed of it. The battlers in Nicaragua are victims of an iniquitous imperialism. Somebody ought to go down there and hold their hands, instead of trying to make them live up to their agreement with H. L. Stimson to disarm.

When the United States government asserts itself, we always hear the same thing.

The American colonists were wrong in aspiring to set up this government, in the first place. We were wrong in 1812, and wrong in the War with Mexico. Lincoln was wrong when he declared the South must not leave the Union. All of us were wrong when we rescued Cuba from the Spanish misery and made the island a fit place to live in. We are wrong still in sending a governor to the Philippines.

Wilson was wrong when he determined to enter the war against Germany. Since then in Haiti and San Domingo we have managed to be pretty continuously wrong. As this is written, it is Nicaragua. By the time it is printed it may be something else.

Well, in spite of our chronic wrongness we have managed reasonably well. There is a suspicion in some quarters that the United States of America is not so bad. Most of the Little Americans seem willing to stay here.

If the men at Washington had listened to their voices we wouldn't be either States or United.

No nation that ever became great has been dominated by such people.

Washington, Lincoln, McKinley, Roosevelt, Wilson, Coolidge—all the Presidents and all their administrations—have been beset by the Little Americans. Lines deepen in the faces of those who sit in the White House.

Policies of national conduct carefully planned and based on experience and investigation mean nothing to Little Americans. Theories are so much more easily acquired than knowledge. It is more fun to sit back and say "don't" than to give intelligent support to those in authority.

More fun, that is, for some.

So, whatever is done, there is the dragging chorus of those who would hold back.

It has been thus in every time and in every nation. It will be thus, no doubt, as long as human nature is human nature.

We do not believe such a chorus is likely to prevail in the United States. Fundamentally, we think, we are inclined to be rather sane and determined—call it hard boiled, if you like.

But we know of no country that has had so many yawpers, first and last, or has had them so vociferous.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

ARNOLD BENNETT, in a short story, THE HAT, tells the strange predicament of a man drawn into a series of puzzling situations through a piece of headgear. There is a surprise in almost every paragraph.

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, the war bird who won't come down, has kicked over his rudder and steered into a satire in rhyme. His effusion, called THE NON-STOP PLIGHT, gives you the humorous low-down on a smashing love flight.

THE JEST, by HUGH FULLERTON, is the true story of a practical joke and its two victims, both great baseball leaders, whose entire careers, as well as the health of each, have been endangered as its aftermath.

LLOYD LEWIS follows his article in this issue with another one giving an entirely new picture of the Lincoln assassination conspiracy. You can't afford to miss THE FOUR WHO WERE HANGED.

WILL WEST, author of WHY A MILLION WOMEN WRITE TO ME, gives you another peek behind the department-store scenes in an even more humorous article—DO WOMEN KNOW HOW TO SHOP?—wherein he tells a few of the things that push the overhead so high.

Also JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT will discuss another potential candidate in PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES—HOOVER.

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"Are Women People"

THE Nineteenth Amendment, giving women the vote, is only seven years old. Previous to 1920, women couldn't vote in most states. Women stenographers came in with the Twentieth century. Since the War, women have become important executives in many great businesses. The Nineteenth Amendment will never be repealed. Women will never leave business. Business could not now get on without them. Women have become citizens. *Women are people.*

TODAY, families are small. The kitchen has become, in urban communities, the kitchenette and delicatessen. Woman talks man's language—even when exasperated! She works at a desk next to his and "borrows" his cigarets. She drives her own car on the most crowded thoroughfares.

She engages in his sports. She runs for office and gets elected. She expresses her opinions and makes them heard and felt. She writes fiction which would slay Comstock if he weren't already deceased. She takes the attitude that having been made of man's rib his interests and hers are identical. Her motto is "I wanna do what you do, go where you go, be where you are!" She lives *with* man, not *for* man.

In short, women today are no longer the segregated sex.

When she wants to be interested, instructed or amused, where does she go? To the same theatre and movie that men attend; to the same dance, to the same lecture, to the same university, to the same football game. Also (*alas!*) to the same barber shop.

She reads the same books and the same newspapers that men read. Why then shouldn't she read the same magazines?

The answer is: **She does!**

$25 FOR A LETTER

LIBERTY will pay $25.00 for the best letter on this subject. Address "Are Women People?", c/o LIBERTY, 247 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

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Edited for Whole-Family Appeal

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If all cigarettes were as good as Camel you wouldn't hear anything about special treatments to make cigarettes good for the throat. Nothing takes the place of choice tobaccos.

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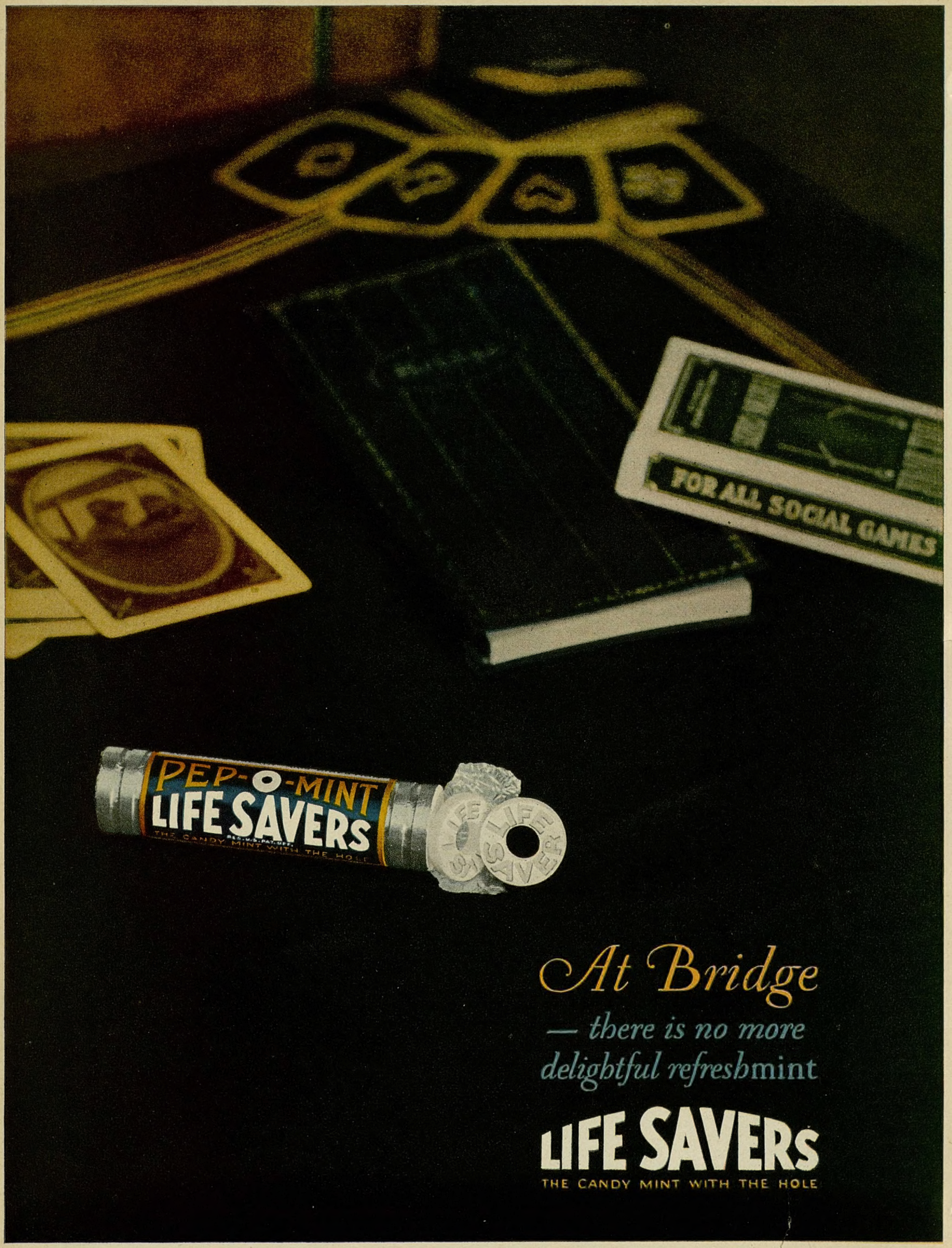


At Bridge

— there is no more delightful refreshmint

LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

Hubert St. Albans

BY a strain of the will she repeated: "He — isn't —your—son."

The Story of the Missing Link in a Woman's Lie

By WALLACE IRWIN

Pictures by KATHARINE STURGES

Reading time: 20 minutes 45 seconds.)

"MARY, give him castor oil."

Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Lampert Pierce, Jr., were breakfasting in a flower-paneled dining room, both expensive and expansive, and she shouted rather too audibly at the Irish lass dragging Everett Holmes Pierce upstairs. He was putting up a splendid fight for a boy of five.

Jeanie Pierce at that moment would not have done for a portrait entitled Among Haleville's Young Society Matrons, as she had appeared in last Sunday's rotogravure. Her expression was not fit to be seen publicly.

Rodney Pierce, across the shining board, had put on his shell-rimmed spectacles, which should have made him look older, but merely turned him into an auburn version of Harold Lloyd.

"It's time we gave some attention to his education," said Jeanie, gypsy eyes throwing knives as she passed Rod's coffee.

"Must we settle that now?" His red head bowed over the stock reports.

With an effort, still holding the accent of Miss Flick's School for Young Ladies: "You didn't like his English governess."

"If I'd liked her as much as she liked my gin I'd have married the lady." Still behind his paper.

"She *was* a lady. And you've messed things so that I've had to take that horrible Irishwoman. Do you know what she's doing? Taking Everett down to the village. The village!"

"Horrors." Without emotion.

"Maybe it's funny. I don't think you realize what Everett did this morning. Ran into a delicatessen store, stole a pickle, swallowed it whole."

"Aw, honey!" Rod held his paper aside and tried to disarm her with his round blue eyes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HUBERT ST. ALBANS
Continued from Page Nine]

"I'll pay for the pickle." He said it just as he had said, "I'll pay for the sable," that time she felt shabby and Pierce, Sr., had threatened to cut down their allowance.

"Your responsibility ends with the pickle, I suppose." Pert little nose pointed, cheeks flamed; she had become a wren at war.

"Sweet, what makes you so snooty this morning?" His eyes were so blue; she mustn't let herself adore him.

"Rod, we've got to settle this now or never."

"Let's make it never." Just a helpful suggestion. "Evvy's getting on fine. When I was his age, and older, I was a neighborhood curse. Ever tell you how I dumped the ash can into Miss Emma Snell's ice-cream freezer, and—"

"Yes, you have." She had planned so long to talk earnestly, and see where it got her! "I don't like this environment for Evvy."

"What's the matter with it?" She hoped he wasn't going to lose his temper. He seldom did, but then—whew!

"Don't get sensitive, honey," she begged. "I'd do anything for you. But I must think of my boy. The children around here are getting awfully tough. Some of the people—look at the Morgans, for instance—are sending their boys to public school."

"Well, what's the matter with that?" Oh, mercy! She had stubbed her toe against one of the Pierce hobbies. "My father sent me to public school. He went to public school."

SHE made her mouth firm: "I mean I don't want Everett with the sort of education—well—you're so fond of. I want him to be a cultivated gentleman, not one of those street gamins, butchering the king's English—"

"Which king's?" Rod slouched back, put on one of the smiles he used when he lost a tennis game or hit a taxi driver.

She had been plaintive. Now fury hurled in. "You know very well what king. I won't have my boy in one of those schools where they scream about baseball and steal pickles. I hate American schools."

"They have some wonderful schools in China." Mildly, but still with the smile he used on taxi drivers.

"Don't be silly. I want him to go to Oxford."

"Even Oxford wouldn't take a boy of five," he droned.

"Rodney, how can you be so exasperating? I mean the famous public schools of England. Eton—er—" This finished her list. "Places you've probably never heard of."

"Yeah. Hal Newton sent his boy to Eton. Now he's looking for somebody to drown the pup."

"Oh, never mind." She snatched up another morning paper. Through the woggly text came Rod's continued argument:

"I guess you'll find plenty of Presidents—United States and corporation—who've never had those advantages. Look at Dad. And I don't care if my boy cracks all the delicatessen stores there are. My boy's a male."

"I don't think he's yours so very exclusively."

"No. He's got your eyes and your nose and your face. But, just the same, he's his father's son. And he isn't going to sing falsetto. My boy will be an American business man, live American, respect the American flag. My boy—"

"*Your* boy?" The paper ripped in two as she slashed it to the carpet. "He's not your boy. Not your boy at all."

What in her anger she had meant to say was, "Everett is his mother's child; therefore he belongs to me." But her speech, she saw, was queerly misunderstood. Rod's mouth opened, but not for the spoonful of soft egg he had been lifting toward it. Wrath's impetus flung her on. "Boasting—boasting—your boy—your son this—your son that—"

"Jeanie!" His tone brought her to; a dash of ice water. "Did you really say that Evvy isn't our son?"

Foggily she heard the question. So that's the way he's taking it. He doesn't even trust me. Again hot words forked their tongues.

"What makes you think he's your boy?"

"Well"—mussing his hair—"for the love of Pete, what are you driving at?"

"The child isn't yours, that's all." So dramatic, like Chapter Eleven of the very modern novel she had just read. But her sane mind was asking, "What did you say that for?" She saw Rod gulp strickenly, dabble a spoonful of egg on a clean doily.

Then, "What did you say?" Like a questioning judge who had condemned her to hang by the neck for having brown eyes.

By a strain of the will she repeated: "He—isn't—your—son."

"Hm." Bracing himself. "Well, whose son is he?"

"You made me tell you this." Her tone became pitiful. She must stall for time. Names, names, names—what names were there? Like one insanely pawing a telephone directory in a foreign language, she rambled, got nothing. Stiff lips were babbling, "Always bragging about Everett. Your property. Not giving me any credit—"

"Jeanie, you owe me this." His jaw hardened, but his tone remained gentle. "It's only fair to tell me. Who"—a dread pause—"who is Evvy's father?"

Satan became her guide. All in a flash that brilliant counselor fetched out a name. A gloriously safe one, because impossible.

"Hubert," she said softly, trying to mend the crack in her voice, "Hubert St. Albans."

He turned, presented a three-quarters view of Tragedy's mask. His strangling silence.

"What are you going to do about it?" Her unborn scream.

"Nothing. The damage is done." With an eye gesture upstairs, where Everett still bawled. "You were eighteen when we married. A little young. That was the trouble."

"I'm twenty-four now. I ought to know my mind."

"Yes. You ought to." He arose slowly, lighted a cigarette, made a splendid exit speech: "We'll try to make the best of this. We must be modern when such things happen."

In this day of feminism the male is entitled to the last word. So he was gone. Gone. He didn't care! Modern . . . must be modern.

The murderess sat pondering her blow, eyes on the still quivering corpse. Remorse, an avalanche, bore her down. She'd done that to darling Rod! How could she make amends? Prove she'd been telling a hysterical lie? She, who had never lied before. Now would he believe her? . . . Hubert St. Albans. . . . What sensible person would take that seriously?

II

FALSE words are malevolently efficient. They often kill two birds with one stone. All that day, while Jeanie was feverishly pulsating between hot and cold, now deciding that she had served Rod good and right for his obstinacy, now wondering what she would do to extricate herself from her self-made web, Rod was nursing more than his share of agony.

All the way down to the Mineola station, where he left his car in a garage, he was raking

his mind for a trace of this Hubert St. Albans. Where, less than six years ago, could she have met this person?

He recalled every event of their honeymoon, up at Lake Pittipak. She had been such a devoted bride, seldom out of his sight. Yes. But men had danced with her. Who?

There had been two Englishmen. One was Captain Brown—but he had to grope for the other. Something outlandishly un-American. At the Wall Street entrance of the subway it came back to him. Major Evans Evanston-Evans. Funny enough. But what had that to do with Hubert St. Albans?

Going up to the executive floor of the Monolithic Trust Company, he recollected the four days he had left her alone. Gone on some fool fishing expedition, rather against his will. Jeanie had seemed so overcome with joy when he returned. Oh, woman! He'd wire the Pittipak Hotel and find if a St. Albans had been registered there during those fatal days.

Glooming in, missing the bows of the office force, he closed the glazed door labeled Second Vice President. The good morning of Miss Seever, his bony secretary, met a vacant stare. To him the mail and reports she laid on his desk represented so much straw.

Hubert St. Albans. Sounded knightly. Something very patrician, out of the Almanach de Gotha. Huh. He must find that snake and compel him to make good. But, on second thought, he knew there must be something noble about the man or Jeanie couldn't have cared so.

Rod decided not to knock him down. Neither would he do anything to wreck poor Jeanie's character before the world. But by force of will Rodney L. Pierce, Jr., would compel Hubert St. Albans to acknowledge the child.

As a family the Pierces were famed for a powerful sense of direction. What a picture, then, was their logical heir, wasting a day with frenzied ideas which butted themselves to death, lay strewn about with broken heads! By 3 o'clock he was wondering what his father would say. Rod had missed his lunch and was resting his aching brow on his desk when Miss Seever stole in.

"Mr. St. Albans on the phone," she announced, using the voice of a madhouse nurse.

"Mr. What?" He sat up so abruptly his back hurt.

"Hubert St. Albans."

"Oh, yes." Hollowly. "Does he want anything?"

"He says you'll know his business and he'll come at your convenience." How very natural.

"Tell him to come right away."

All this, he knew, was but another phase of his nightmare. Everything nonsensical. He clutched his desk, expecting it to go flying out of the window, himself clinging, for a trip to Liberty Statue. But he musn't let anything surprise him.

ONE clear thought saved him from insanity. Then, "Miss Seever, bring me the telephone directory." She laid the swollen monster on his desk. He turned to S, ran his trembling finger down the list of Saints, then jerked away as from the sting of a wasp. "St. Albans, Hubert. . . . 229 Elko."

St. Albans, Hubert. Plain enough. This, then, was not the black magic of dreams. Hubert St. Albans. . . . Rod folded his arms and waited—for what, he could not say.

"Mr. St. Albans," announced Miss Seever at last to the unmoving Nemesis.

He eyed the stranger coming in. He knew that the swagger covered nervousness. A slender hand stretched toward him out of a pink cuff and shepherd's-plaid sleeve. He was frail, youngish, eager, with a straw-colored little mustache and indefinite eyebrows. His chin was weak, his brown eyes childlike. A poet, decided Rod, and beckoned his visitor to a chair.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Pierce." Pleasantly, like a tail-wagging dog. "I thought you'd expect me pretty soon."

"Yes. I expected you." Deep as a well.

"I wasn't sure whether I ought to see you first or—your wife."

"You did the right thing in coming to me, Mr. St. Albans. An affair like this, I think, should be settled among the men. Mrs. Pierce thoroughly understands—"

"Oh, does she?" With a far-away look in the poetic brown eyes. Rod noticed that his hair was long. Clasping his sensitive hands, he pursued, "I hope you don't mind my saying so, Mr. Pierce, but your wife is so extraordinarily beautiful—"

"How long have you thought so?" St. Albans' cheeks were flushed, but his look was triumphant.

"A little less than six years." Rod's destructive eyes studied the man. About his own age, a dreamer, one of those poor things who arouse women's emotions; so in contrast with the blunt business man who had claimed Jeanie and loved her so.

The young visitor reached into an inside pocket, brought out a tissue-paper package which he reverentially unwrapped. A photograph of Jeanie. The girl in sports costume smiled out at him, out of the picture she had given Rod before they were married. Hubert St. Albans breathed softly.

"I thought she'd change. But I saw her at the Junior League Bazaar. She's lovelier than ever."

"She'll appreciate the compliment." Dryly. Then, with a certain passion, "Look here. My wife and I realize the seriousness of this."

"And so do I." Yearningly. Why couldn't the fellow come out and fight like a man? "I wish you knew how much this means to me, Mr. Pierce. It means everything in the—"

The buzzer buzzed—three distinct, scolding buzzes. This was a signal from Pierce, Sr., the despot who held Rodney's fortune in his hands. He must obey at once.

"I'm too busy to go into this now," said Rod shortly. "Suppose—let's see. Can you dine with us tonight?"

"That would be lovely, Mr. Pierce. I can't tell you—"

"Then meet me at the Mineola station. Six-thirty. I'll motor you out to my place."

SO that was arranged at about the hour when Jeanie nursed her own private headache in her husband's rather fine house overlooking the Skagmere Golf Course. She, too, had tired herself with mental backing and filling. She had cried it out at least twice, and momentarily hoped for Rod's ring at the telephone under the pink doll beside her bed. The bell did trill, many times, but only for people who wanted her to serve on committees, be patroness for this and that. She rejected four bridge games, but had to accept her pompous father-in-law's box at the Metropolitan Opera House.

In a few years Rod would inherit the Pierce fortune. Her good looks and her position would make her known throughout America.

And this morning she had spoiled her son's chances by telling a hysterical lie.

But later she began laughing at herself. Hubert St. Albans. Nobody outside the movies could have such a name. Rod was too keen to accept the clumsy hoax. When he came home they could quarrel it out and be happy again. Then, for the first time, she regretted that she had been such a model wife.

Bob Hunniday, who had held the line for Yale in Rod's junior year, was among those who jingled the telephone that dreary afternoon. She looked upon him as a godsend and was overjoyed when he offered to pick Rod up and come home with him to dinner. Bob would save the evening. A few cocktails, some of his Broadway stories, and Rod would be in a mood to listen to her bedtime confession.

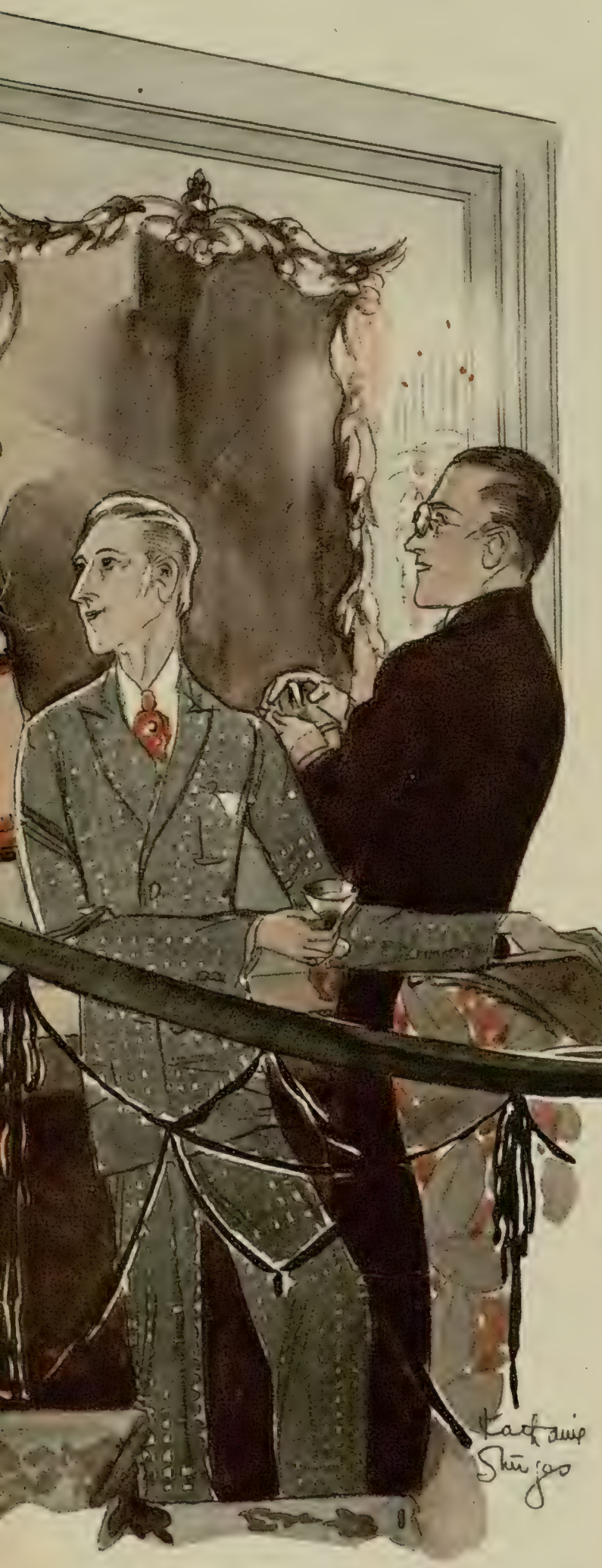
Of Hubert St. Albans, the impossible, the rag dummy . . . Then, possessed of a crazy thought, she leaped to the telephone book, thumbed it rapidly to S. . . . "St. Albans, Hubert. . . . 229 Elko." Horror rushed over her.

III

NEVERTHELESS, Jeanie, being of her sex, went on dressing. Her shimmering pink gown, which had once inspired Rod to quote Kipling; her crystal beads, falling like chained dew from her little ivory neck—in these she approved herself before a full-length mirror. The Sunday papers had got hold of her; praised her for a prize beauty. She had pretended indifference—and tonight she was dressing for her husband.

Before her glass she looked younger than her age and equipped to charm the sullen bears out of their dens. But the knowledge of guilt was upon her, doubly black because it involved an error of which she was so whitely innocent.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"WE'RE one drink ahead of you," said Rod with a devastating stiffness. "I thought you were bringing Bob—" she faltered.

[HUBERT ST. ALBANS
Continued from Page Eleven]

Rod's car whiffled outside. Her heart pumped, stopped. The front latch clicked. Soon the big feet would come clumping up toward the evening kiss. . . . But no. Downstairs she could hear a cocktail shaking. Without her.

She slammed the bedroom door and came down, but paused midway when she saw the two backs.

The stranger back, thin and delicate, was certainly not Bob Hunniday's. The hair was rather long; and, when it turned, the face had a gentle, dovelike expression, never owned by the famous Yale guard.

"We're one drink ahead of you," said Rod with a devastating stiffness. He poured hers. The new young man was shuffling from one foot to the other.

"I thought you were bringing Bob—" she faltered.

"I told him not to come," said Rod in the same ceremonial tone. "I thought it would be better for us three—er—to talk it out."

"Mr. Pierce has been very kind about everything," broke in the young man, his weak chin trembling with emotion. "Some husbands wouldn't give me a chance—"

"Dinner is served," chimed Norman, the very imposing butler.

On the way in Jeanie had time to take the shepherd's-plaid arm and whisper, "Sorry. I'm afraid I didn't get your name."

"Hubert St. Albans." Spoken with glassy clearness.

It seemed to break all over her like an exploding light bulb, and she was aware of Rod's face wreathed in agony.

"Is there anything we can't discuss together?" he asked, benevolent as a jailer. This filled her with smiling fury. Hubert St. Albans. Rod, the industrious Rod, had dug him out of all New York, had brought her face to face with the man who, as far as she was concerned, had been a myth.

DURING soup Hubert was plaintively garrulous, sticking to general subjects. Presidential possibilities, aviation—he wanted to agree with everybody.

Rod grunted and ordered sauterne. His guest, it was plain to see, was uneasy, but bursting with a message. Instinctively Jeanie pitied him, so weak, so eager, so poorly matched against her masterful husband.

"See here." Rod's hair glowed volcanic as he stabbed into the chicken. "Let's get down to brass tacks. Mr. St. Albans, what are you going to do about my wife?"

"Your wife?" Hubert stared at both of them, swallowed hard. "Of course, that's what I wanted to settle. She's the main thing with me." His helplessness urged Jeanie to the cry:

"Oh, I'm so glad you think so!" It was a silly remark, but she meant it as encouragement. Rod laid down his fork.

"After this," he glared, "I suppose it's up to me to surrender all rights."

"But, Rod—" She thought of a plain confession then and there. But how tell the whole disastrous truth before this stranger? She closed her mouth emptily.

"Mr. Pierce, don't give that a second thought. You needn't surrender any rights." Hubert was so ingratiating. "I can fix it so that all rights, besides ours—"

"*You* fix my rights?" Rod's eyes were popping.

St. Albans shrank a little, bringing Jeanie to his defense with, "Well, I have some rights, too. I married you of my own free will."

"Did she?" Rod shot this at St. Albans.

"Well, sir, as far as I know—I—I—she didn't ask my opinion." St. Albans was measuring the distance to the door, reckoning the number of leaps thereto.

"Rod," begged his wife, "how could he have asked my opinion? I—"

Rod's chin squared. "You mean he was too indifferent—"

"I wasn't indifferent at all," broke in the culprit. "She'll remember what I told her six years ago."

Jeanie started, gazed wide-eyed.

"Six years ago, eh? Do you mind repeating it?" Rod's threatening growl.

Hubert all but fell from his chair. "See here, Mr. Pierce. I had no idea I'd done anything offensive."

Rod managed to curb his tone: "I merely wanted to know, so that we could settle matters. You mention six years ago."

"Six next May." The poet's smile returned. "I told her then that she was beautiful. I'm afraid I was carried away. I knew she would go far in the great world. And I was so unworthy to enjoy such a privilege—"

"I'll say you were." Heartily. "Will you show my wife the picture you've been toting round ever since?"

"That's just what I want her to see." Eagerly he plunged into his pocket, brought out a tissue-paper package, laid it on the table. The lady exhibited was handsome but middle-aged. She wore a crown.

"Oh, damn! Excuse me." Hubert was flustered. "That's the Queen of Roumania." Again he began roaming among his pockets. A new question sprang to Jeanie's mind. Were all three of them insane? She blinked when St. Albans flipped a second photograph—her own—on the table.

"There! Doesn't she make Her Majesty look pretty dull?"

"Look here, old man." Rod was falsely gentle. "How many of 'em have you on the string?"

"Rod!" prompted Jeanie.

He was growing violent, but maintained a sardonic softness, turning on her. "Must I save his feelings?" Then to the other culprit, "Now you're showing pictures, I'd like to ask what you're going to do about the child."

"But, Mr. Pierce—" Hubert was beginning to stutter.

"Rodney," she cried out, "you're not going to—"

"Yes, I am. I've brought you here, young man, to take my wife, if she consents. Now, what are you going to do about the child?"

"How—how old is it?" Faintly.

"Five years."

"Well, Mr. Pierce." Appeasingly. "In my arrangement the child isn't usually included. But I make exceptions. For instance, I took Mrs. De Lancey Montesque's little boy."

"With no objection from Mr. Montesque?"

"Oh, no. He asked me to."

"You must have collected quite a kindergarten."

"I have only one—of my own," faltered Hubert.

"Mr. What?" He sat up so abruptly

"And you acknowledge you're his father?"

"Why—why shouldn't I?" Now he looked almost brave. "Mrs. St. Albans is a good woman."

"Oh, damn Mrs. St. Albans."

"Look here, sir." The weak chin began to pucker into a little brickbat. "If you want to swear, I'll ask you to keep my wife out of it."

"Well, you're not keeping my wife out of it, as I can notice." To Jeanie's horror both men had risen.

"PLEASE, please!" She flew between them, thinking what Norman, the butler, would say at blood shed on the new table linen. "Oh, Rod," she clamored, "you wouldn't hit him. You wouldn't—"

"Sit down," suggested Rod. "She'll protect you."

"I didn't mean it that way," she said coolly.

"What did you mean?" By common consent they all sat down.

"I meant—I don't have to tell you what I meant." She was losing her temper again. This wouldn't do. She must think of something—something to get the intruder out of the house so that she could grovel before Rod, try to explain without a stranger gaping at them. Meanwhile the elderly Norman was gliding in with dessert, his look high and disdainful like a sultan's camel.

"I'm not mentioning Mrs. Pierce in any disrespectful spirit," came in Hubert persuasively.

his back hurt. "Hubert St. Albans," Miss Seever replied.

"Hundreds of ladies, of our best families, are doing the same thing. And they're quite enthusiastic about it. Especially the middle-aged ones."

"I'm not criticizing modern morals." Rod looked stolidly at his ice cream. "But I'm not so modern as that. I'm sorry for your wife. But just the same I feel that you've got to come out and say that you're the boy's father—"

"You've gone far enough." St. Albans was again rising and squaring off. "This is the second time you've insinuated that my boy isn't mine—"

"Oh, Rod!" Seeing manslaughter in his eye, Jeanie fairly screamed it. "The boy is his. But you don't understand—"

"You needn't boast about it," snarled her husband.

Very gently now spoke Hubert St. Albans, as if consulting a spirit guide. "What's the idea, anyhow?" His hand had gone into the convenient pocket and another photograph came out. "If this isn't my boy, whose is it?"

The Pierces, man and wife, stared down upon the portrait of a two-year-old child, barefooted, with a blond spit curl, one tooth, and the chinless pulchritude of Hubert St. Albans. "Whose is that, huh?" St. Albans insisted more in pride than anger.

"Yours!" Jeanie shouted it victoriously.

"You bet he's mine. My wife's always saying he looks like her, but I maintain he's his father's boy."

But Rod was not at all moved from his obsession. "This isn't the one I'm claiming is—"

"Shut up!" In spite of her culpability, Jeanie wasn't going to have her phantom scandal dragged to the light.

"MR. ST. ALBANS," she said suavely, "I'm sure I've never set eyes on you before."

"Oh, have you forgotten?" Again with that poetic look. Jeanie stared.

"But when have I—"

"You haven't forgotten those roses? Miles of roses?" He eyed her so fondly that again she feared for his safety.

"And the two hours we passed together—"

"Where?" glowered the presiding executioner.

"In a church, Mr. Pierce."

"A church?" From Rod.

"A church?" From Jeanie.

"Yes." Sighing. "It will be six years next May."

"Mr. St. Albans," Jeanie waited for her heart to go down. "Are you sure about that date?"

"Huh!" He gained confidence. "I guess I ought to remember it. You might have forgotten me—I've changed a lot. I was only nineteen." Touching his straw-colored mustache.

"You—in a church—"

"And two hours," thundered Rod.

"Yes, Mr. Pierce. About that long. I was the boy who went around with Mrs. Pierce, the morning you were married, helping arrange the flowers."

Dawn broke. "Oh," she caroled, "you were the boy they called Hubie!"

"Yes, ma'am." With dignity. "My father was sexton of the First Presbyterian."

Rod had sunk, a sausage balloon deflating.

"So you see!" she couldn't help but cry.

"Not enough to hurt." Rod was coming back. "When a man's wife says something—well, something at breakfast, and a chap named Hubert St. Albans comes round to his office with her photo—what I want to know is, what in hell?"

"DIDN'T I explain?" Suddenly Hubert St. Albans became alert. "There were so many—er—delightful interruptions that I'm afraid we never got to the point." Again, and with a businesslike dexterity, he showered the table with photographs. "I have always regarded Mrs. Pierce as one of the most—"

"You've said that before," said Rod. "But go on."

"Now, the Scandinavian Spine Vibrator Company is just launching a giant campaign throughout the United States and Canada—"

"Love of Pete!" Rod dropped his cigarette lighter. "So you came to sell—"

"No, sir. One moment. I came to buy." With the sweetest smile. "I'm a very new employee of the advertising firm starting a campaign for the vibrator. Really, it's a miracle."

"Say that with flowers!"

"And I thought up a plan to have the photos and indorsements of beautiful society ladies. The boss didn't think I could do it. I mean, with a vibrator. But I thought of Mrs. Pierce. I felt I had a sort of claim—"

"You certainly have, old man!" Generously, like Santa Claus. "Just you go ahead. And I'll write the indorsement."

"I love your nerve." It was now Jeanie's turn to play tyrant. "First you try to give my boy away—to a perfect stranger. And now you're presenting me—"

"Honey, I apologize." So humbly, she could have wept.

"Women get money for using their pictures, don't they?" she asked brightly.

"Yes, ma'am. The contract mentions a thousand dollars. That's not much to people in your circumstances, but—" He shoved a typewritten paper.

"But, darling—" Rod was trying to say something.

"Are you president of your firm, Mr. St. Albans?" she asked.

"I've only been in the business two years." He laughed shyly. "But if I bring home your picture I'll get a step-up."

"And your dear, dear little boy!" Gushingly. "Are you going to send him to college when he grows up?"

"Well, I hope so, Mrs. Pierce; I—"

"Suppose you do." With all the majesty of all the queens with whom she would be associated under the emblem of the Spine Vibrator. "If you'll be so generous as to accept it, I'll present my thousand dollars toward his education."

"Oh, Mrs. Pierce—"

"But one reservation, Mr. St. Albans. He must go to Oxford!"

"Norman," said Rod gently to the hired retainer who was skating in with liqueurs, "take that stuff back. Look behind Milton in the library and you'll find a bottle of Napoleon brandy. Breathe gently as you lift it, for it is, as far as I know, the only bottle in the world. Bring three glasses. And pull down the shades. I don't want the passing world to see me drinking the health of a jackass who believes what his wife says when she's mad."

THE END

"This is to Certify—"

An Article by

LLOYD LEWIS

(Reading time: 20 minutes 6 seconds.)

"THEE has heard about Mrs. Surratt, the woman they hanged for helping to kill Abraham Lincoln?"

My uncle looked down at me as we stood at the top of the long courthouse steps. I was busy admiring the grand flare the sundown was making in his great red beard, and thinking what a nice man he was to let me visit him all day in the courtroom where he was bailiff.

I nodded, however, to satisfy his question. Every boy in our neighborhood knew about that woman who was hanged.

"Look—coming down the street!" my uncle went on, his voice lowered. "There comes the man who hanged her."

Hurrying along the sidewalk below was a man with a white face, a proud mustache, and a sad eye.

"That's Louis Weichmann. They say he carries a derringer in his breast and never turns his back on a door because, some day, somewhere, John Wilkes Booth is coming to kill him. They say he never sits between a lamp and a window."

I was all rapture and curiosity now, staring at the strange man.

"What's he doing here in Anderson, Uncle Albert?" I asked, for any seven-year-old boy knew the Booth and Lincoln tragedy had happened long ago and far away.

"He lives with his brother and sisters down the street yonder and

Louis J. Weichmann, when he testified against the conspirators.

runs a little business college here in town; has run it for about ten years, I guess," my uncle went on, as he started down the steps, drawing me after him. "I don't believe that about Booth, although lots of people swear it's true; and that may not be so about the derringer. Booth's dead, but Lou Weichmann is afraid of something. Thee come along, now, home!"

"Home" lay eight miles down through the farmlands in a Quaker community. There the Weichmann legend slumbered along with the man as a hero. People there said that he had been a boarder and roomer at the lodging house in Washington where the Lincoln conspirators hatched their plot, and that he had come bravely and nobly forward at the trial, testifying that Mrs. Surratt, the woman who kept the house, had aided John Wilkes Booth in his scheme and in his escape.

She had hung with three male conspirators back in 1865. Weichmann had come to Anderson, Indiana, in 1889 to live with his brother, the Catholic priest, and had never spoken of the trial. But in other communities about Anderson, the legend was different. To the east, where "copperheads" and "Knights of the Golden Circle" had reigned during the Civil War, the Weichmann legend took the orthodox Southern trend.

The man, these communities said, was living in dread of the vengeance John Wilkes Booth was sooner or later to visit upon him. Booth, it was believed here, got away from his pursuers and lived, under an assumed name, in Texas, Oklahoma, or London, as the case might be, into the 1900s at least.

This myth had it that an innocent Confederate, going home from Appomattox, had changed coats with Booth during the assassin's flight through Virginia, and had been surprised with Booth's ally, Davy Herold, in the barn where the pursuing Federals killed him and palmed him off for the true assassin to save the government's face.

Weichmann, this tale ran, had been one of the conspirators in the meetings at the Surratt house, and had turned state's evidence.

Weichmann did act like a man with some secret dread; no denying that. He didn't mix, in a town where everyone mixed. He talked to few people. His pupils—there were never many in the little business college he conducted—respected his honesty, his gentility, and his amazing ability to speak eight languages as well as to teach shorthand; yet they said they never really knew him.

His shy reserve warded off the questions which the curious were dying to ask him, and the hearty, witty personality of his brother, Father Weichmann—"that fine man," as even the Ku Kluxers of Anderson still remember him—was a bulwark of protection.

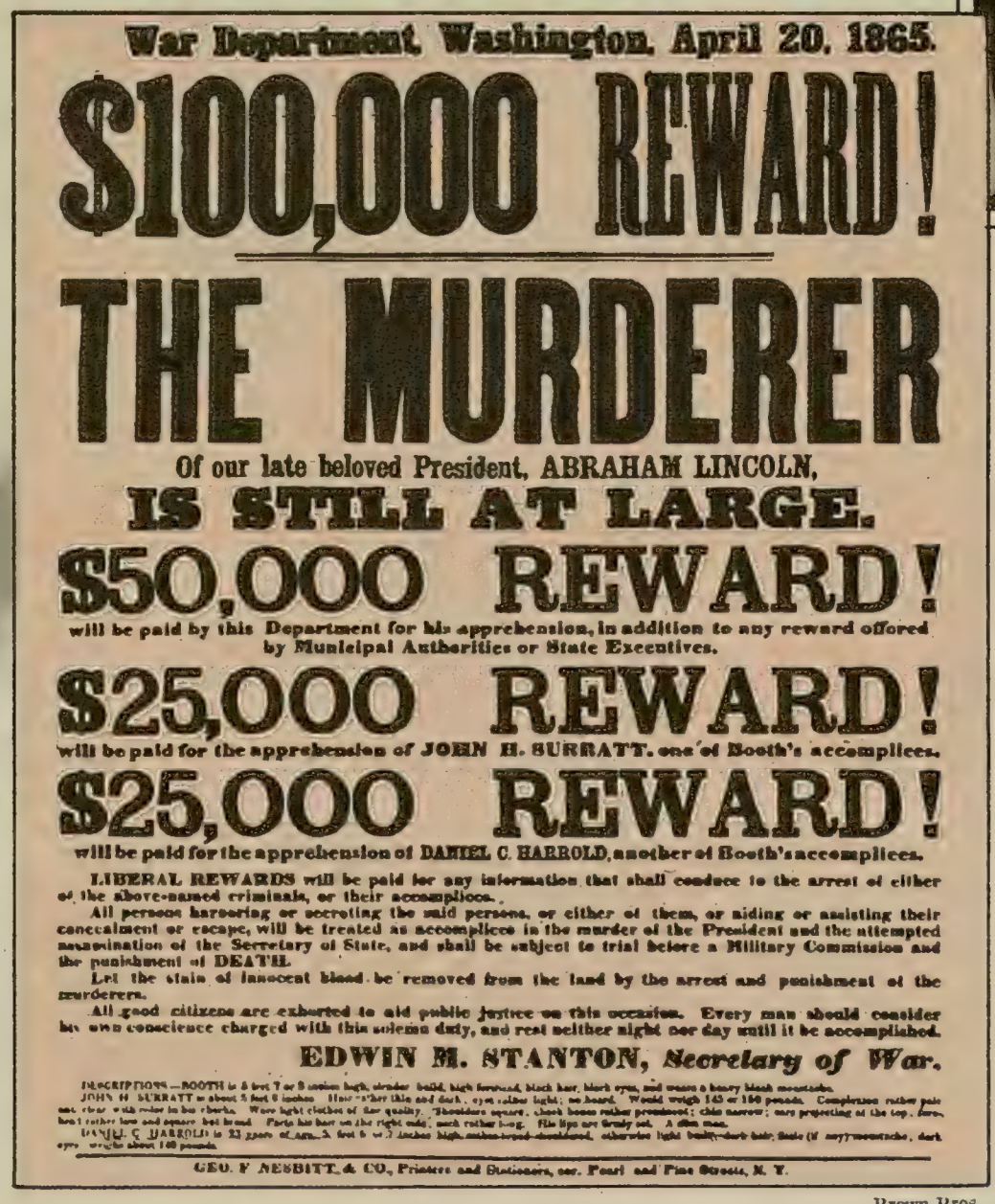
If it had not been for the rise of the Lincoln myth across the Republic in these late '80s and '90s, the mystery of Weichmann might have disappeared in his lifetime.

People in the '90s were just beginning to write and talk of Lincoln as if he had been one of the dying gods of antiquity. The North was exactly far enough away to begin idealizing him, exalting him to superhuman heights.

John H. Surratt.

Mrs. Mary E. Surratt.

The mother was hanged; but the son, caught after two years, escaped penalty for his share in the conspiracy.



War Department, Washington, April 20, 1865.

$100,000 REWARD!

THE MURDERER

Of our late beloved President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

IS STILL AT LARGE.

$50,000 REWARD!

will be paid by this Department for his apprehension, in addition to any reward offered by Municipal Authorities or State Executives.

$25,000 REWARD!

will be paid for the apprehension of JOHN H. SURRATT, one of Booth's accomplices.

$25,000 REWARD!

will be paid for the apprehension of DANIEL C. HARROLD, another of Booth's accomplices.

LIBERAL REWARDS will be paid for any information that shall conduce to the arrest of either of the above-named criminals, or their accomplices.

All persons harboring or secreting the said persons, or either of them, or aiding or assisting their concealment or escape, will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President and the attempted assassination of the Secretary of State, and shall be subject to trial before a Military Commission and the punishment of DEATH.

Let the stain of innocent blood be removed from the land by the arrest and punishment of the murderers.

All good citizens are exhorted to aid public justice on this occasion. Every man should consider his own conscience charged with this solemn duty, and rest neither night nor day until it be accomplished.

EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

DESCRIPTIONS.—BOOTH is 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high, slender build, high forehead, black hair, black eyes, and wears a heavy black moustache.

JOHN H. SURRATT is about 5 feet 6 inches [illegible] and dark, eyes color light; no beard. Would weigh 145 or 150 pounds. Complexion rather pale and clear with color in the cheeks. Wore light clothes of fine quality. Shoulders square, chest broad, neck rather prominent; chin narrow; ears projecting at the top. Arms, hands rather long and square but broad. Feels his feet on the right side, much rather long. His lips are finely cut. A fine man.

DANIEL C. HARROLD is 23 years of Age, 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high, medium-broad-shouldered, otherwise light built; dark hair, finely (if any) moustache, dark eyes, weighs about 140 pounds.

GEO. F. NESBITT & CO., Printers and Stationers, cor. Pearl and Pine Streets, N. Y.

Brown Bros.

The entire country was thrown into a frenzy of excitement by Lincoln's assassination. Above is shown the War Department poster issued six days after the shooting.

One of the most common forms taken by this mysticism was the very general belief that virtually everyone who had had anything to do with the assassination or the trial had met a tragic end. Weird Fate was working, they said.

Mrs. Lincoln had gone insane and had died pitifully in an Illinois asylum. Similar destiny had snuffed out the other two persons who had sat with the President in the theater box that evening—Major Rathbone and Miss Harris. These two had later married, only to be claimed by the fatal spell when the Major, going suddenly crazy, had killed his wife, then himself. Boston Corbett, the Union sergeant who had shot Booth down, had been consigned to a madhouse in Topeka, Kansas.

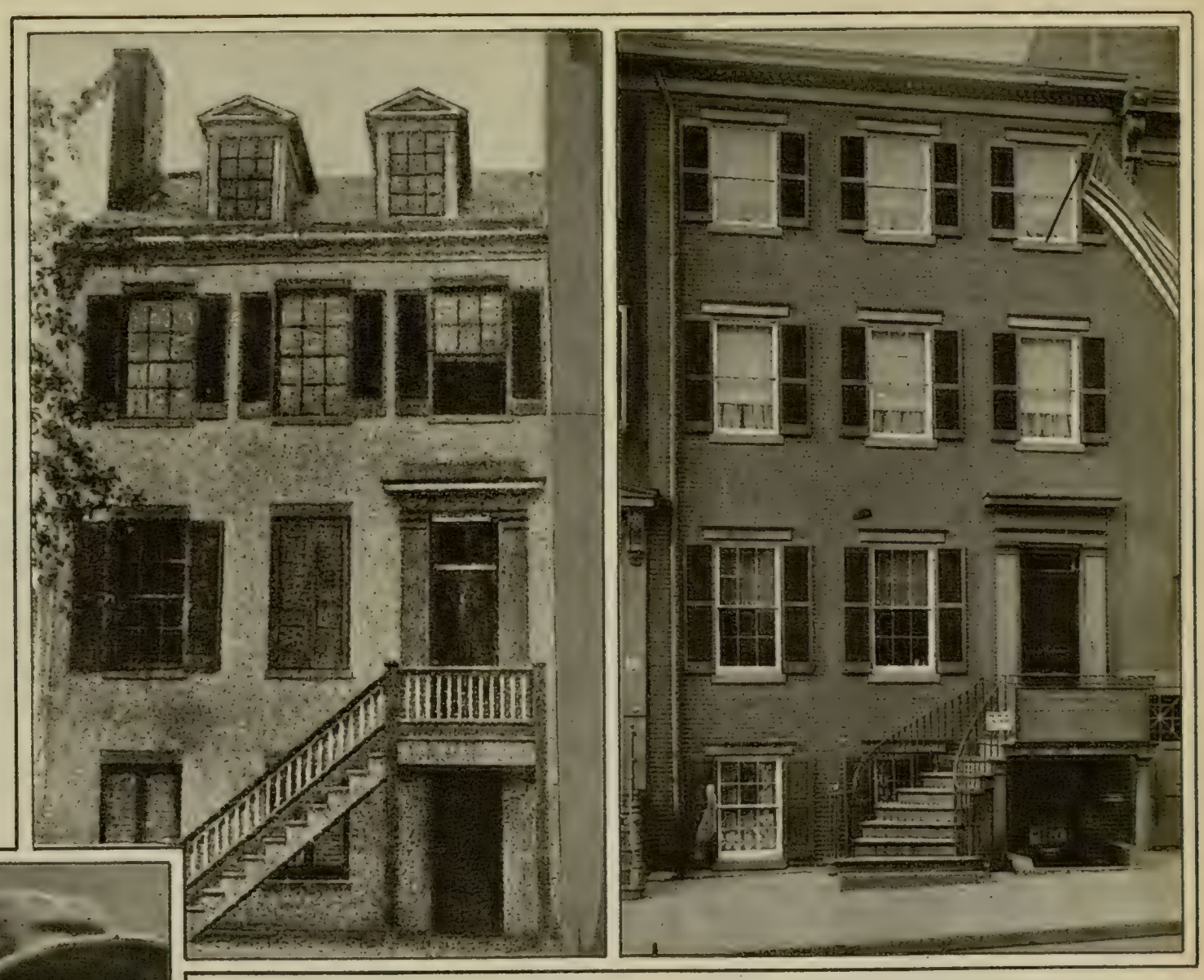
Two Northern officeholders, Preston King of New York and United States Senator James S. Lane of Kansas, who had stood shoulder to shoulder and kept Mrs. Surratt's daughter, Annie, from invading President Johnson's private office with her wailing appeals, had both died by their own hands.

The True Story of the Man Whose Word Hanged a Woman for Lincoln's Death

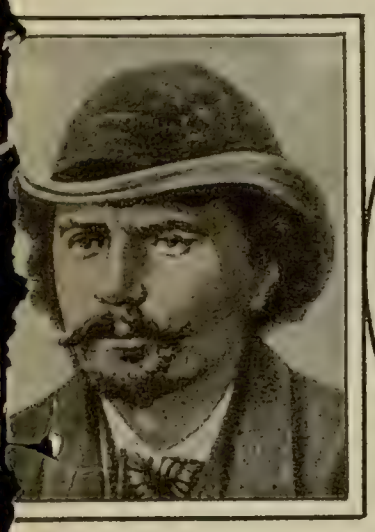
Edwin M. Stanton, the Secretary of War, who had seized the reins of government that night when the President lay dying, was said to have died by his own razor. No matter that his physicians and plenty of witnesses testified that his death was natural; the tale was out and had been fitted into the crazy mosaic that the mythmakers were building.

For twenty years after the execution of the conspirators, the Rev. Father Walters, who had escorted Mrs. Surratt to the gallows, had been publishing in newspaper after newspaper the mad story that all nine of the Union officers on the commission which had tried and condemned the prisoners had died miserably, most of them driven to suicide by remorse.

It did not stop this fiction to have seven of the officers in 1892 declare that they were alive

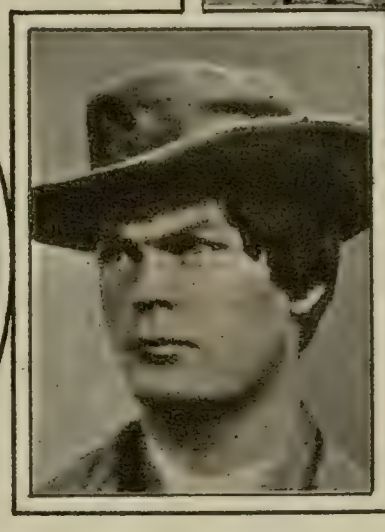


The Surratt home in Washington (left), where Booth conspirators plotted Lincoln's assassination. (Right) House opposite Ford's Theater, where the President was carried that fateful night in April, 1865. He died next day in the room from which the flag is displayed.



George Atzerodt.

David E. Herold.



Lewis Powell (Payne).

The three men, accomplices of John Wilkes Booth, who paid for their crime on the gallows.

and happy, and that the two who were missing had perished comfortably of old age.

Louis Weichmann died in a manner natural enough to disappoint anyone who reveled in superstition, but upon his deathbed he made a statement that should delight anyone who enjoys seeing mysteries solved. For, dying, he had written and signed a statement that solves the case of Mrs. Surratt, a case that has puzzled the scholars and historians who laugh at the mystery of Booth's escape as obvious folk invention.

WEICHMANN died one June night in 1902, old and broken far beyond his sixty years. He knew that his soul was drifting out the window where the night air, fresh with young corn smells, drifted in. Two sisters were with him, and they brought him the paper he called for, and they witnessed his signature upon it.

Ever since the United States Army hanged Mrs. Surratt with the three most important male conspirators then alive, on July 9, 1865, the mystery as to her real guilt has been abroad. The evidence against her was circumstantial. That she might have known of a previous plot to kidnap Lincoln was generally admitted, but that she was a party to the death plan was wildly denied by her counsel and has been denied by her champions ever since.

Tremendous pressure was brought upon President Johnson to pardon her, to commute her sentence to imprisonment. The widow of Stephen A. Douglas pleaded at the White House door. Even the soldiers who did the hanging delayed springing the trap as long as they dared in hope some message would come.

After she was dead, the North, which had been so clamorous for vengeance, sobered. A reaction began. Charges were made that Stanton had railroaded the woman to the gallows because she was a Catholic; that President Johnson had hurried her to death so that he might hide his own complicity in the plot.

William M. Stewart, Senator from Nevada, a stanch Union man, voiced the anti-Johnson charges openly in his Reminiscences:

> Any candid person who will review the evidence will be forced to the conclusion that Mrs. Surratt was an innocent woman. The fact that some of the conspirators occasionally visited her lodging house gave her an opportunity of knowing something of their movements and their associations, although she was undoubtedly ignorant of the conspiracy. . . . The people at large will never be satisfied with the killing of Mrs. Surratt.

Senator Stewart, along with other leaders of the dominant wing of the Republican Party, dangled the ghost of Mrs. Surratt before Johnson at his impeachment proceedings, and responsibility for the woman's death was bandied about through one political campaign after another well into the '80s.

And all the arguments, all the bitter word feuds, came to rest on the name of Louis J. Weichmann. The boy Weichmann had told things on the witness stand that fixed the noose about the woman's neck. If he had told the truth, she was as guilty as any of the men who died with her. If he had lied, she was innocent.

It was about this case that Louis J. Weichmann wanted to testify again when he lay dying in 1902. He was before a new Court this time, and deathbed statements are better than sworn testimony, for no man will dare to send his soul climbing to God weighted with a lie.

He testified again and died. His sisters folded up the paper and put it away. Their brother had wanted silence for himself; let silence keep his last words too.

Time, however, eases hurts, and the other day, sitting in the room where he had died, out in the west end of Anderson, grown now to be a clanging city of factories, these two aged women told me their brother's story.

Mrs. C. O. Crowley, the older sister, was talking, while the younger, Miss Tillie Weichmann, ran through the yellow trial records that her brother had pathetically thumbed over and over in the lonely years.

"LOU was just a boy when it happened," Mrs. Crowley said, "twenty-three years old, and young for his age, too; just a simple, good-hearted, thoughtless boy. Father had a tailor shop in Philadelphia, and when Lou was through high school, father sent him down to St. Charles, near Baltimore, to study for the priesthood. But the war stopped that, and he took a job teaching school in Washington.

"He had a wonderful education, could read and write eight languages, and knew shorthand, but he wrote home that he could make more money—eighty dollars a month—clerking in the War Department and was going to take that.

"One day an old school friend from St. Charles, a boy named John Surratt, met him and asked him to come live at his mother's boarding house there in town. Lou had visited John several times at Surrattsville, where John's widowed mother had been trying to keep a tavern. The boarding-house business was better in Washington when the war came, and they moved into town. Lou went to live with them.

"His letters home said Mrs. Surratt was the nicest kind of woman, a great churchgoer. She gave him room and board for thirty-five dollars a month and treated him like a son."

For the most detailed account of Weichmann's life at the Surratt home, one must go to the brown and dusty court records of the conspiracy trial. Therein the boy becomes very real, sitting hour after hour on the witness stand, talking readily and well—"too well," defense counsel insinuated again and again.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["THIS IS TO CERTIFY——"]
Continued from Page Fifteen

He was too glib, Mrs. Surratt's lawyers said; too anxious to hang his former friends. Government lawyers answered that he was plainly just a nervous, patriotic boy.

All the lodgers had fun in the Surratt parlor, the boy told the court. Annie, the daughter, played the piano and the girl roomers sang. John, the son, for all his vague talk of oil and cotton speculations, and all his unexplained absences, was still Weichmann's closest friend. And John brought home interesting friends.

For instance, John Wilkes Booth, the most thundering of matinée idols in that day. Booth spent most of his time with John Surratt and his mother. Many an errand did young Weichmann run between Mrs. Surratt and Booth, he said, carrying messages down to the National Hotel, where the actor lived.

Another friend of John Surratt's was the Rev. Wood, a towering brute of a man. Still another was George Atzerodt, a squat, illiterate gnome, who made carriages in Port Tobacco, Maryland.

Now and then John and his friends hurt young Weichmann's feelings by edging away from him to talk, or by shutting doors between them. Once he had gone into John's room, to find several of them toying with knives and pistols. Once he had found a false mustache on a bureau and had thought it funny when the Rev. Wood claimed it.

In the spring John, Wood, and Booth had come stamping into the house one night, whipping their boots and glowering. Coupled with newspaper reports that a plot to kidnap Lincoln had failed, this circumstance aroused Weichmann's suspicions, and he took the matter to Captain Gleason at the War Department. Gleason advised him to say nothing and to watch.

Against these occasional suspicions Weichmann balanced the kindliness of Mrs. Surratt and John, and the seeming absurdity of anything wrong with people he knew so well.

That was his story, and he clung to it through days of bitter cross-examination and abuse.

THEN came his testimony against Mrs. Surratt—the evidence that hanged her. Full of straightforward and convincing detail, it also contained a wealth of nonessentials. He filled it with praise of her character and he admitted reluctantly the things that damned her.

He told the court that during the whole time he had known her she had been "exemplary and ladylike in every particular." She had talked to Booth often, but he had thought nothing of that. Neither had he thought anything of the trips she had asked him to take with her out to Surrattsville.

On the fatal Good Friday, Mrs. Surratt had asked him to hire a horse and buggy and to drive her out to see a certain Mr. Nothey at Surrattsville. Mr. Nothey was not in. The woman then went into the tavern with some "things of Booth's," as she had described them casually to Louis. Weichmann waited in the buggy.

At the trial, John M. Lloyd, her tenant in the tavern, testified that she had left these same packages with him on this trip, with instructions to have them ready, as they would be called for that night. At midnight David Herold, fleeing with Booth, rode up and demanded "those things." They were Booth's field glasses and revolver.

As Mrs. Surratt and Weichmann drove home, they came out upon a hill. In the distance lay the capital, bathed in the jubilation fires still celebrating Lee's surrender.

"I'm afraid all this rejoicing will be turned into mourning and all this glory into sadness," Mrs. Surratt said.

"What do you mean?" asked Weichmann.

"After sunshine there is always a storm. The people are too proud and licentious and God will punish them."

At dinner, Mrs. Surratt showed the boy a letter from her son John in Montreal, saying that he was leaving on business.

The doorbell rang. Louis started for it, but the woman said "No," that she would answer it herself. Afterward Weichmann remembered that he had heard a man's heavy tread.

After dinner Mrs. Surratt grew more nervous and hurried Weichmann, Annie, her younger sister, Olivia Jenkins, and another roomer, Miss Fitzpatrick, off to bed.

A little after dawn the bell jangled, and Weichmann, the only man in the house, answered.

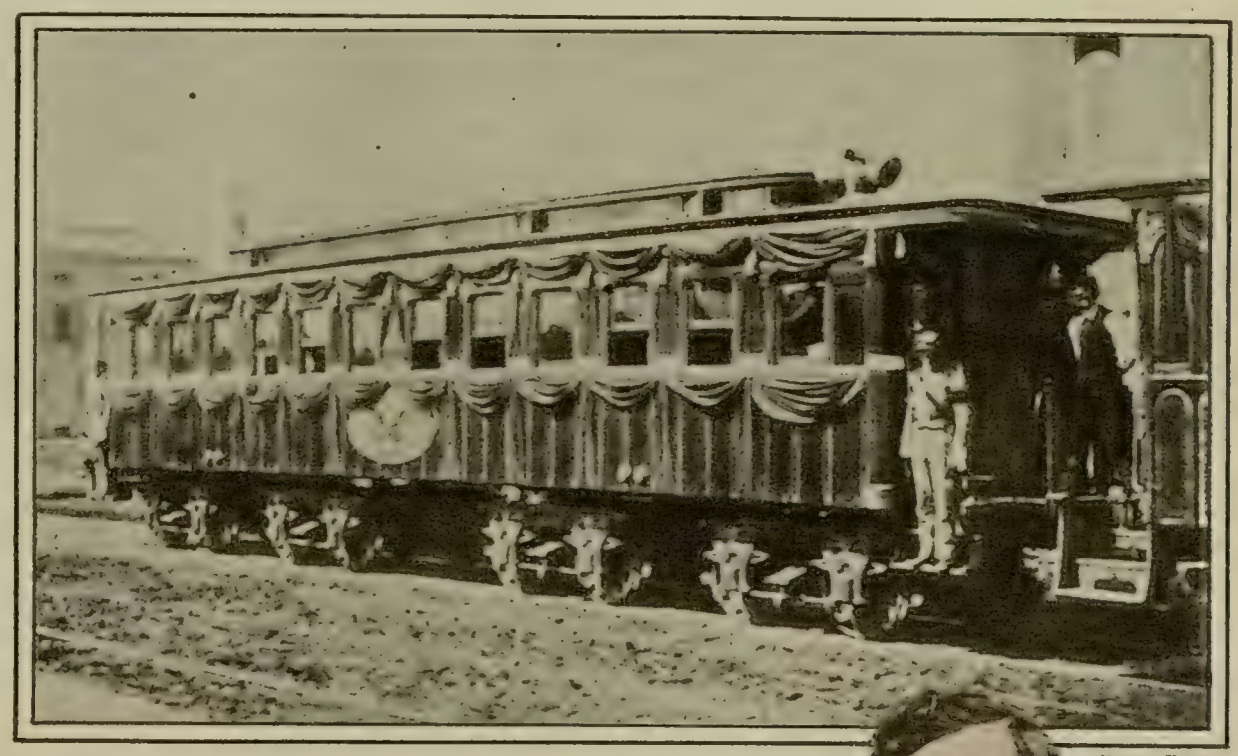
"Who's there?"

"Open up! We're detectives."

Mrs. Surratt peered over the banisters.

"Open the door," she said, "I expected the house to be searched."

When Louis threw back the door it seemed that 2,000 people were outside.



Brown Bros.

The funeral car which bore the dead President's body across the country was greeted by crowds at every stop, day or night.

John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, killed by pursuing Federal troops on April 26, twelve days after he fled from Ford's Theater.

He gasped, "What does this mean, coming at this time of night to a widow lady's house?"

An officer thrust a cravat under his nose.

"It means that this is Abraham Lincoln's blood. John Wilkes Booth has assassinated him, and John Surratt has killed Secretary Seward. Haven't you heard of it?"

Weichmann held up his right hand, so his sisters say, and cried, "So help me God, I have not heard of it before this minute, but I see now what so many secret meetings around here do mean."

After the detectives searched the house they advised him to report at military headquarters in the forenoon. He pleaded earnestly with them for his friend John, citing the letter just received from Montreal to prove that it must have been some other who had attacked Seward.

As he shut the door he heard Annie Surratt cry, "Oh, ma, just think of that man Booth being here an hour before the murder!"

Those footfalls had been Booth's!

"Annie," Mrs. Surratt answered, "I am resigned; I think that John Wilkes Booth was only an instrument in the hands of the Almighty to punish this proud and licentious people."

Weichmann told Stanton's men all he knew, and for a week traveled with secret service agents about the country trailing John Surratt. They found traces, but nothing more.

MRS. SURRATT had been arrested on the Monday night following the assassination. While the bluecoats waited for her to dress, a knock came at the door. There stood a mud-covered giant, carrying a pick. He said that Mrs. Surratt had sent for him to dig a drain.

The Federal soldiers stood him under the hall light and asked Mrs. Surratt if she knew him.

"Before God, I never saw him before!"

But at the prison Seward's colored valet identified him, with cries of terror, as the brute who had cut his master, his master's son, and a soldier-nurse to pieces the Friday previous.

It was the "Rev. Wood," Lewis Powell, a more grotesque-looking preacher than ever, as he lay chained in the hold of a monitor out on the Potomac. With him were Mrs. Surratt, Atzerodt, Dr. Mudd, who had set Booth's broken leg as he fled, Edward Spangler, the stage hand who had held Booth's horse at the door while the killing went on, and two farm hands, Michael O'Loughlin and Samuel Arnold, who had loitered around Booth in Washington.

All the prisoners were in heavy chains and all but the woman had heavy canvas bags fastened over their heads to keep them from talking with each other. For weeks they sweltered there in the damp spring heat of Washington. On April 27 another was added to their list: David E. Herold, the silly boy who had followed Booth on his flight and who was brought back chattering with Booth's body.

John Surratt was not captured until two years later. When the President was assassinated he had fled to Canada, then to London, Paris, and finally to Rome. On this flight he had been traced by one Sainte-Marie, a Canadian detective, who eventually located him serving in the Papal Zouaves under an assumed name.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY]

Why thousands make a meal on soup

SEVERAL YEARS ago the women of America made a discovery. They found that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is often just the luncheon or supper they want. That is, they awoke to the fact that here in this one dish, ready for the table in a few minutes, they have a delicious, invigorating, nourishing meal, often enough in itself, with very little else, to satisfy the noonday or evening appetite.

Just think how much this means. Every woman knows how troublesome these meals are apt to be. They're so "in-between," yet they must supply the needed nourishment to carry over to the longer meals. Also the appetite is often so hard to attract at these times. It is "choosy" and many of the usual luncheon or supper dishes often fail to tempt it.

But a piping hot plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup instantly stirs the appetite with its tempting flavor. Here is a hearty soup—liquid and solid food in delightful combination. For its fifteen different vegetables are whole, diced or in puree, so that every spoonful is laden with substantial nourishment. Tonic beef broth, body-building cereals, herbs and seasoning complete this blend of thirty-two different ingredients.

Yet all you have to do in preparing this meal is to add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. Food of such high quality, yet requiring so little effort by you! No wonder it is served so regularly in countless households!

Serve it today. And take a moment to read the list of the 21 Campbell's Soups printed on the label. Your grocer has, or will get for you, all the soups you select. 12 cents a can.

I'm so full of pep and steam
I could star on any team.
Vigor, health and mighty zeal
Come from eating Campbell's meal!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

HUDSON

ESSEX SUPER SIXES

With Beauty to Match Their Super-Six Performance

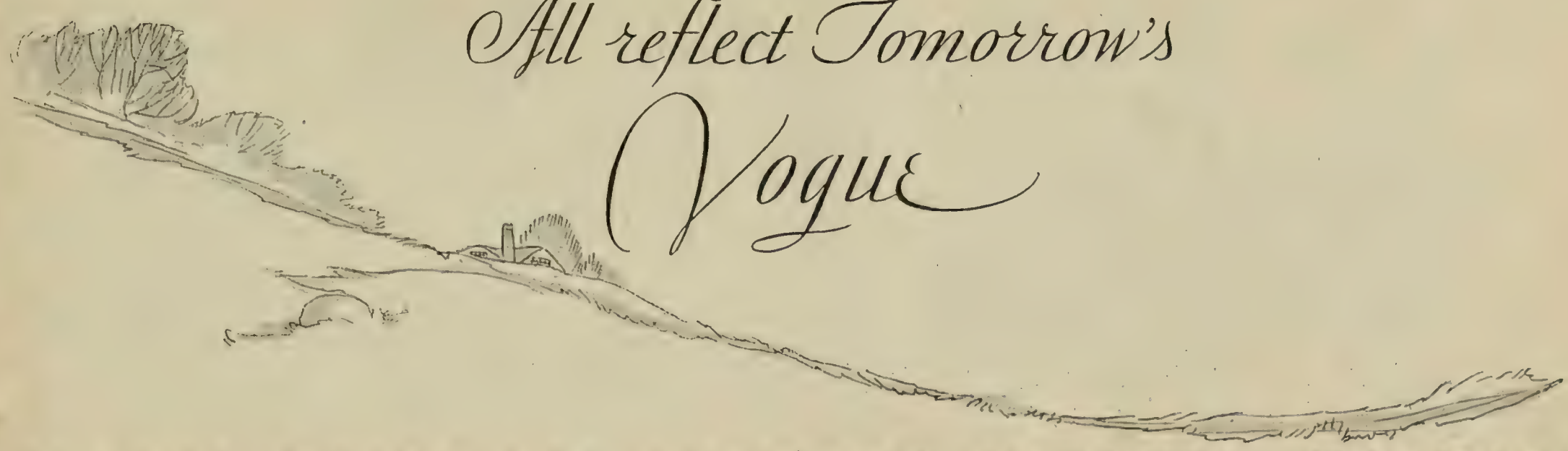
To the hundreds of thousands whose tribute has been to Super-Six performance, must now be added hundreds of thousands who prize beauty equally with performance, quality and value.

We can say these are the greatest cars ever produced under Hudson-Essex auspices, in no wise so forcefully as to say that their detail, finish and beauty match their Super-Six performance.

In the enthusiastic thousands who are buying them you will find the truly discriminating—those to whom beauty is a necessity—performance a critical demand—and value a clear understanding.

MANY NEW MODELS

All reflect Tomorrow's Vogue



HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

["THIS IS TO CERTIFY——"
Continued from Page Sixteen]

Despite the absence of an extradition treaty, Cardinal Antonelli, the papal Prime Minister, readily consented to surrender Surratt; but while he was being marched, under guard, to the American authorities, he made a spectacular escape by leaping over a cliff, miraculously avoiding serious injury.

With the aid of a bandit gang, Surratt made his way to Naples and boarded a ship for Malta. From there he fled to Alexandria, Egypt. He arrived still wearing his Zouave uniform, and was readily apprehended by United States Consul General Hale, who returned him to Washington on board the U. S. S. Swatara.

Weichmann as a boy in St. Charles' Academy, where he first met John Surratt.

In 1867 Surratt faced a civil court, unlike his co-conspirators, who, in 1865, had been tried by a military commission. The government failed to convict and Surratt went free.

For six weeks after Lincoln's assassination the nation had been raging. Stanton had tuned grief into howling fury the night that he had taken charge of the government while soldiers were carrying Lincoln from the theater to a house across the street. The Rebellion, crushed in the field, was seeking to win the war with assassination, he said.

STANTON was a strange man, capable of vast executive energy, but susceptible to mental unbalance in the presence of death. Years before, when his brother had died, he had left the casket to run through the woods like a hunted thing. He had caused the body of his infant daughter to be exhumed after it had been buried a year, and had kept the ashes in a metal container in his own room until the death of his wife, when they were interred with her. When Mrs. Stanton lay dead, only the watchfulness of relatives defeated his repeated attempts to hide her wedding ring and other valuable jewelry in her casket.

Now, beside the dying Lincoln, he performed miracles of organization. But he was too close to a dead man. He lost his head.

He ordered Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, Alexander Stephens, Vice President of the defunct Confederacy and Lincoln's old friend, as well as other secession leaders, arrested for complicity in the plot.

No one would listen to Thaddeus Stevens and the other radical Republicans who deplored the arrest of such honorable opponents as Lee and Stephens.

The one man who might have guided the country sanely in this lunatic hour, William Tecumseh Sherman, was under a temporary cloud. Sherman had dealt so gently with the surrendering Confederates that the North was accusing him of treachery.

Stanton ruled, and, what is most important to the story of Louis J. Weichmann and Mary E. Surratt, he ruled that the conspiracy had been a Catholic plot. Always an anti-Catholic, he had jumped to this conclusion when his detectives brought him the news that Mrs. Surratt, her son John, Dr. Mudd, and Michael O'Loughlin were members of that Church. It made no difference that Booth and Herold were Episcopalians, Powell a Baptist, and Atzerodt a Lutheran. Of the others, Arnold and Spangler were of Protestant families, but had no church affiliations.

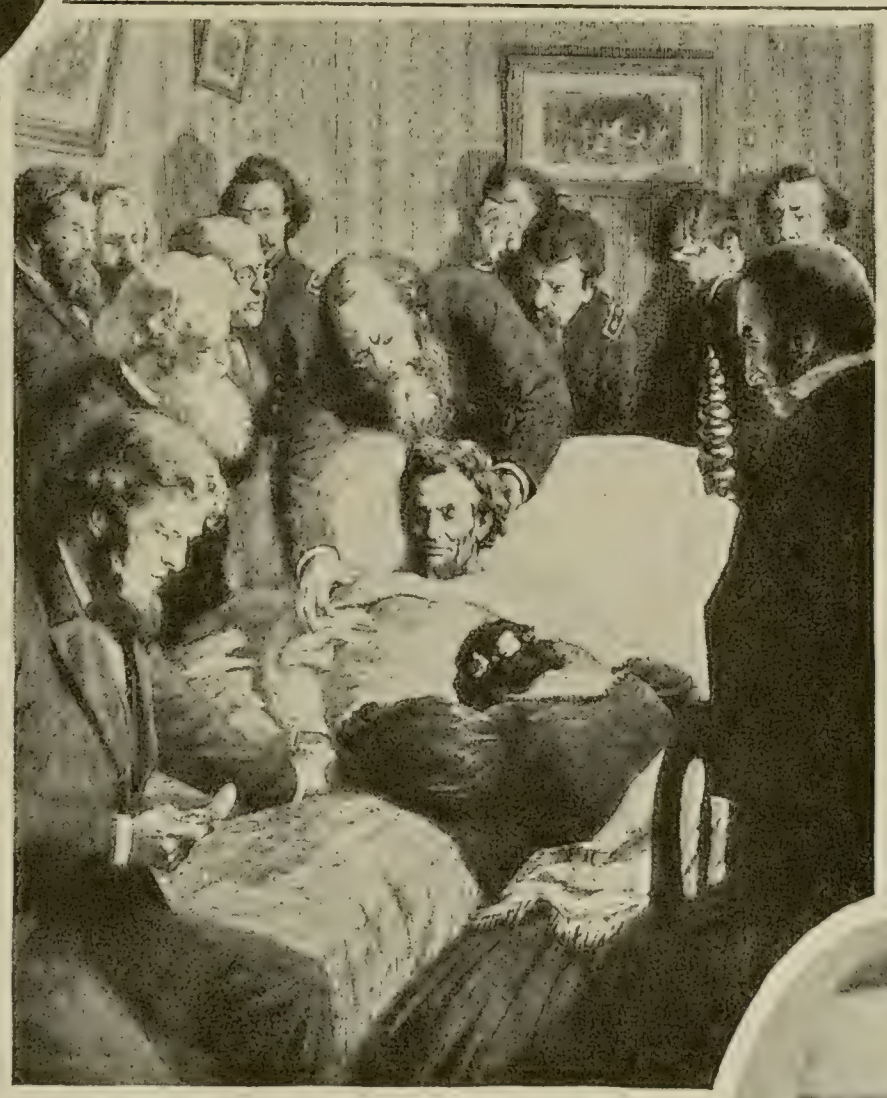
Louis Weichmann, Stanton's chief witness, was also a Catholic.

There is no evidence that the military commission paid any heed to the religious issue. All were officers of character and bravery and had served with Phil Sheridan, "The Irish Brigade," and the thousands of Catholics who had worn Lincoln-blue uniforms.

The country was still at fever heat as the trial began June 1, six weeks after the assassination. Lincoln's funeral train had gone across the country, heightening national emotion.

For Powell and Herold little could be done. They were doomed. For Atzerodt, Arnold, and O'Loughlin, it was argued that they had conspired with Booth in mid-March to kidnap Lincoln, but that they had refused to join in the death plot. Atzerodt drew a death pronouncement; Arnold and O'Loughlin life imprisonment. Dr. Mudd also. Spangler was given six years.

The main fight came over the woman. Her defense would, in all likelihood, have triumphed but for Weichmann's testimony.



Brown Bros. photo

The death watch at the bedside of the wounded President during the night hours of April 14, 1865, and the early morning of April 15—from a painting by W. R. Leigh.

So long as the commission believed Weichmann, their duty was clear. They convicted Mrs. Surratt. Five of them, however, signed an appeal for mercy and attached it to the official verdict as it went up to President Johnson. The Executive sentenced her to die on July 9 with Powell, Herold, and Atzerodt.

Later, Johnson swore that he never saw this plea for mercy and that Judge Advocate Joseph Holt, who presented the verdict to him, had concealed it. Most thorough historians believe that Johnson saw the paper, denied it, and shifted the blame to Holt in order to gain political sympathy from the South.

With the woman hanged, a revulsion of feeling set in and Weichmann became the target. The rumor grew that he had confessed to Mrs. Surratt's friends that he had lied her life away to save his own, that Stanton's men had strung him up by the neck until he had promised to tell the lies they wanted told. Major A. C. Richards, who had charge of Weichmann, branded this as a lie; but, like the other mad rumors, it continued to run.

Whispers went over the country that Stanton had cut out several pages from the diary found on Wilkes Booth, because they proved Mrs. Surratt had known nothing of the conspiracy. General T. M. Harris answered that, since Booth was admitted to have written the diary after his crime, any defense he might have made therein for anyone was worthless.

TIME, now, to go back to the sisters of Weichmann, sitting in their home in Anderson, in the year 1927.

"Pa took us to church that Good Friday that Lincoln was killed," Mrs. Crowley is saying, "and we heard a sermon on the Passion of Christ. The next morning we read that Lincoln was dead. On Monday Pa saw that everybody in the Surratt home was arrested, so he caught the next train for Washington and found out that Lou wasn't in it except to help clear it up.

"After the trial Lou came home to Philadelphia and went to work as a reporter on the *Globe*. There was a lot of talk about Mrs. Surratt and Lou.

"Pretty soon they started worse than talk after Lou. He got letters attacking him.

"One evening, as he was walking home from work, a woman screamed to him to run. A man was following him on the other side of the street and began to run as soon as Lou did. The woman held the door open and pulled Lou in just as the man fired. The bullet struck the door.

"Lou had to testify all over again in 1867 when they caught John Surratt and brought him back for trial. That made it worse, for John started attacking Lou and kept stirring up trouble as long as Lou was in Philadelphia.

"When the Democrats got in power Lou lost the job he'd held in the customs house for seventeen years. So he came here to Anderson, where our brother, Father Weichmann, had a parish, and started a business college.

"Lou always believed that Mrs. Surratt was just fascinated by Booth, simply carried off her feet. From that first night when the detectives poked that cravat with Lincoln's blood on it right in his face, Lou was sure she was guilty.

"When he was dying he asked us to get a pen and paper and told us to write:

"'*June 2, 1902: This is to certify that every word I gave in evidence at the assassination trial was absolutely true; and now I am about to die and with love I recommend myself to all truth-loving people.*'

"Then he signed it 'Louis J. Weichmann,' and died.

Weichmann, when he withdrew from the world to start his business college in Anderson, Indiana.

"The doctor who filled out the death certificate put down as 'cause' just 'Extreme nervousness'—that was all."

Just who were the Lincoln conspirators; how did they live; how did they meet their gallows deaths? A true picture of these unfortunates, stripped of all romanticism, will appear in LIBERTY next week.

Interior Pictures

Now easy to make with the Modern Kodak

If your subject is indoors—hard to take according to your past ideas—forget these hazards entirely. The Modern Kodak is an all-day, all-weather camera

Interior pictures you never previously dared to make—are simple and easy now. Use the Modern Kodak.

How often have you wanted to make an interior photograph? Now you can with a Modern Kodak.

THESE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES WERE MADE BY OTHER AMATEURS JUST LIKE YOURSELF, WITH THE MODERN KODAK

ARE you making pictures the same way you did ten years ago?

Do you still believe that good pictures can only be made out-of-doors in direct sunlight under ideal weather conditions?

That's a false impression entirely. For important new developments in the art of photography have practically revolutionized your picture-making possibilities.

If your subject's indoors—go right ahead and make the picture. You'll be surprised and delighted with the results you get.

If the weather's dark or cloudy—it doesn't make any difference. Some of the finest amateur pictures today have been taken under conditions that would have discouraged experts a few years ago.

There's no need now to miss a single picture opportunity—no need to wait for sunny days, or Summer suns, or "right" hours.

What Happened

New developments in the manufacture of lenses have made possible these remarkable results. Today, due to Eastman enterprise and the tremendous Eastman manufacturing resources, you can get extra-rapid, extra-efficient lenses on cameras of moderate price.

For example—on the $18 1A Pocket Kodak is now supplied a lens that in 1925 was not available on any camera selling for less than $40.

To you, this not only means better pictures. But it also means that your photographic day is lengthened . . . your picture opportunities are multiplied many times. It is no longer necessary now to have your subject in direct sunlight. You can make pictures in the shade . . . indoors under favorable light conditions . . . on rainy days or in cloudy weather. Pictures you never previously thought of taking are simple snap-shots now.

Everything simple as ABC

The modern Kodak is simplicity itself. Everything possible has been made automatic. Things to adjust have been reduced to a minimum. Thus picture-making, good picture-making, has been made easier than ever before.

On many Kodaks you'll find a simple "Exposure Guide"—a wonderful feature created by Eastman Scientists, which almost does your thinking for you. It instantly shows you the correct speed and lens opening to suit any light condition. It helps avoid mistakes—eliminates guesswork—takes the difficulty out of making pictures.

And—Kodak film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. *It gets the picture!*

With the modern Kodak you start making good pictures at once. The photographs you see in this advertisement were made by other amateurs, just like yourself. Without special training or help, you too can make photographs like these. All the skill that's needed is built into the camera.

February—An Ideal Month for Photography

The month of February is an ideal time to get pictures for your album.

Why not stop in at the nearest Kodak dealer's today? See these modern Kodaks. Find out how these new developments have simplified the making of pictures. Write for booklet about these modern Kodak improvements; mail the coupon.

Any Questions? If you have in mind a picture that you don't know how to make, if for any reason you aren't satisfied with the results that you're now getting, or if you'd like advice on photographic matters, write to the Service Department, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Practical picture-makers will handle your inquiries with interest and without charge.

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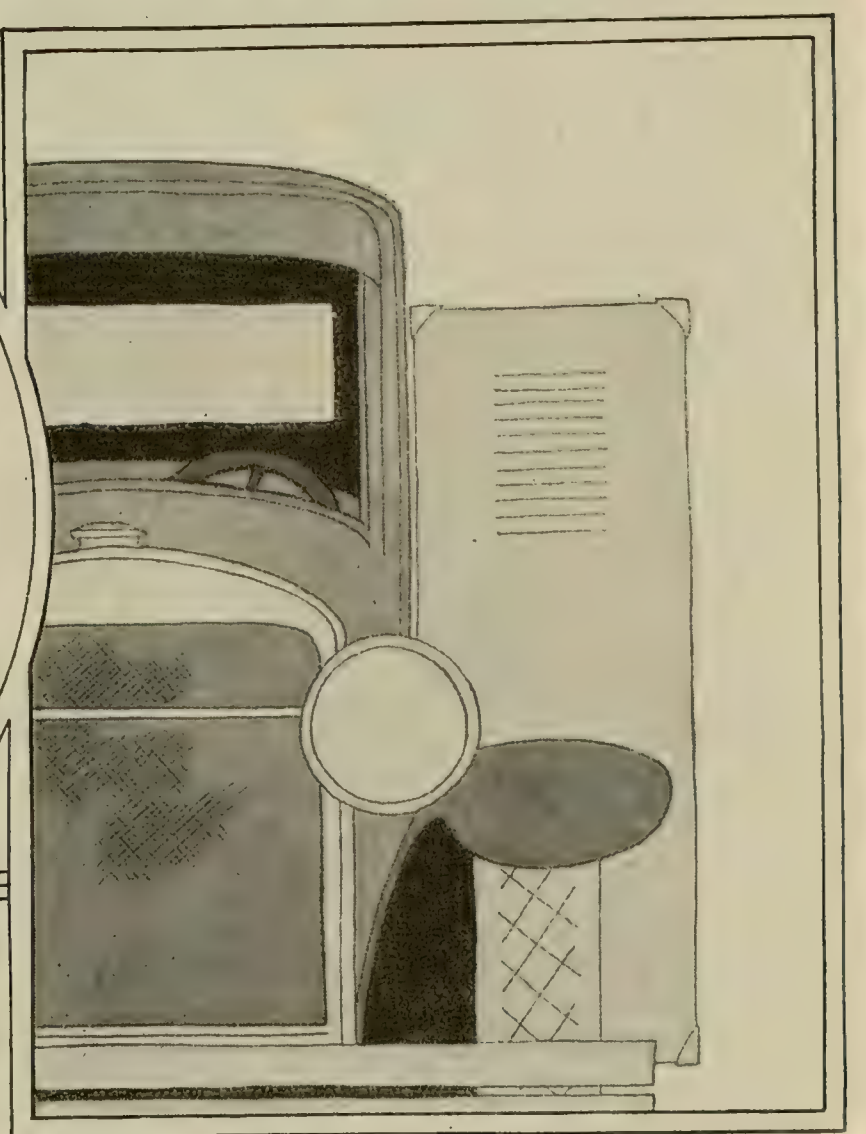
GRAPHIC SECTION

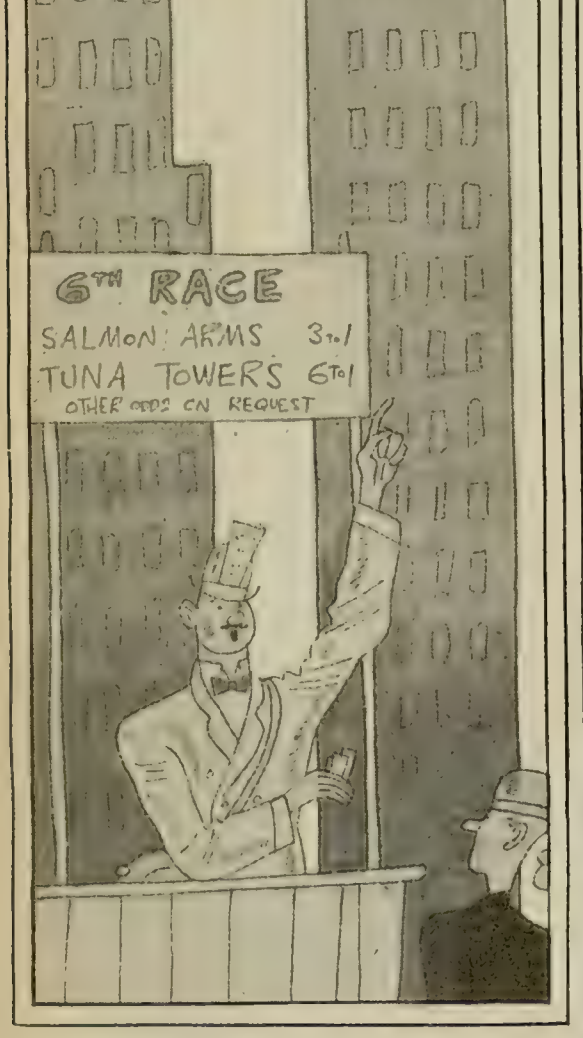
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

"THE NEW AMBITION," prize-winning design in Mothers' Day Poster Contest. A touching scene as mother fondly urges her son to study hard and some day he may be in a position to refuse the nomination for President of the United States



USEFUL ACCESSORY ON DISPLAY AT THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW: Electric ice box, attachable to any car, to prevent drivers from starving to death while hunting for a parking place.



NEW YORK EQUIVALENT OF LONDON'S GREYHOUND RACING: Bookmaker taking bets on completion of skyscrapers in thrilling new sport.

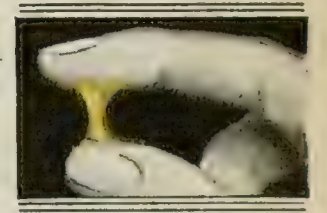
WHERE AND HOW GREAT IDEAS ARE BORN. Intimate snapshot of the President, Vice President, Treasurer, Production Manager, and Publicity Supervisor of the Bon Ton Bon-Bon Company in the Conference Room fashioning the slogan, "KISMEQWIKS, the Gladsome Gumdrop."

Take a good look at what you can't see

Cold day—cold engine—cold oil. Foot on the starter—battery takes hold—over she goes. Spark fires the gas—five hundred or more thrusts of power inside every one of the cylinders every minute—perhaps eight or nine down strokes in each cylinder the first second . . . . . What's the oil doing? Is it congealed by cold—too stiff, too sluggish to lubricate? Or is it golden Texaco Motor Oil, already flowing, feeding, doing its work? (Texaco flows *instantly*—at the first stir of the starter.)

Texaco Motor Oil is both visibly and scientifically *pure,* free of tars, of paraffin wax and cylinder stock (substances present in many motor oils causing them to slow up under cold). Possessing full viscous body, it does not "break down" at high-speed heat; nor does it "run away" under severest pressure... Remember Texaco Motor Oil is sold everywhere—wherever you see the Red Star and Green T. Ask to see the Texaco Lubrication Chart. It will tell the authorized *winter* grade of Texaco Golden Motor Oil for your particular type of engine. Insist upon it.

FULL BODY



IN ALL GRADES

TEXACO
GOLDEN
MOTOR OIL

THE TEXAS COMPANY, 17 Battery Place, New York City, *Texaco Petroleum Products*

Laundry-washed clothes last longer

. . . because the rainsoft water modern laundries use, plus many purifying baths and rinses, completely removes every trace of fabric-destroying dirt ✣ Rubbing is eliminated by cylinder washers which dissolve dirt by gently swishing creamy suds and rainsoft water through every fabric pore ✣ Remarkable spinning baskets extract the water from the clothes without injuring a single thread ✣ And ironing equipment, delicate enough to smooth wet tissue paper without tearing, is but another of the numerous advancements that characterize present-day laundries ✣ *Visit a modern laundry* ✣ Then you will understand why millions of home-makers now depend upon fabric-saving laundry methods for relief from irksome washday toil ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

The LAUNDRY does it best

The inside surfaces of this washer are smooth as glass.

Water is extracted from clothes in spinning baskets like this — without damage to fabric.

The ironer handles clothes as safely as it smooths delicate sheets of damp tissue.

Why Laundry-washed clothes last longer

First—Only mild soap and softened, filtered water are used for cleansing clothes. To avoid rubbing, modern laundries bathe and rinse the average washing in more than 600 gallons of purifying water. *Second* — Whirling basket wringers dry clothes to ironing dampness without injuring a single thread or fibre. *Third* — Gigantic ironers smooth out clothes with child-like gentleness—delicately handling even sheerest fabrics safely.

Watch for $50,000 Prize Winners

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

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Presidential Possibilities

DAWES

He Speaks on the Government of Business and the Business of Government

An Interview by

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

(Reading time: 14 minutes 8 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of articles on Presidential possibilities by the well known political observer, Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett. Next week Mr. Bennett will give you a close-up of Secretary Hoover.]

DURING four hours on a recent evening Charles Gates Dawes, who, among his other whims, chooses to be Vice President of the United States, and may be your next President, talked a torrent on—

Prize fighting, Senate cloture, the Pax Romana that began with Augustus Cæsar, Johnson's Rasselas, the radio, the British administration of Jamaica, John Pershing, the unification of the rear in wartime, diplomats in wartime, his great-great-grandfather Manasseh Cutler, etiquette, Martial the Roman satirist, the first use of "Hell and Maria," impetuosity, Fronto the Roman orator, the importance of keeping a pipe clear of "goo," Cato the Elder and mob psychology, Le Bon the French psychologist on crowds, the next world war, and on people who borrow books.

At 11 o'clock he exclaimed: "You going? Sit down! I'm just getting warmed up."

John C. Calhoun, intellectually the greatest man who ever was Vice President of the United States, might have been more profound during four hours: he could hardly have been more comprehensive—or more pungent.

The current Vice President supplemented comment with copious quotation.

He quoted Napoleon's warning to his brother Jerome, "Hold no councils of war." He quoted Lloyd George's apothegm, "Of all qualities in public life, courage is the rarest," and Lloyd George's other treasure, uttered at a time of dense Allied muddling during the World War: "My respect for Napoleon wanes—he only fought a coalition."

He told his favorite story to illustrate his favorite contention that, as he puts it, in proportion as men are right-minded and intelligent, ceremony is unessential in their relations—that story he picked up in the summer of 1917 at the late Confederate—and United States—Major General John B. Gordon's old plantation, Southerland, near Atlanta.

Early in the Civil War a young officer told Gordon he wanted to get his uniform quickly, so that he could begin to drill his men.

"Young man," said Gordon, "if you are not a captain in your shirt sleeves, I can't make you one with a uniform."

The moral the Vice President drew from that was that if the American people couldn't listen to what he said in his shirt sleeves, he couldn't make it any better worth listening to by putting on ceremony.

"The country," he said — and looked me straight in the eye when he said it—"the country has got me all wrong. I'm not impetuous. I believe I'm naturally inclined to be indolent when off a red-hot stove. But I believe in getting to the point and to work, when there is work to be done. Emergency is, after all, the greatest co-ordinator. You can always do your work when you haven't got time.

"Getting to the point, getting to the point—that's everything. Take those Senate rules that drag public business away from the starting point. It's important that those rules give every Senator a square deal, but it's imperative that they give the American people a square deal. You know Martial?"

"A little."

THE Vice President strode across the room and drew from close-packed shelves holding three or four thousand volumes a volume of Martial in the Loeb classics that have the Latin or the Greek on the left-hand page and the English on the other.

"There you are," said he. "In the Epigrams—" And he began to read loudly from the English side:

> "My action is not one for assault, or wounding, or poisoning: it concerns my three she goats; I complain that they are lost by my neighbor's theft; this is the fact which the judge prescribes to be proved to him. You, with a mighty voice and every gesture you know, made the court ring with Cannæ, and the Mithridatic war, and insensate Punic perjuries, and Sullas, and Mariuses, and Muciuses. Now mention, Postumus, my three she goats."

P. & A. photo

A CHARACTERISTIC pose of Vice President Dawes and his famous "Hell and Maria" pipe.

Dawes' eyes caught up the last six words from the Latin side and he shouted:

"'*Jam, dic, Postume, de tribus capellis!*'"

You could have heard him three rooms away.

"Ever," he continued, "listen in an American courtroom to anything along the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Always trying to catch up

but held back by the millstone cachexia (run-down condition)

When housework becomes a bore and you women face each day with despair, it's often due not so much to the work as to the lack of energy and stamina with which you meet it. Sufferers from cachexia (run-down condition) lose capacity for both work and play.

To regain your vigor and build up your endurance, try Yeast Foam Tablets. They are pure yeast in a form you'll like. Swallow them whole or chew them like candy. Take them regularly and see how much better you feel!

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At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES DAWES Continued from Page Twenty-five]

lines that made Martial mad?"

"Sometimes."

"You bet! It's an old story—what I read is eighteen centuries old. It's still urgent."

Once he drifted into the melting mood. It soon passed, but while it lasted it was as genuine as his Vesuvian moods—which, he will be at pains to tell you, are not genuine.

The melting mood was prompted by some reference to friends that have died.

"How old are you, O'Donnell?"

"Fifty-seven, General." (When he is not in Washington, or on official visits elsewhere, one does not call him Mr. Vice President.)

"Then you are getting old enough for your mind to begin to dwell on those that have gone. Mine does." (The General is sixty-three.) "Mine does, a lot." And he murmured the opening lines of the sculptor Story's Io Victis—

> "I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life,—
> The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife."

BEING in the melting mood, what more natural than that he should drift on into a little homily on humility? He was for humility—thought it not only one of the finest of attributes, but also, upon occasion, extraordinarily useful.

"Humbleness and naturalness are," he said, "the best protection against ignorance. Early in the war I learned much by letting those who did know, know that I did not know, but that I wanted to learn."

General Pershing and General Dawes had a system for the inculcation of mutual humbleness during the war. Pershing and Dawes were buddies together—and reasonably poor together—in Lincoln, Nebraska, forty years ago, and the intimacy and thorough understanding of those days—when they ate together at Don Cameron's fifteen-cent lunch counter—survived the distinctions which rank imposed in the World War.

When, during that ordeal, the strain of a thousand anxieties, largely due to a "coalition" that did not invariably coalesce, became unbearable, the Commander in Chief and his Chief of Supply Procurement would tiptoe away and, as Dawes put it, "indulge in strong comments upon a hostile world."

What words one could not supply the other could.

"After that," said Dawes gravely, "it was always easier to deal meekly with the world."

The relation between Pershing and Dawes was, and is, beautiful. Pershing brought out the best in Dawes, and wartime brought out the best in Pershing. Before the war both men had known heavy sorrow, the nature of which was so nearly identical that sorrow became the tenderest bond between them. Dawes set it all down in the diary he kept day by day during the war. I came upon this poignant entry:

> I have been with General Pershing each day, taking lunch on Friday at the house, or rather palace, at which he is staying. Dear fellow, and loyal friend. I hope I do not fail him. We have both passed through the greatest grief which can come to man. As we rode up together there occurred an instance of telepathy which was too much for either of us.
>
> Neither of us was saying anything, but I was thinking of my lost boy and of John's loss, and looking out of the window, and he was doing the same thing on the other side of the automobile. We both turned at the same time, and each was in tears. All John said was: "Even this war can't keep it out of my mind."

But the pair had their jokes together, and that was a boon to the heavily burdened Pershing. One day in '17 they were lunching together in the former palace of Napoleon's Marshal Lannes. As Dawes surveyed the environing splendors, he said to the commander in chief:

"John, when I contrast these barren surroundings with the luxuriousness of our early life in Lincoln, Nebraska, it does seem that a good man has no real chance in the world."

Musingly John Pershing replied, "Don't it beat hell!"

SOMETIMES Pershing tried to mend Dawes in the matter of military etiquette, a matter in which the offender displayed a breezy and carefree negligence. One day in the spring of '18, on the road to Abbéville, he tried to mend his Chief of Supply Procurement.

Pershing was standing on one side of the road in conference with Marshal Foch. The cannon were booming.

Dawes, overcoat unbuttoned—including the hooks at the top—was on the other side of the road with a group of French officers. Pershing shot a withering glance at Dawes, then turned and whispered to his Chief of Staff, General Harbord. Harbord crossed the road and carefully buttoned and hooked Dawes' overcoat, murmuring: "This is a hell of a job for the chief of staff—but the General told me to do it."

Once, and only once, did I ever see Pershing or anybody else subdue Dawes, and that was not in

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Dawes—In His Own Words

GOD give us common sense.

* * * *

The truly great character must unite unusual strength and determination with great gentleness.

* * * *

Save me from those critics who point out a crack in the sidewalk and claim that the whole town is going to fall through it!

* * * *

The man who follows the leadership of another man with his money, in my observation, demands a much stricter accounting than the man who simply follows a political leader with his vote.

* * * *

Look at some members of the United States Senate! Statesmen of the type— But I desist. As the Spaniards say, "It is a waste of lather to shave an ass."

* * * *

No history repeats itself quite so exactly as financial history.

* * * *

Inactive men and inert things do not interest other men in this rushing day, and the business critic, to get his audience, must swing his battle-ax at the doers and not at the drones.

* * * *

A nation is like the individual, subject to the same laws, and offered by the Creator the same inducements for sobriety and industry.

* * * *

The ever live question in a republic is the relation of the centralization of power to the diffusion of power.

* * * *

Every great man in our history whose memory the people love and revere has had at one time to stand against what was the immediate positive popular demand for action; and it is because he stood against the demand that we today look upon him as great.

* * * *

Our nation has been tempest-tossed, but we have sailed safely through because the Constitution of our Government made it necessary for the people to act deliberately, even under great provocation.

* * * *

Try to invest your money with successful business men *in the business in which they have succeeded.*

* * * *

Ill considered and ill advised legislation is worse than no legislation at all. Every unenforced and unenforceable law undermines proper respect for law.

* * * *

It is the small borrower of the United States who has built up the country.

* * * *

All government is a compromise between the rights of the individual and the rights of the community, which must curtail the rights of the individual in the interests of the common good.

* * * *

And so, my friends, I end in the words of another:

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

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famed for their faultless service
rely on International Speed Trucks

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[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES
DAWES
Continued from Page Twenty-six]

wartime. It was on the gala day of April, 1925, when Dawes swept down on Lexington and Concord to help the natives of those illustrious towns celebrate the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the shot heard round the world.

As a Vice President of the United States who was saying and doing things that electrified the nation, and as the great-great-grandson of William Dawes, Jr., who had helped Paul Revere rouse the countryside on the night of April 19, 1775, Dawes was the whole show. But General Pershing was along, and the Vice President wanted Pershing to be the whole show. He was insistent—and Pershing reluctant.

Picture by
John T. McCutcheon

DAWES bawled out the Senators for their dilatoriness, their evasions, and their resistance to cloture.

SO, all day long at the reviewing stands and in the festive halls between Boston and Concord, you heard Dawes' piercing shout: "John, cum mere! Get in front here—no, right in front here. The neighbors want to see you!"

Then, having pulled Pershing to the front, the Vice President would roar, "Friends, the greatest living American soldier!"

And Pershing, most modest of men, looked as if he would like to die then and there, and would give Dawes a tired, unhopeful eye.

That happened over and over again.

Late in the day, when the pair were taking a half-hour rest in the Concord villa of the Boston banker, Daniel Wing, Pershing came into the library, where Dawes was.

"Hello, John!" cried Dawes, full of steam as ever.

"Hello, Charley," moaned the weary Pershing. "How's the greatest living Vice President?"

I tiptoed away. I reckoned it was no safe place for a civilian. Dawes was meek for the next half hour.

Why Dawes was not killed in the World War nobody knows to this day. Not killed at the imminent, deadly breach, for his work did not much expose him to such peril, but killed by loftily placed functionaries of many nations whom he bawled out with a vehemence he would not dream of displaying to the least efficient office boy in his bank. On the contrary; for office boys, and young employees generally, he builds finely equipped but low-priced hotels in memory of his lost boy, Rufus.

But to inefficiency, delay, pomposity, and evasion in high places in wartime he applied pitiless words which he seldom held back until the offenders were out of earshot. There are dozens of stories about that. Some of them I have heard from men who heard the words. You did not have to listen clandestinely. When Dawes was running true to form, you could hear him three chambers away.

Once Pershing sent him to a vital conference in London on unification of the rear. Dawes was only a lieutenant colonel then. When he presented himself to the British military mightiness with whom he was to negotiate, that exalted man, pointedly gazing over and beyond the Lieutenant Colonel's head, puffed: "Where is General Pershing? General Pershing should be here! General Pershing's presence here is of the first importance!"

"I'm here," said Dawes, "to represent General Pershing—and I'm here with all his power, *God damn you!*"

Was Dawes killed on the spot? He was not. He and the mightiness promptly got into fruitful negotiation, and in '19 the mightiness not only recommended for Dawes the most distinguished British decoration he received, but crossed the Atlantic solely to attend a banquet in Dawes' honor.

Another time—during the war—persons who thought they were being diplomatic urged Dawes not to enter an impending conference roughshod. "Do be careful," said they to him. "Remember"—and they named an Allied notable—"remember he's intensely British!"

"Well, I'm intensely American, by God!" said Dawes.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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HAS ALSO PROVED ITSELF THE FINEST

SIX months on the highways of the world have established this car's right, beyond dispute, to the title "America's Fastest and Finest Four."

If mile-a-minute performance, lightning acceleration, custom beauty, and limousine comfort, were all it possessed, the story would not be half so impressive.

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Traditional Dodge Brothers standards of inspection and workmanship have been more than adhered to—they have been advanced to even higher levels.

Materials that go into the building of this car are selected with every advantage of Dodge Brothers vast purchasing resources, and fabricated with minute precision.

Every point that sustains excessive stress is fortified by the finest metals that the world's markets afford.

The performance, comfort and style you get in Dodge Brothers Four are not therefore the fleeting attributes of *newness*. They are deep-rooted in the car's structural quality—the surest guarantee of long and dependable service at low cost. Now equipped with Steeldraulic 4-wheel brakes at no extra cost.

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YOU get the difference with the first dab of the brush. You spread it with the lather. INGRAM'S the pioneer *COOL* shaving cream . . . *cools* and soothes the tiny nicks and scratches you don't see but *do* feel. It leaves you a whole skin for the next shave. Men like its clean, pleasant odor. No after-shaving lotions needed . . . INGRAM lather takes care of that.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. INGRAM'S comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are. Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon and your 7 Free Shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 *cool* shaves for 50 cents.

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Name .....

Address .....

.....

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES
DAWES
Continued from Page Twenty-eight]

The diplomatists withdrew.

Pershing and Dawes were most anxious to obtain for work behind the battle front fifteen or twenty thousand Italian soldiers who, even so late as this mellower day, can hardly be said to have distinguished themselves on the Piave. They were balked at every turn.

in the presence of a row of Justices of the Supreme Court—who were startled out of their chronic somnolence—and in the presence of a gold-laced diplomatic corps—who studiously looked down at the green carpet—on that sensational Wednesday when Dawes bawled out the Senators for their dilatoriness, their evasions, and their resistance to cloture, the whisper ran

Picture by
John T. McCutcheon

"John," said Dawes, "when I contrast these barren surroundings with the luxuriousness of our early life in Lincoln, Nebraska, it does seem that a good man has no real chance in the world."

An important emissary was sent up to Pershing's headquarters from the sunny south to re-enforce the balking ones. Dawes saw him first, and Dawes was prompt in objurgation, commaless and clear, saying:

"You'll send those fifteen thousand men for work behind the lines or you don't get that hundred million dollars you want from my country, and I'll cable Washington about it tonight!"

Pershing entered.

"Hold on, Charley," said he. "You're going too fast."

"Dawes subsided," said my chronicler, "but in three minutes Pershing was going faster than Dawes had ended. The Commander in Chief, when roused, was proficient in language, too."

If Dawes got away with murder, so to speak, in wartime, he got away with more than murder when, as Vice President, he automatically became president of the United States Senate. He got away with the Senate's dignity.

On that grisly Wednesday, March 4, 1925, when Dawes, stamping on the sacred rostrum and shouting at the top of his lungs in the presence of an appalled President of the United States—who flushed to the tips of his ears—and among the veterans in the press gallery: "They'll haze him and in two weeks they'll have tamed him."

Nearly three years have passed, and the Vice President is not tamed yet — not appreciably, though perhaps a shade more adroit. He will travel 200 miles any non-Senate day to tell an assemblage of people about the sins of the Senate.

He has done that so persistently for nearly three years that today millions of Americans know what cloture is all about, and what the present antiquated, dilatory, vexatious Senate rules cost the country in time and money.

The Vice President will tell you that he thoroughly knew what he was about that day he roared in the solemn chamber until the pale Coolidge flushed to the tips of his ears.

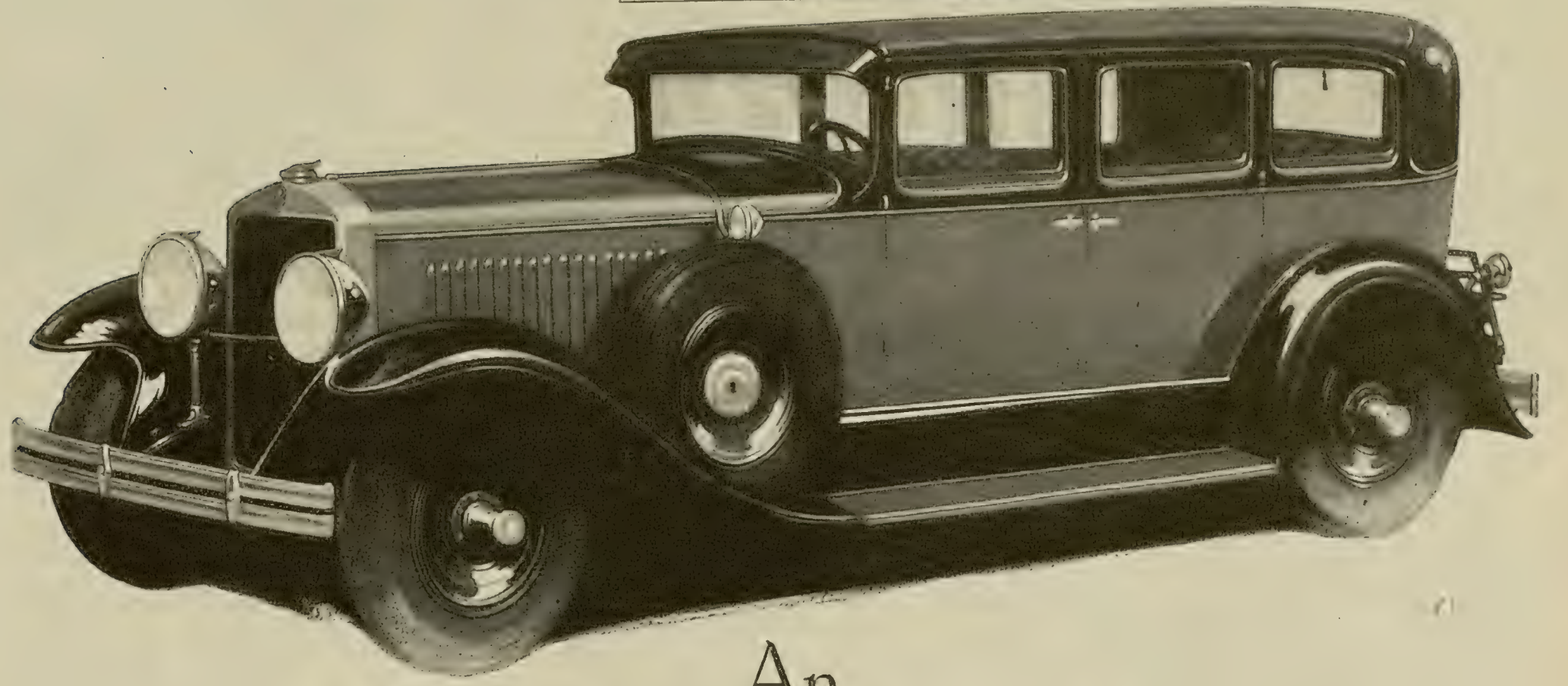
Dawes says:

"When you've got something drastic to say, you must say it drastically. If you've got a good cause, it's a lost cause if people won't listen to you. And to make them listen to you, you've got sometimes to startle them into listening. Lots of times I get angry only apparently. I'm a gentleman. They called me a

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

SMOOTHNESS

To respond to each call for power and endurance with effortless ease that causes the difficult to seem easy—that is the quality of smoothness in motor car performance that makes driving a pleasure and riding a privilege



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NO MATTER how excellent your shave may be—no matter how painstaking and thorough your after-shave washings and rinsings, there is nothing that seems so thoroughly invigorating and refreshing as the skilful massage of an expert barber.

Now, however, you may get precisely the same effect in a few seconds' time—at home—and do it yourself!

Simply apply a few drops of Houbigant's Fougere Royale Lotion after shaving. The effect is instant—and delightful. Due to its styptic qualities, it instantly stops any bleeding from cuts or scratches. Your face feels cool, refreshed, comfortable—yet strangely alive. And the clean, stimulating, well-groomed freshness seems to extend to your whole body.

But Fougere Royale is more than a cleansing refreshant. It is a mild astringent. Chases away fatigue lines, small wrinkles, sagging tissue, and gives you the keen, youthful look of an athlete.

Try this remarkable lotion—and with it Fougere Royale Shaving Cream—the non-caustic, non-irritating, perfectly balanced shaving cream that eliminates all smarting and after-shaving burns. Both are mildly perfumed with Fougere Royale (Royal Fern)—a pleasing, wholesome fragrance that suggests the great outdoors. A generous sample of each if you mail the coupon below.

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After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
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Talcum, 50c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
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[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES DAWES
Continued from Page Thirty]

jackass that day in the Senate."

(Let me here interject that they called him several kinds of a jackass. Senator Reed of Missouri, speaking over the radio within a few hours of Dawes' first deliverance as Vice President, called him "a whining, bleating jackass who comes in and tries to set up his will and opinion against that of such men as Webster, Calhoun, and other famous Senate leaders." Today James Alexander Reed is one of Dawes' solid friends.)

Let the Vice President resume:

"Yes, they called me a jackass, and, be assured, that wasn't pleasant. [The General flushed when he said that.] But the people I wanted to reach opened their newspapers and said, 'Well, let's see what the jackass said.' And when they had read what I said they knew that it was not the brayings of a jackass."

This is characteristic:

A few minutes before his Vice Presidency began, Charles Gates Dawes said to John C. Crockett, for twenty years reading clerk and chief clerk of the Senate—who has piloted every Vice President since Sunny Jim Sherman through the narrows of parliamentary technique:

"Crockett, I'm going up against a job I don't know anything about, and I'm going to lean on you. I want you to help me, Crockett."

"Yes, Mr. President," said Crockett, addressing the General as president of the Senate instead of as Vice President of the United States—which shows how punctilious Mr. Crockett is—"yes, Mr. President, I'll quietly whisper any detail of procedure to you."

"Oh, dammit, Crockett, spit it out," said Dawes, adding: "I don't know it, and they know I don't know it. Let's not pretend!"

Mr. Crockett's later comment to me was:

"Then I knew I was dealing with a man!"

Banker, author, composer, musician, soldier, politician, agitator, economist—restless, bold, original, acute, volcanic, versatile, and tremulous with sentiment and sensitiveness—will this man now go out to win the Presidency of the United States?

I think so—if Coolidge doesn't run.

Don't miss Mr. Bennett's article on Secretary Hoover next week.

P. & A. photo

The gentler side of the fiery executive was exhibited when he and Mrs. Dawes entertained 100 orphans at their Evanston, Illinois, home.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on Page Eighty-five.)

1—What is the swiftest of all land creatures?

2—What is the name of the main artery of the human body?

3—What is the sacred city of the Mohammedans?

4—What is insulin?

5—How many springs in a watch?

6—What early explorer in America was assassinated by his own men?

7—What is the exact length of a year?

8—What great country is made up of a chain of islands?

9—What language is called the mother tongue of the civilized world?

10—What is the most easterly point on the North American mainland?

11—For what startling crime was John Brown hanged?

12—What nations have won the Davis Cup for tennis?

13—What is the Schick Test?

14—What two great opposing leaders in the Civil War were natives of the same State?

15—Of what is window glass made?

16—What is the difference between a schooner and a sloop?

17—What is the legal meaning of manslaughter?

18—Where did the electrical unit, volt, get its name?

19—Where is the approximate geographical center of the United States?

20—What religion specifically forbids the use of intoxicating liquors?

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In this tough Asbestos Fabric are years of *safe* driving

Your own property, your car, or perhaps your life is the stake you put up when you take chances with cheap brake lining on your car.

Look at this sturdy strip of Johns-Manville Asbestos brake lining. It is strong with the strength of the *rock* from which it is woven. It is fashioned from tough, burn-proof asbestos. Neither water nor oil can affect it. Hot or cold, wet or dry, it grips with unfailing firmness. It assures you absolute control of your car.

Brake lining, first of all, should be of asbestos. Johns-Manville, world master of asbestos, knows how to use this remarkable substance. Johns-Manville brake lining was not made to sell at a price, nor to look pretty, nor to meet theories. It was made to stop automobiles when and where they should be stopped, *to control their speed on hills or curves—to do these things steadily, regularly, month after month.*

So well has this aim been met that you can have Johns-Manville Heavy Duty Brake Lining put on your passenger car and then forget brake lining.

Johns-Manville brake lining can be obtained for you by any garage. Insist on having it when your brakes need relining. Any garage man can always get it for you. It costs only a trifle more than the cheapest. The final cost of cheap brake lining may be a fearful one.

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Johns-Manville Brake Lining is woven only from long fiber asbestos, taken from mines owned and operated by us. The long tough fibers assure strength and uniform wearing. They provide an advantage similar to the familiar superiority of woolen or cotton cloth woven from long fiber yarn.

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It is almost a certainty that your brakes need adjustment. Tear this out and use it as a

MEMORANDUM

February 4th—*Have garage mechanic inspect my brakes today.*

If relining is required, insist on Johns-Manville Brake Lining. Order Heavy Duty grade for your passenger car. Then you can forget brake lining.

The REPRISAL

A Short Story of a Detective Who Used a Crook's Code

By GEORGE S. BROOKS

Picture by H. W. SCOTT

(Reading time: 4 minutes 10 seconds.)

One night a gang of truck burglars shot down two policemen, a watchman, and a trainman in the freight yards.

FOUR men knew that Abe Ehrlich would be murdered. They knew it for a full week before he was shot down in his own loft, where he was tearing the identification from bundles of stolen furs.

Abe himself knew it. For the seven days before the moment when an exquisitely dressed, perfumed, silk-shirted gunman put the muzzle of an automatic pistol into Abe's back and pulled the trigger, Abe had been trembling at the thought of the thing he knew would happen.

Some stir was made to find Ehrlich's killer. "Let's make up a purse for him, from the Department," said the Chief of Police grimly. But during the hunt for "The Rod," Detective Powers wore a terrible, tight-lipped smile, drank much whisky, and said nothing.

Living, Abe Ehrlich was a receiver of stolen goods, a banker for criminals, a bondsman for crooks who needed bail money. Outwardly he maintained a fairly presentable front, a jobbing business in odd lots of shoes for the "fire-sale and auction" trade. He had, too, some political connections. One or two local bosses owed him money.

When the police made the posthumous airing of his affairs, they found, as they had always expected to find, that Abe had planned loft burglaries. Through his connections with the reputable and semi-reputable business world, he learned where and when valuable merchandise was stored. He then "wildcatted" the premises, which means inspecting it with an eye to burglary. The actual breaking and entering was turned over to one of his several gangs of yeggs. He paid his thieves comparatively little for their loot. His was, as the saying is, always "the cop's half."

Although trails of loft burglaries frequently led to Abe's door, John Powers and the other detectives could never quite follow them inside. And then one night a gang of truck burglars shot down two policemen. There was a watchman shot, too, and a railroad trainman in the freight yards. Of the two policemen killed, one was the husband of Detective Powers' sister.

Some of the detectives swore and blasphemed that night, as they spoke of Abe Ehrlich and his hired killer, an immaculate youth known as The Rod. But John Powers said little. He was not a swearing man. He gave his widowed sister eight dollars a week out of his own pay check. Police pensions were woefully small.

One night in March, a fur loft—Abe liked to deal in furs; they can be sold quickly and for cash—was opened. And later the watchman, who had been gagged and tortured and tied, was able to identify a rogues' gallery photograph of Slim Tom Pampino as one of the robbers.

When this information was obtained, Powers nodded pleasantly to the other detectives.

"I know where to rap to Slim Tom. Let me go alone. I'll knock him off."

"Look out for The Rod!" advised the detective captain. "I hear him and Slim Tom are always together."

"No. I don't think they're traveling together now," lied Powers.

Upon leaving Headquarters, Powers went straight and quietly to Abe Ehrlich's office.

"Hear you had another bad job," said Abe, shaking hands. "This town's getting pretty tough. Don't know what the country's coming to."

"I think we'll clean this one up quick," Powers replied casually. "I dropped in to see if you'd tell me some of the fur dealers who just buy as a side line."

THIS excuse was so plausible that Abe Ehrlich believed it. No one in the city knew as many of the small dealers as he did. He furnished the detective with a list.

"So you got a line on last night's job?"

"Yeah." Powers nodded, never looking up from the list. "No secret about it now. We're lookin' for a young fella called Slim Tom."

"Never heard of him," Ehrlich replied.

They spoke of the weather, a bankruptcy, a Grand Jury indictment list. Then Powers, nodding his thanks, went out the door.

There were two exits from the building. So Powers had to stuff himself into a phone booth and watch the elevator for four interminable hours, until Ehrlich came down and slipped out the rear door. Powers followed.

The man hunt began. Ehrlich, a practiced fugitive, was worried and cautious, doubling on his tracks like a frightened rabbit. Powers, his nostrils quivering in his eagerness, stuck to the trail.

Twice Ehrlich took the only cab in sight, to ride a few blocks, usually a perfect trick to throw off pursuers. Each time a citizen's car appeared and the detective commandeered it.

At last, satisfied that he had thrown off any "tailers," Ehrlich walked into the side door of a cheap hotel down near the docks. He passed through the lobby toward the barroom door.

BUT a hand reached in front of him to push open the swinging doors, and he looked up.

"My God!" gasped Ehrlich.

"Yeah," agreed the detective in a hoarse whisper. "Let's go in an' take a drink."

Into Ehrlich's eyes came the frightened rabbit look which never left them again, and which was still noticeable when the body lay on the morgue slab.

As they entered, Powers' quick eye picked up Slim Tom and The Rod, sitting at a table in the corner. Then, in a loud voice, so that all could hear, Powers spoke to Ehrlich:

"Thanks a lot, Abe. I'll do the same for you sometime." With these words, and as Abe fled in terror, Powers walked over and tapped Slim Tom upon the shoulder. "Come along," said he pleasantly. "I hear we ought to talk to you about where you was last night."

Not by word, glance, or gesture did Powers appear to be conscious that The Rod was seated at the same table. He put his handcuffs on Slim Tom and they rode to Headquarters.

Powers knew that The Rod, according to his code, was bound to kill a squealer, such as Abe Ehrlich had proved himself to be. To the day they died, both gangsters believed Abe had led the detective to their hideout.

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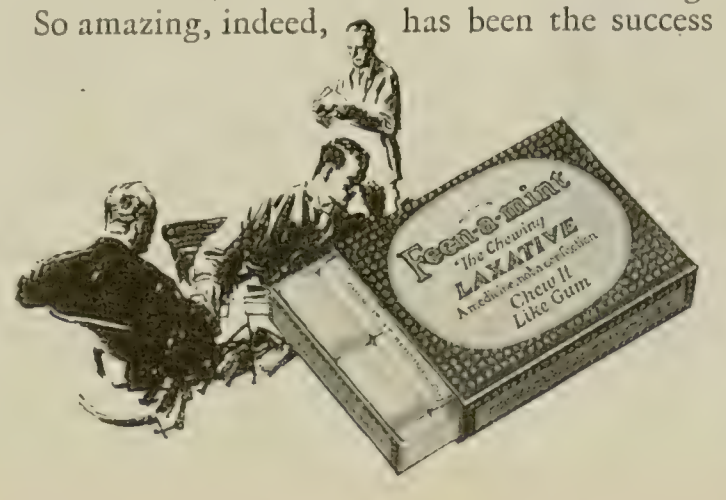

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The ILIAD—Jazz Style

Helen of Troy Turns Flapper for the Movies

A Film Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 40 seconds.)

HOLLYWOOD, which balks at nothing save sanity, has just revealed its version of The Private Life of Helen of Troy.

Homer presented his epic chronicle about 850 B. C. John Erskine offered his version as a best seller two years ago. The movie producers passed up Homer's Iliad and paid $35,000 for the Erskine effort.

Work was in progress for many months under the direction of Alexander Korda, a Continental director imported before the Hollywood efficiency era. Mr. Korda's wife, Maria Corda (yes, they spell their names differently), a Hungarian actress widely known abroad for her beauty, who came over with her husband, fell into the coveted rôle.

Reports about Helen of Troy have been drifting out of the studio capital for a long time. It seems, naturally enough, that the First National Pictures powers-that-be decided to change Mr. Erskine's story.

A story carpenter named Carey Wilson was called in. The magnates went into conference after conference. Hollywood was electric with worry.

Mr. Erskine wrote of *Helen* following the first nonstop Paris flight in history, and after the famous beauty of mythology had been recaptured and had settled down again to domesticity with her husband, *Menelaos*. The film version finishes just where Mr. Erskine started. Thus no one can accuse Hollywood of tampering with the original.

The film proves to be the old triangle again—the tired husband, the wife aching for romance, and the other man—always a popular formula in the movies.

Thus *Helen* runs away from the comfort-loving, snoring *Menelaos*. She departs with the dashing *Paris*—and precipitates the Trojan War.

Mr. Erskine appeared at the New York première and, strangely enough, spoke with pride of the film adaptation. Actually, the film has more of Mack Sennett than of John Erskine. For instance, there is a profane traffic cop on a busy Spartan corner. Wise-cracking subtitles were inserted at the last moment.

A petting party of ancient times, as portrayed by Maria Corda and Ricardo Cortez.

A gag title comes easy to a Hollywooden expert. You take a caption like, "Get thee gone!" Add, "you bum," and, lo, you have a title after the heart of a movie magnate. The result here is amusing at times, although the burlesque palls as it moves into a lengthy slapstick Trojan War.

Miss Corda has appeared in European films, but *Helen* is her first Hollywood venture. Miss Corda, who is blonde, blue-eyed, and statuesque, makes a decorative *Helen*. (Personally, I would have preferred Greta Nissen.)

THE Hungarian Miss Corda in another pose that seems to justify the Trojan War.

The Hungarian star is not the pseudo-sophisticated *Helen* of Mr. Erskine, who spoke with such Beatrice Fairfax finality upon love and men. Miss Corda's version is a coy *Lorelei Lee* who affects garb of true Spartan brevity. You just know she doesn't wear 'em.

Outside of Lewis Stone, who gives a good comic touch to the rôle of the tired husband, *Menelaos*, the cast is weak. Ricardo Cortez is indifferent as *Paris*, and Alice White is an unfortunate choice as *Helen's* handmaiden.

The backgrounds—of ancient Sparta and Troy—give a real interest to The Private Life of Helen of Troy. There are many inaccuracies, but they are lavish. Here, at least, is a fresh panorama for the movie cameras.

American screen fans will want to know more of Maria Corda. Her age is officially given as twenty-five. Her mother was a gypsy, her father a violinist.

At sixteen Maria Corda was dancing in a Budapest ballet. Her beauty attracted attention and film work led to her meeting with Alexander Korda, the director.

Miss Corda established an immediate Hollywood reputation for temperament. She stormed and lapsed into dank, dark moods when things did not please her, so the gossip goes.

It is difficult to tell whether or not Miss Corda has landed solidly with Helen of Troy. In fact, the fate of the picture is problematical.

It is a travesty before a new and beautiful background, and it has a glamorous Hungarian who poses charmingly in exceedingly brief chiffon robes. But the film is neither robust burlesque nor is it shrewd satire.

Probably Helen of Troy cost about $800,000. It is a pity that better results were not obtained. However, the producers should get credit for not tampering with the title. Suppose they had decided upon a box-office title like Paris After Dark!

Do you know that—

Sunrise cost $800,000; The Rough Riders ran to $1,250,000; Beau Geste totaled $992,000; and the King of Kings cost $2,200,000? . . . Lillian Gish is to make a picture for United Artists? . . . Mary Astor is to marry Kenneth Hawks, the director?

RAWLINGS came into the room, pistol in hand. There was a scuffle in which all three joined.

Magnificent POSE

The Tragedy of a Gentleman's Handicap

A Short Story by

CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

Pictures by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

(Reading time: 24 minutes 15 seconds.)

ONCE, for a few weeks between jobs, I worked in the box office of a ten-twenty-thirty house out in the Mission District of San Francisco. I tell this, not by way of apology, but merely to set the scene for the story of Jim Rod which follows.

It had been a cold, rainy winter and the office without sufficient heat. We had a coal-oil stove, as I remember, and ceilings that figuratively reached to the sky. The result may not have been zero weather, but it gave a very good imitation. So between shows I kept the glass slide before the ticket window closed.

One night about 6 o'clock, just as I was waiting for the proprietor to relieve me, I heard a tap on the pane. I looked up, expecting to see a prospective ticket purchaser. There was no one.

I went on sorting tickets, thinking some street urchin had been playing me a trick. The sound came again, this time a little bolder.

I went forward and drew back the slide. The outline of a weather-beaten hat came into view, and next the face of an old man was raised to mine. A slender hand pushed back the hat; two faint blue eyes confronted me.

"I wonder if you could spare me a quarter." The voice was thin but distinct. "It is raining again."

What roused my interest was the absence of any whine in the man's tone. His hope that I might aid him and his statement about the weather lacked both pathos and emphasis. I said, "Are you hungry?"

He shook his head. "I am never hungry, but a man must eat."

"Never hungry!" I was young and my voice rose incredulously.

"Oh, once upon a time, perhaps. When I was a youth and life stretched before me."

"You haven't fared so well since those days, eh?" I don't know why I questioned him.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MAGNIFICENT POSE
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

"Oh, I've always had a roof over my head and three square meals."

"That's something!" I returned in a baffled voice.

"Yes, you're right—that is something."

"A roof and three square meals all these years. And now you're broke."

He answered my implied question very simply: "It was the roof of a penitentiary. I was sent up for life; but last month they let me out. . . ."

I stood staring foolishly at the two faded eyes that by this time seemed to have receded past any recognition of their color.

"Sent up for life!" I echoed. "How long did you serve?"

"Forty years."

"Forty years! Good God!"

At that moment the proprietor came in the door.

"Wait for me on the corner," I said to the old man. "I'll be with you in just a moment."

He melted into the night with the swiftness and instability of a ghost. I said good evening to my boss, put on my hat, and went outdoors. The rain was coming down with cold, stinging determination. The old man was waiting for me at the corner.

WE went into a Greek chophouse where most people in a hurry took short orders at the counters—one of those chophouses where a T-bone steak, French-fried potatoes, coffee, and pie are the rule. There were a few unoccupied tables for leisurely patrons who seemed never to materialize. We sat down at one of them; my guest took off his hat. A thick crop of snow-white hair was shapelessly mantling his head. He saw me looking at it, and with sudden alertness he divined what I was about to remark.

"It *is* thick for a man past sixty," he said. "Clipping it short—that's what does it." He ran his fingers through its shallow length. "Only a month old, too. Somehow, I can't quite get used to it."

I was annoyed at myself. The last thing I wished to do was to remind the man before me of his past. I wanted him to eat and drink and be as merry as his condition would permit.

A waiter came bustling up. I handed the old man a menu. He set it aside with a show of decision. The competence of this gesture had something well bred about it. He might have been a man sure enough of his resources to order what pleased him.

"I should like a bowl of milk," he said, "and some crisp French bread. And if it is possible to get some sweet butter—"

Frankly, I was disappointed. I had expected to be quite dazzled by his demands.

"You'd better make that bowl of milk half cream," I said to the waiter.

My guest raised his hand in protest. "I'm afraid that would be too rich. After forty years one can't quite—"

I checked him with a nod that was half understanding, half impatience. The waiter took my order and bustled away.

"You see, I had my experience," he went on. "The very first night I came to town I spent every bit of my five dollars at dinner. I was frightfully ill. Even the seat I sat in was too comfortable. It's extraordinary how one can lose his capacity for luxuries."

His voice, at first rather far away, seemed to come nearer with every word he uttered.

"You had five dollars, then?"

"Yes. The State gives every man a suit of clothes and five dollars when he leaves prison."

"You spent all your money the first night? That was a silly thing to do. Didn't you know—"

HIS glance stopped me.

"I knew nothing except that I had been in prison for forty years. Freedom is like wine—it goes to the head. It frightens you, too, at first. Besides, I'd always been like that—improvident."

"And you never got over it? I thought experience—"

I stopped again in confusion. His faded glance had extraordinary qualities of dignity and reproach in it.

"You don't get over things like that. They're in your blood."

"How have you lived all these weeks?"

"For two weeks I had a job. Then they discovered I was a jailbird. Naturally, they let me out."

"How did they discover it?"

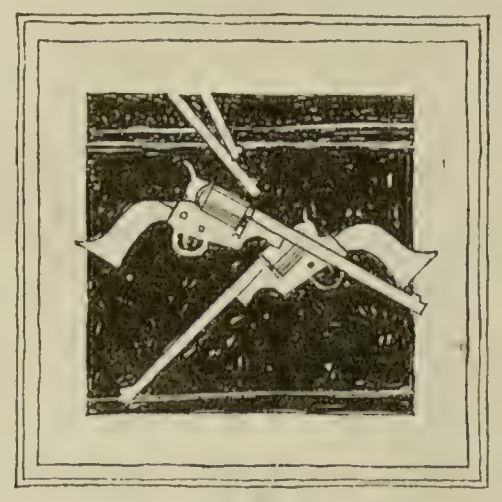
"Another ex-convict told them."

"Another ex-convict!" I cried incredulously. "Why, I should think a fellow in the same mess would be the last person on earth to betray you. Was he your enemy?"

"No. I reminded him of a past he wanted to forget."

"What nonsense!"

"No, that isn't nonsense. There was something more to it, too. He hadn't any sense of sportsmanship. You see, he never had had any background. He wasn't what you would call a gentleman."



I am ashamed to say that for the moment I was amused. My companion saw it. But he was far from annoyed. He merely said, calmly:

"That's another thing you don't get over."

At that moment the waiter returned with our orders, and presently my fatalistic friend was crumbling crisp bits of French bread into a shallow bowl of milk.

During the silence that followed I began to turn over in my mind the best approach to the question I was burning to ask. For what had this man before me been

sent up? Murder, of course. There is very little else for which they give a life sentence in California. But he was such a mild old gentleman.

I repeat, I thought over every possible avenue of approach, and then I asked a totally different thing. I said:

"After forty years you must see great changes."

"I saw greater changes in prison," was his answer. "Life doesn't stand still anywhere."

I flushed. He had a quality of candor and simplicity that was continually putting me in my place; and in my irritation, I blurted out quite brutally:

"How did it come they didn't hang you?"

ONCE I had said it, I was appalled. But, to my surprise, he didn't even wince. He replied:

"There was a doubt or two in the minds of the jurors. So they salved their consciences with a life term instead of the noose."

He said this without rancor, but with just the slightest touch of irony. A curious desire to curry favor with him came over me.

"That's all wrong!" I protested. "A man is either guilty or innocent."

He looked at me with tepid amusement. "Are you quite sure of that?"

"Aren't you?" I countered.

He shook his head. "No one is ever entirely innocent of anything. A man who puts himself in the position of being even falsely accused has contributed something to the crime of which he is charged. Never forget that. I did not actually murder the woman they found me with, but I was part of the procession that led up to that murder."

"A woman? What was her name?"

"Rose Fanchon." He said the name wistfully.

"Do you mind—I mean, would you like to tell me about it?"

"If it would amuse you."

"*Amuse!*"

"Come, now, isn't that what it amounts to? Youth is always so full of heroic evasions!"

"Very well," I said, with a touch of exasperation; "it would amuse me frightfully."

"That's better," he commented, and he flashed a smile at me—a mere ghost of a smile that I fancied in its heyday must have charmed Rose Fanchon past much that was prudent—or, to use his own words, that made him part of the procession that had led to her undoing.

He gave me his background first. Boston in the '70s. Not exactly dull, but crowded rather with a certain gay respectability.

A gentleman might get tipsy, for instance, so long as he remained presentable. He might gamble within the limits of discretion. He might be suspected of having a mistress so long as his conduct in such matters never permitted suspicion to merge into confirmation. He might even go so far as to deny God if he did so with gentility. In short, a background in which the Ten Commandments became symbols of good form rather than definite rules of conduct. A suavely respectable life that the man before me had been educated to grace by the combined efforts of a tutor, an exclusive prep school, and Harvard.

But sometimes the crust of respectability spreads out too thin—crumbles like pastry that has too much shortening. The tutor, the exclusive prep, may have fitted our hero for discretion in his social contacts, including his social lapses; but it had not trained him for the monotonous rigors of a career in his father's countinghouse.

He was a conspicuous failure. And on that day when he was called into his father's study to receive the parental reproof, he felt the profound humiliation that only a man could whose sensibilities had been ground too sharp.

"I had hoped that you would be a credit to the family name, sir!" had been his father's choleric remark.

The shaft struck home. At that moment the young man decided to yield up the name that he had graced so indifferently. He would go out and seek his fortune alone under another escutcheon. He would not be a drag, a disappointment, a constant thorn in the side of his people!

His father smiled. It was the prerogative of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ROSE FANCHON walked deliberately to his table. "Won't you come and see me tonight? I shall be at home until midnight."

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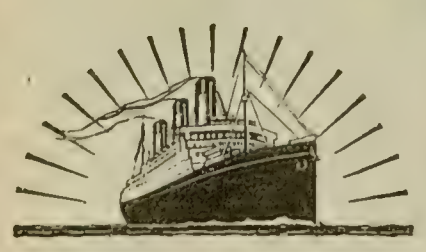

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[MAGNIFICENT POSE Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

youth to take chastisement with a heroic gesture. But in this case the gesture was made earnestly. That was the last time the father was ever to see his son's face.

The next morning a youth renamed Jim Rod began an overland journey to California.

CALIFORNIA in the late '70s. San Francisco, to be precise. There could not have been a greater contrast. Open drunkenness, open gambling, open pursuit of mistresses. And Rose Fanchon; do not forget her. Up to this point, Jim Rod's recital had been stamped with the monotony of all preliminaries. But once he mentioned Rose Fanchon the whole narrative was shot through with vigor. He said:

"I never shall forget the first time I saw her sweep into the dining room of the Occidental Hotel. She was alone, and in those days it was a conspicuous thing to see a woman enter a public place unescorted. At least, it was conspicuous to me.

"She was dressed in the heavy mode of the period, all ruffles and bows and trailing skirts—very elaborately and handsomely dressed. But that was hardly a matter to attract me excessively. The striking thing about her was her skin. It was like clear ivory, without color or blemish. And her hair was a curious shade of pale, tawny gold.

"The steward met her with a smile, half servile, half impudent, and led her with a flourish to a table in a far corner of the dining room. I remarked that it was a table at which was placed but a single chair. This chair faced the company of diners, and Rose Fanchon slipped into it with an easy grace that had a trace of defiance in it.

"Her passage through the room had left a tremulous disquiet behind. The men seemed restive, the women uneasy. It was an effect one sensed rather than saw. I beckoned my waiter—a shrewd and gossipy Frenchman. 'Who is that extraordinary woman?' I inquired. He lifted his eyebrows significantly. 'Rose Fanchon,' he replied. 'She is unmarried?' 'So far as I know.' 'A woman of means?' The waiter shrugged. 'Perhaps,' I pressed, 'she is a professional woman.' I was thinking of the stage. 'As to that—' He shrugged again. 'You see—well, many women live by their wits. There are thirty thousand such in San Francisco.'

"I do not know why, but I was horrified. I felt my heart contract—not at the thought of the thirty thousand, but at the thought of this one, this particular woman, facing the world shamelessly.

"'You cannot tell me—' I said to the waiter. 'I mean, surely a hotel of this reputation— Such things are not done.'

"He pretended to arrange the bread basket. 'You are imagining the worst. Rose Fanchon is not reduced to soliciting. She is handsomely provided for.'

"A dull pain shot through my heart. 'And her admirer?' I questioned, finding my voice. 'Is for the moment away. He dines in this very room with his wife when they are in town. If you stay the week out you will see them.'

"I felt suddenly stifled. I put my hand instinctively to my heart. And in that moment I knew that I was in love with Rose Fanchon past all reckoning."

I think he must have been in love with her still, after all these years; his voice was so vibrant when he spoke of her.

He sat that first night in the dining room of the Occidental long after she had left it. She smiled at him as she passed his table on the way out. He trembled all over. The waiter saw what had happened. He said: "There are a hundred men in San Francisco who would give a thousand dollars just for that smile."

"MANY women live by their wits. There are thirty thousand such in San Francisco."

He sat, as I said, a long time, dawdling over his coffee. He wanted to calm himself, to get over his supreme agitation. The tutor, the prep school, Harvard, had trained him to be suspicious of supreme agitations. He withdrew to his room and tried to sleep. It was no use. He rose and went out into the night.

He had heard about the Chinese Quarter. He asked a policeman for directions. It was the Chinese New Year and the streets were very gay. Temporary stalls lined the curb, filled with seed cakes and preserved ginger and strips of candied coconut. Ordinarily this would have charmed him past all belief. But his mind refused to be beguiled from its consuming idea. He could think only of Rose Fanchon.

As he was leaving the quarter, a coolie selling blossoming lily bulbs accosted him. Would he buy some of his wares? The lilies were ranged in two or three rows upon a shelflike stand. There must have been at least fifty. The quality of these lily petals suggested Rose Fanchon's strange ivory pallor and their yellow centers matched curiously the indescribable gold of her hair. A whim seized him. "How much?"

"Ten cents!" the coolie answered.

"I'll take them all!" returned Jim Rod.

The coolie loaded the lilies into two wicker baskets. They were not just fifty blossoms, you understand, but fifty growing bulbs spilling their fragrance. Jim Rod

led the way, and the Chinese, in his blue denim suit and coolie hat of straw, trotted behind.

When they came to the hotel, Jim Rod called two bell boys out to the curb. The coolie unslung the wicker baskets from the pole. "Take these to Miss Fanchon," was Jim Rod's command. The bell boys stared and hesitated. It was nearly midnight. Jim Rod slipped a silver dollar into each of their hands.

ALL the next day Jim Rod was in a fever of hope and expectancy and despair. He questioned the bell boys. Rose Fanchon had received the tribute of blossoming lily bulbs in silence. Amused silence? he wondered. The possibility made his heart stand strangely still. Naturally she did not come down to the dining room for breakfast; nor was she there at the luncheon hour. She was so late making her appearance at dinner that he had almost given up in despair when she came into the room. She was dressed much more simply than on the previous evening and she had wound a spray of lily blossoms into her hair. But this time, when she left, she did not lift her eyes, much less smile at him.

He was crushed utterly. He could not eat, he could not sleep.

A week went by. He saw her every night in the dining room. She never missed having a spray of lilies in her hair; but she gave him no sign of recognition. He was very much in love, but not too much in love to see the absurdity of the situation. Fifty lily bulbs! She thought him mad, of course. Ah, well, so he was.

He tried to rouse himself to an interest in workaday problems. He had come to San Francisco to prove himself, to work, to win a place under another name. And what had he done? Fallen in love with a notorious, if not an infamous, woman.

Rose Fanchon! Even if she had smiled on him, what could happen? Did he have money to match the pace her keeper set for rivals? He half hoped, half dreaded, that her indifference would cool him. To feel free again! But the merest suggestion of freedom laid an icy hand upon his heart.

On the eighth day, as he was seating himself with fresh despair at the dinner table, the waiter, bustling up, said as he poured out water:

"Rose Fanchon's friend is back again. He is sitting at that table near the window, with his family."

JIM ROD grew faint as he turned his eyes slowly toward the table indicated. A lean, swarthy man with black mustaches was bending over a plate of soup. The waiter continued:

"His name is Rawlings. He is the richest man in town. He gambles—stocks, cards, dice, anything. All the city officials are under his thumb. Only a year ago he killed a man for lifting his hat to Rose Fanchon at the races. It was presumably a duel, but it was plain murder, of course. He is a dead shot and the man he killed was still in his twenties."

Jim Rod turned his attention to the gambler's wife. She was a simpering little woman, colorless and quite devoid of charm. Her fingers were covered with rings and heavy gold ornaments clasped her wrists.

"Does Mrs. Rawlings suspect?"

"She must. But that would make no difference. She adores him. Most women do." The waiter smiled. "Half a loaf, you know—"

At that moment Rose Fanchon entered the dining room. She was very stately and pale. She had strung together a chain of lily blossoms and they encircled her throat. Rawlings did not lift his eyes from his plate.

The sight of the chain of flowers revived Jim Rod's hopes. She must have been cherishing his blossoms for a significant and culminating effect. And to have worn them, thus, on the night of Rawlings' return! He was elated and fearful in turn. Rose Fanchon's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

INDICTED!

The menu is charged with being responsible for a high percentage of ill health due to a definite lack of bulk food.

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[MAGNIFICENT POSE
Continued from Page Forty-one]

appearance had been earlier than usual. By the same token, her departure was equally early.

Even before she had quite risen in her place, Jim Rod had felt a tumult in his heart—a premonition, as it were, of impending drama. He was not disappointed. Rose Fanchon walked deliberately to his table and halted. He rose, with a bow, and he heard her say distinctly:

"Won't you come and see me tonight? I shall be at home until midnight."

She swept past and out without waiting for his answer. He felt every eye in the room turned upon him as he sat down. He did not dare look in the direction of Rawlings' table. His waiter brought him the entrée and said under his breath:

"I hope you are a good shot, my son."

MY strange guest halted his tale at this point. He gave a little sigh and spread sweet butter on a bit of crust. He ate the morsel slowly, gravely, as if he were trying to recapture a taste for luxuries that he had lost the capacity to enjoy.

"I found her in her room," he went on, "surrounded by vases and bowls of every conceivable shape and size, into which she had pressed the blooming lily bulbs that I had sent her. Upon tables, upon the mantel, upon shelves, in odd corners, they gleamed through the half-lights matching the strange ivory pallor of her skin and the gold of her tawny hair. Their perfume was overpowering. She said to me:

"'Most men send me jewels.'

"That was all—just a simple statement, without another illuminating phrase. And yet, I knew that she was pleased. I had no words for her. Her beauty choked me, somehow, and every emotion that I had ever experienced rose to the surface.

"I was at once in the seventh heaven of delight and moved by the profound despair of hell itself. She stood there with a fragile smile upon her lips while I continued to be stricken dumb, until presently there came a sharp knock upon the door."

Jim Rod paused and smiled. After forty years that knock upon the door was a fact pregnant with irony. He had not so much as had time to find his voice before Rawlings was upon them. He came into the room, pistol in hand.

Rose Fanchon darted toward him. There was a scuffle in which all three joined, a sharp report, and Rose Fanchon lay mortally wounded.

Rawlings left the room at once.

RAWLINGS left the room at once. What a significant statement on which to pause! It made a further word picture of what immediately followed superfluous.

A young man, strange and alone in a mad city, deserted in such an hour—a young man who had come to build honor and fortune upon the ruins of past mistakes. Is it necessary to dwell upon the horror, the remorse, the hopelessness of his condition?

Rose Fanchon died before he could summon aid. He was arrested immediately and charged with murder. And almost at once it was conveyed to him through mysterious channels that he would do well not to mention the presence of Rawlings in Rose Fanchon's apartment on the night of the tragedy. Indeed, it might go very ill with him if he did.

Rawlings was, as the waiter had said, a political power. To draw him in might complicate the issue, but it would clear nobody—least of all a strange young man, driven to sudden insanity by Rose Fanchon's ivory beauty.

Jim Rod saw the point perfectly—too perfectly, it seemed to me. For I cried out almost derisively:

"You let a scoundrel like that railroad you to jail! Why should either one of you have feared the noose? A pistol discharged in a scuffle is certainly not murder. And, according to your own admission, Rawlings had no reputation to lose. Even his wife was not ignorant of his life."

Jim Rod smiled that smile of his, so full of irritating calm.

"Rumor and conjecture concerning a man's habits is one thing—confirmation of them quite another. I have yet to see a blackguard with a love for court records. But Rawlings' consistency is neither here nor there. He wished to stand clear of the situation, and stand clear he did."

© Brown Bros.

A street in San Francisco's Chinatown during the Chinese New Year celebration.

"And what had you to gain by submitting?"

"A chance that his power might operate to save me."

"You mean—he promised."

"There were intimations." Jim Rod shrugged. "At least, I was not hanged."

I shook my head. "I do not understand," I said. "You were a young man of family, of influence. Your very antecedents should have given you a better break than that."

For the first time since our meeting, Jim Rod looked severe.

"I had abandoned my people for a lesser fault. It is not conceivable that I should reclaim them while I foundered in a mire."

"You mean to say—"

"I mean to say that the name I assumed when I left was Jim Rod. It was Jim Rod when they sent me to jail. It will be Jim Rod when they bury me."

"Then your family does not know?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

I sat back and stared. At that moment *he* seemed ridiculous.

I REMEMBER, as I sat there watching Jim Rod crumble bits of crisp bread into his bowl of milk, that I felt a sort of sympathetic contempt for him. Pastry with too much shortening! The phrase leaped up in my mind again.

There was something immoral in his passivity, on a par with suicide. Did he realize, after forty years, how full of empty glory his gesture of immolation had been? He must have sensed my thoughts, for he stopped as he fumbled for a spoon and looked searchingly at me. The sharp candor of his eyes made me drop mine.

"Well, well," I mumbled in embarrassment. "We live and learn."

"Some of us do," he replied almost musingly.

My attitude of faint disdain must have communicated itself to Jim Rod. He rose to reach for his hat. I said:

"What's your hurry? Stay and finish your bread and milk."

He shook his head. "I've eaten quite enough and, besides, I must be about the business of hunting a job."

His tone had a faint trace of irony in it.

"You didn't tell me about the job you lost," I answered.

He fell back in his seat again.

"Ah, that will amuse you, too. For ten years I had charge of sterilizing surgical instruments in the prison. I learned other things, too, of value. I passed St. Agnes' Hospital one night soon after I had been released. I thought, 'Perhaps I can get something in there.' I liked the look of it."

He shot a twinkling glance at me.

"It reminded me of the home I had lived in for forty years. After forty years there are ties to bind you even to a prison. I had grown used to austerity. They gave me a job, mopping up the halls. It was hard work for a man of my years. But I hung on. The head janitor was sick when they hired me, so I did not see him for about a week. He came in one morning as I was getting my pails of water ready. I gave him a single glance, and I knew at once."

"Knew what?"

"That he had been in prison. There is the mirror of prison in every convict's eyes. He never

loses that look. He pretended to ignore me. I knew what that meant. I knew that he had guessed my secret, too.

"For days we avoided each other, circling around like two dogs, vicious yet shy. Several times I was on the point of going up to him and saying: 'Don't be afraid; I shall say nothing.' But I couldn't bring myself to it. It was too much like currying favor. I thought: 'Let him say something first.' What a ridiculous thing pride is!"

Prison for forty years—pride—it was laughable and tragic. Two souls rescued from hell.

"I knew he was bent on getting rid of me. Why shouldn't he be? I reminded him of his past. I held the sword of memory over his head the whole time. I was a sword myself, if it comes to that. He could never be quite sure of me. He kept waiting every moment for me to drop the sharp blade of my knowledge. We smiled at each other, but he never spoke to me—not even to give me an order.

"Even if he had not had the look, I should have known then. He was head janitor; it was his business to give me orders.

"One morning the matron sent for me. She said, 'Proll tells me that your work is too hard for you. He likes you enormously, but he says you're too old for what you are doing. Didn't you once tell me that you had hospital experience? What can you do?'

"I told her. She dismissed me without any comment. Next morning she sent for me again.

"'Rod, I'm going to make a place for you in the surgical room. I'm going to let you show us how valuable you can be. And you'll have to prove very valuable indeed. It isn't as if we really need you, but there's a quality about you I like. I always say that breeding tells.'

"I left her presence perfectly happy. Unwittingly Proll had done me a good turn. It seemed as if all my problems were solved. I had food, shelter, and a few dollars a month to call my own. I had contacts with my fellow beings. I was to engage in obscure yet worthy work. I would make a place for myself! Ah, my friend, you are too young to take delight in crumbs of comfort. At your age a man sits at the head of life's feast."

"What happened next?"

HE shrugged. "Is it necessary to ask? Proll was furious when he heard of the new plans. I think he had visions of me sneering at him in secret. He watched more narrowly, more stealthily. I felt his eyes upon me even when I was not in his presence. He was like a prison trusty, terrified that some incorrigible life-termer was plotting to spring upon him with a knife."

"You should have gone to him," I cried impatiently, "and had it out. You should have said, 'I know all about your past, too. If you say anything about me, I'll squeal!'"

Rod gave me a glance of cool patience. "I'm not a blackmailer," he answered. I felt myself flushing. "There are certain things that simply aren't done."

His tone was eloquent with rebuke. "You mean there are certain things that simply weren't done!" I threw back at him. I was thinking of the tutor and prep school and Harvard. "We don't split hairs these days. We fight for place, and we keep on fighting to hold it."

"Proll was a mean, vindictive, timorous man. I couldn't bring myself to use *his* weapons."

"What did he finally do?"

"What I expected him to. He told the matron. She had the grace to send for me and give me a chance to refute his statements.

"He sat in a corner of the room, glaring at me. His face was as white as a sheet. You see, he hadn't expected her to do this. He thought she merely would take his tip and find some excuse for letting me out.

"She said, 'Rod, Proll tells me you're an ex-convict. I'm sure it isn't true.'

"I LOOKED at Proll. 'How does he know?' I asked.

"She turned and looked at him also. He was deathly pale and his lips began to move silently.

"Suddenly I thought, 'Why torture him?' So I withdrew my glance and said, 'It's quite true. I learned all I know about hospital work in prison.'

"I didn't give them a chance to say anything further. I rose and left the room. Proll followed me out. In a dark corner of the corridor I felt his hand upon my shoulder. I turned.

"'I'm sorry,' he whispered. 'I thought some day you might tell. I have a wife and child and a home.' 'It's all right,' I said. He put out his hand."

"And you took it?" I broke in.

He shook his head. "I shake hands only with my equals," he answered blandly.

I leaned forward and gazed into the clear depths of his unconquered eyes. "Good God," I cried, "but you are magnificent!"

He rose in his seat again and put on his hat.

I continued to sit and stare at him. I did not offer him money or assistance.

"Good night," he said simply.

"Good night," I answered.

I heard the door of the restaurant open and close. The rain was still coming down in a cold fury. I wanted to rush after him and call him back. But instead I sat there shivering; and suddenly I remembered that I had not offered him my hand.

THE END

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The Balloon Buster

Picture by
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

Frank Luke Enlists and Learns to Fly—He Begins Making Records Before He Reaches the Front

By NORMAN S. HALL

(Reading time: 14 minutes.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: No thought of distinction and death in France, no hint that ere many years had passed red-faced orators would be mouthing posthumous praise of him, came to Frank Luke, Jr., in Phœnix high-school days. Already promising himself distinction in some field, he was willing that the future should reveal the choice. Meanwhile, he plunged into innumerable escapades; smiled and fought his way out of embroilments with constituted authority. Then, in 1917, came War! This week Mr. Hall tells of Luke's enlistment and the beginning of his career as a war bird.]

PART FOUR

TIMED with the measured thud—thud—thud—thud of an ax sinking into seasoned timber, a resonant young voice chanted:

"Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' over Africa—
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up and down again!)
There's no discharge in the war!"

The cadenced ax blows and the voice came from the yard in the rear of the Luke home, and Bill Elder, who had approached the side gate unheeded, laughed. He had heard this marching song of Kipling's many, many times, for it was Frank Luke's favorite, invariably used as an accompaniment to any physical activity which lent itself to rhythmic performance.

Miss Sarah Whitfield of the Phœnix High School faculty had taught Frank the verse, which he would recite at the drop of a hat—yes, even without this formality. He had a way of rolling out the stanza-ending line,

There's no discharge in the war!

as though it had some deep significance.

Who will say it didn't? For the only discharge he was to know was written in rifle fire at the edge of a shattered wood!

That war, in which there was to be no discharge, was upon him even then. It was Bill Elder's first topic as he sauntered to the woodpile where Frank worked.

# of ARIZONA

IN the full blare of Globe's Tenderloin, women listened and regarded the males with brighter eyes. Here was man's business—war!

"I've just been reading the bulletins down at the *Republican*," he said, "and it looks like we'll be in this European fight before we know it."

Frank sank the ax in a convenient block and nodded slowly.

"Maybe," he agreed doubtfully. The war was vague, distant, impersonal. Europe and France, Verdun and Murvaux, still were but colored sections and circled dots on maps, interesting him so little that he immediately fell to discussing plans for a hunting expedition he and Bill were to embark on the following morning.

In the cool quiet of early evening five days later they rode into Globe, a mining town east of Phœnix. It was a momentous day, but to Luke and Elder, jogging slowly over the barren hills, nothing had occurred to make this April 6 in any way different from others they had experienced.

On the outskirts of the straggling settlement they passed a white house—neat, inconspicuous enough, but famed to everyone who knew Globe because of the business conducted therein. From a second-story window an American flag, limp in the still air, hung flat against the twilight blue.

Flags fly but seldom from the dwellings of those who seek the night and greet the day with drawn blinds. There was something startlingly incongruous in its presence there, and something oddly humorous too, that drew a jest from the dusty riders.

They passed groups of miners who conversed intently, a new seriousness marking them. Women clustered at fences and talked in low tones.

"Maybe somebody's been hurt," offered Bill, for it was that kind of setting.

Luke remained silent as they rounded a corner into the full blare of Globe's Tenderloin. Every nickel piano was at its tinkling noisiest at a time when the town usually relaxed in its last few minutes of quiet before the night's carouse.

HERE was animation, a new quick, high-pitched enthusiasm that explained itself to Luke and Elder in snatches of conversation from knots of voluble, gesticulating miners on the sidewalks. The sober-heads had gone quickly, silently to their homes to discuss the awesome news with their women.

In town, where the material for toasts was ready to hand, the hot-heads had gathered to have their say and boast and mouth threats.

A drunken Serb raised his voice to describe what would happen to "that —— —— —— —— of a Kaiser now!" and cheered his fatherland. Not far distant a group of Austrians gazed upon him in surly silence.

A motorcycle in front of the telegraph office pop-popped into life and roared up the hill to the mine superintendent's home, where the executive awaited the orders the rider bore.

War! Patriotism!

Double production in the mines! Copper and more copper for shells and the breech facings of field pieces!

A drunken peasant, who remembered his homeland only as a place of squalor and poverty and oppression, cheering a king he never saw!

Enmities, hatreds, born in a chance word on the street!

Worried young husbands talking affrightedly in twilight peace of death to come!

A flag flying from a brothel!

Until the dawning, the smoke-wreathed drinking rooms of America echoed to a higher, sharper note than was their wont.

In the neat, inconspicuous white house on the outskirts of Globe, men strutted, ordered a round for the house, and boasted more. Here was man's business—war! There would be uniforms! Guns! Martial music! Women! Wine!

THE women listened—even the dwellers in the inconspicuous white house—and regarded the males with brighter eyes!

Through the night Frank Luke, who was to call forth the praises of kings and field marshals, watched in wide-eyed wonder from his hotel-room window; beside him the crippled friend who loved him and who, for the first time, could not follow!

In the shining, empty stillness of sunrise they rode on into the hills. Below them lay the town. A few hours before it had been drunk on whisky and enthusiasm. Now—tired, drab as only utilitarian places can be drab—it slept heavily, to awaken shortly under a new goad.

Double production in the mines! War!

Frank Luke accepted the actual declaration of hostilities apathetically enough. He still considered the conflict a thing apart, and was much more intent upon getting on with his hunting.

However, this attitude altered quickly enough when he returned home in the early autumn.

His oldest sister, Eva, a trained nurse, had volunteered her services to the Red Cross. Edwin, his oldest brother, was training for a commission in the field artillery.

During the months Frank and Elder had been in the hills he had forgotten there was a war, and this new state of affairs to which he returned was something less than pleasing.

He, Frank, should have been the first to enlist. Straightway he took steps to correct the situation.

On September 25, 1917, Frank went to Tucson and enlisted as a private in the Signal Corps, requesting immediate assignment to the flying branch. He was ordered to active duty at the School of Military Aeronautics, Austin, Texas.

With Frank to Tucson had gone Bill Elder. Luke was accepted eagerly, but Bill—

"Sorry," the recruiting officers told him, not unkindly, and the two departed. Not until they reached the street did either speak.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A Really Dependable Alarm Clock *for* $1.50

Oh Time, what crimes are committed in thy name!

Alarm Clocks at apparently cut prices —89c, $1.39, $1.69—any old price as long as it looks like a bargain. Some of these clocks reasonably well constructed and some well—not so good!

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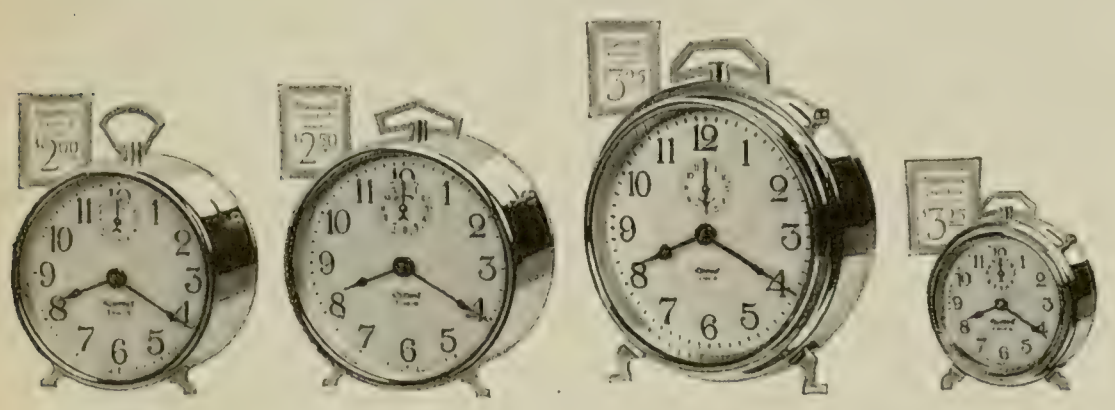

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Radiolite $4.50
Height 3½"
Everyone admires it. A handsome little clock with an intermittent alarm.

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA]
Continued from Page Forty-five

"Wish I could have gone," said Bill, and something in his tone brought the big blond's arm up and across his shoulders.

Frank thought of a dusty, sun-drenched road and two barefoot kids eying each other. He thought of a swirling, tumbling river and a bobbing many-branched mesquite stump. He thought of days and nights in lost mountain pockets of Arizona, and, somehow, it all was inextricably entwined with Bill Elder. He sure would miss old Bill!

"I know how it is," he said consolingly. "But don't you care, Bill. We'll show 'em what Arizona can do!"

We?

Why not? Many a man has backed up against the last wall muttering, "We'll whip 'em! We'll whip 'em!" with nothing but a ragtag of a soul to hear him, and *has* whipped 'em! Perhaps Frank Luke needed something Bill Elder had and was availing himself of it with that "we"! Whatever it was, it worked.

Frank Luke *did* show 'em what Arizona could do!

After a speedy return trip to Phœnix and hasty farewells, Frank reported at the Texas ground school. He began his record making early.

One of the requirements of the ground course was to assemble blindfolded a dismantled machine gun. Luke slapped his machine gun into complete working order in a minute flat—quicker than his nearest competitor.

An instructor, astounded by the Arizonian's speed and accuracy, asked Luke how he had achieved this celerity.

"A gun's a gun," Frank explained, "and when you've handled them as much as I have you get to know something about them."

ALTHOUGH his class had commenced its studies some time before he arrived, Frank made such rapid progress that he was graduated with the others November 23, 1917, and ordered to Rockwell Field, San Diego, California.

He took time out for a brief visit to Phœnix, during which he participated in one last swift, sweet jam with Johnny Akers.

John Akers, now circulation manager of the *Arizona Gazette* in Phœnix, is no spare tire in a mix-up. But Johnny didn't want any part in this one and attempted to dissuade Frank from entering it.

Returning from a party late one night, they had taken a short cut through the outskirts of the Mexican quarter, and one of a group of six Mexicans made a slighting remark Luke did not like. He turned and spat Spanish at them.

FRANK LUKE, JR., as a second lieutenant in the American flying service.

Akers, realizing little was to be gained in a fight with the odds at six to two, cautioned Frank in a low tone and, when he saw the Mexicans moving toward them, turned quickly.

"Run!" he urged.

"Run, hell!" Luke replied, and squared around to the shuffling Mexicans.

"But they'll knife us!" pleaded Akers, well schooled in Mexican fighting tactics.

"If one of 'em does I'll jam his knife down his throat," said Frank, and shot a punch at the nearest one of the group. That started it!

When Akers described the battle to me, he paused at this point in his story and grinned reminiscently.

"What happened next?" I asked.

"I took a ten-pound sock on the nose," he continued; "then I backed up to Frank and went to work."

"How did you come out?"

"With the scruff of my neck in Frank's hand. He dragged me out after he had kicked those Mexicans round. I wish I hadn't been too busy to watch it, because it must have been a beautiful scrap."

A day or two later Frank went on to California to continue his flying studies and Akers enlisted in a heavy artillery unit soon to see active service in France.

ONE of his first acts upon arriving at the San Diego flying field was to write his younger brothers John and Bill. These letters, treasured possessions of the two boys, now grown to young manhood, follow:

DEAR JOHN:

Have not as yet received a letter from you. What's the matter, have you forgotten me? How would you like to take a ride in an airplane? Well, if you are a good boy and study real hard I will take you for a long ride some day. It has auto riding skinned all to pieces. Lots of fun.

Are you being a good boy and helping mother as you should? I hope so. I will have to close, for I still must write a line or two to Bill.

Your brother,
FRANK.

Bill's letter reads:

DEAR BROTHER BILL:

How is my little brother? I hear fine things about you. Mamma says you are getting along better with your reading, and that you are studying real hard. That's the way to do it, Bill. If you keep it up and help your mother as you should I will take you for a ride some day. It is lots of fun, better than riding on the merry-go-round. You can look down and see the birds flying under you.

Well, Bill, write me a letter

and tell me how you are getting along.

Your brother,

FRANK.

Bill, the youngest Luke, has in a way picked up the workaday things where Frank put them aside. He's tall, muscular, bronzed, and I gathered the impression from the family's attitude that he is uncommonly like Frank.

He uses Frank's favorite gun, that twenty-gauge shotgun that once shredded a Senior pennant. One night Bill introduced me to the weapon. When I returned it to him he held it, stroking the twin barrels reverently.

"It's the best gun in the world," he said.

I believe I will have gone a long way on the road to whatever goal we march toward if, some day, the touch of any possession of mine brings to a young man's eyes the look of deep earnestness I found in Bill Luke's as he held that shotgun.

Not long after Frank wrote his brothers, he addressed his sister Anna, apologizing for his inability to repay a small loan.

FRANK, ever punctilious about money matters, resented the government's involved pay system, which, in the early days of war, occasioned more than one junior officer many embarrassing moments. He even speaks of resigning, but it is doubtful if even no pay at all could have dulled his zest for flying. The letter to his sister reads:

December 10, 1917.

DEAR SISTER:

I am very sorry to tell you that I cannot pay that money this month because the government did not pay me as I expected and I haven't enough money to buy stationery, let alone pay any of my bills. It sure makes me sore, but I am sure I will be paid in full next month. If I'm not I will be tempted to resign.

You don't know how rotten it makes a fellow feel to realize that he hasn't a cent and will have to stay on the island week after week without even enough money to pay for his laundry.

And Christmas is coming.

I have been getting along fine with my flying. It is real sport and I only hope I hurry through this school and the next. I am to be given one of the fighting machines across the pond, instead of a reconnaissance plane. *I will make myself known or go where most of them do.*

The weather is ideal for flying and I am glad I was sent to this school rather than to one in the North.

Do you remember those pictures I left with you saying that I would write for them later? Those of Dixie, etc.? Please send them, and my bathing suit also. If you have a picture of mother and father, please send it.

If it wasn't for the Y. M. C. A. here I would not know what to do. They have desks for writing and furnish paper and envelopes. There always is a number of daily papers on the rack and all sorts of magazines and books. It sure is nice.

I will close hoping to hear from you all soon.

Your brother,

FRANK.

Miss Marie Rapson of San Diego, California, the Balloon Buster's fiancée.

TWO days after Frank wrote this letter he was permitted to take his first solo flight. He had been warned repeatedly to make this a matter of straight flying, but Frank had other plans. He executed an easy, perfect take-off, slid up to the altitude he desired, then kicked his ship into a loop.

He leveled off, fell into a steep falling leaf—a little too steep, righted her again, then turned her nose down and over.

Below, on the drome, angry and alarmed instructing pilots followed his movements with anxious eyes and cursed him feelingly. They trotted out to meet him as he taxied in.

"You hemstitched idiot!" one bellowed. "Who th' hell told you you could stunt?"

"Nobody," Luke grinned. "I watched a fellow do it this morning and sort of got the knack of it."

They put him on the ground three days for that. But he was too good a flier to be wasted. He wrote his mother in early January and referred to flying as "very common now"—this still but a matter of days since he had first flown alone!

January 7, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER:

I have not heard from you in some time, but hope everyone at home is fine. I am still gaining weight and am in the best of health. I finished the candy and nuts today and they sure were great. I want to thank you again. I also want to thank whoever sent those towels in the separate package. Were they also from you? They sure are beauties.

How was Christmas at home? I suppose great as ever, and what did the kids and you get? I was very sorry to hear that Ed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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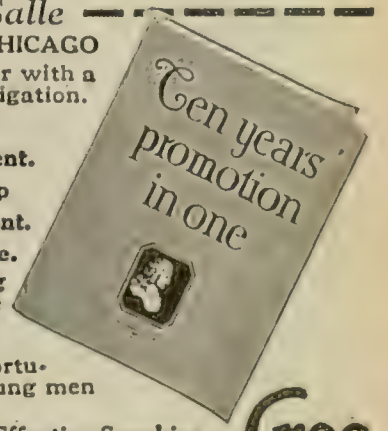

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

was confined to camp, but I suppose he is out by this time.

Mother, I have met some little girl here. She sure is nice. She and her mother have been taking me to all the parks, beaches, etc. There are some awfully pretty places here. I am invited to take supper with them next Saturday evening and a long drive on Sunday. They treat me very nicely. If things continue like they have been, I will hate to leave here.

I am coming along fine with my flying; it is very common now. Some of the boys who graduated two weeks ago received their commissions yesterday. They have been strutting around here all day. I only wish I could receive my commission before I get my furlough to go home. I don't think there is much chance, because I am asking for my leave as soon as I finish here and it generally takes several weeks before we get our commissions. I suppose you are tired reading this long letter, so I will close.

Love to all,

FRANK.

THE little girl Frank hated to leave was Miss Marie Rapson of No. 767 Twelfth Street, San Diego, to whom he became engaged before he left Rockwell Field. Miss Rapson, recently married, still resides in San Diego.

Despite the excitement of training for air battles in France and his new love affair, Frank had not forgotten Bill Elder. On January 15 he wrote:

DEAR BILL:

Just a few lines because I have so much to do Saturday and Sunday evenings (the only days we get off) that I nearly forget to go to bed.

I will be through with this course in a few days and am going to get a two-week furlough to go home, so be sure and find some good hunting grounds and we will have a good hunt before I look for Germans.

Today a number of cadets received their commissions. Gee, I wish I would get mine before I go home! I don't think there is much chance, though. Some of the fellows have had hard luck. Their papers were lost, causing them to wait two or three months for their commissions. Things are getting straightened out so I don't think there will be much trouble from now on.

My service record was lost, so I have not been paid since I've been in the service. But I am going to be paid in full in a few days. I'll have to celebrate.

I'll ring off, for the bull is running low and I've got to write Pinney a letter.

Your pal,

FRANK LUKE, JR.

ON January 23, 1918, Frank was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Aviation Section, Signal Officers Reserve Corps, and given the customary two-weeks leave before reporting at a port of embarkation for transportation overseas.

He returned immediately to Phœnix, but that last good hunt he had planned with Bill Elder was never taken. Frank was too busy. There was equipment to buy, farewells to be said, parties to be attended.

The day Frank was to leave for the East and France he sought out Bill Elder. Like desert dusk the war had surrounded him imperceptibly and now it demanded its first sacrifice — separation from Bill Elder.

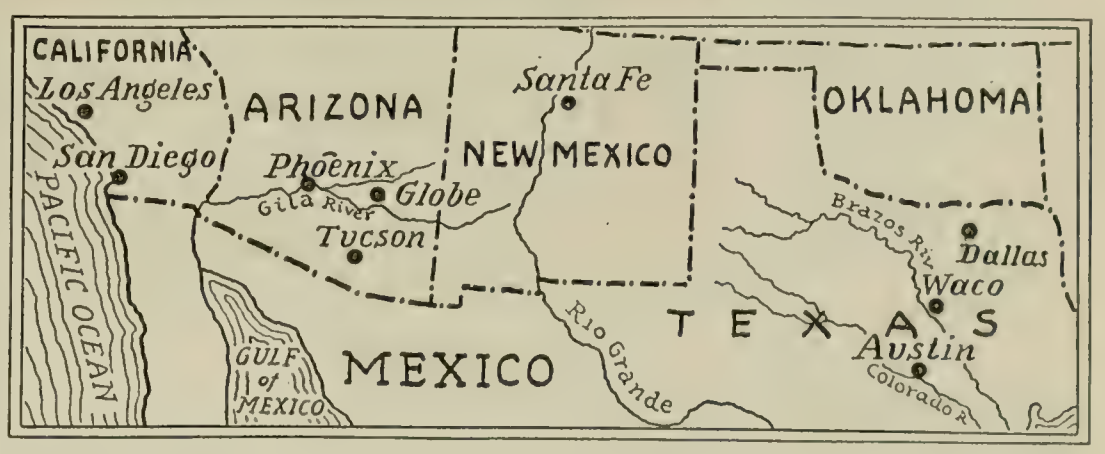
Tears, unashamed tears, stood in Elder's eyes as he gripped Luke's hand.

"Please, Frank," he begged, "can't you make them let me go with you?"

To Bill Elder it was a natural request. Frank Luke could make anyone do anything.

Frank held the steadfast little man's hand tighter. Here was a precious thing, this friendship. He would not find its like again in life.

When he spoke he spoke seriously, for he was making a promise.



THIS map shows Phœnix, Arizona, Frank Luke's home, and Tucson, where he enlisted; Austin, Texas, where he attended the ground school of flying; and San Diego, California, where he made his first solo flight.

"Stick it out, kid," he counseled. "I'll be a major soon and then I'll make 'em send you as my orderly."

Frank Luke meant that, and Bill Elder, sensing it, was content. Frank wanted him.

They never saw each other again.

A mad plane—spiraling, sideslipping, diving earthward at terrific speed, with the pilot huddled at the bottom of the cockpit: that was one of Frank Luke's amazing adventures in France. Read, in his own words, how he landed and lived, in next week's LIBERTY.

Paris Takes Up the TAILORED Suit

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, January 8.

SPRING is the courting season, not only for men and birds, but for all growing things, and Fashion in Paris is having growing pains and paying court at the same time. The object of Paris' (as a synonym for the mode) devotion this very early spring season is the tailleur. And Paris wants to fit out all of us in her beloved tailored suits for our special and private courting.

Suits are already a vogue in Paris, but this is only a beginning. Watch them grow. The classic tailleur which has been a part of every smart woman's springtime wardrobe, even when the suit wasn't wholly in or out of style, has very little to do with the tailleur that is being courted by Chic this spring.

There are as many kinds of tailored suits as there are varieties of orchids or pickles. Suits to suit the woman is the idea, and when you begin to think of something new for the first spring days, all you have to do is to suit yourself.

There are in Paris suits for morning, afternoon, and evening. They are all of them called by courtesy tailored suits; but the little tailor who sits in the window and sews up rigid seams has very little to do with them. They are made, conceived, and created by the great dressmakers of Paris. They are only morganatically married to the true tailleur, and their resemblance consists in being composed of skirt, blouse, and jacket. Beyond this there is no private or official connection.

For the subdeb Jenny designs the robin's-egg-blue kasha tailleur at the left. The sports tailleur of jersey (right) is a favorite. The shaded sweater is a Lelong feature.

One Paris couturier, more than all the others, is responsible for the return of the tailleur to the highest ranks of the mode. This is Worth, and I have had photographed one of his most successful tailored suits. It is worn by Hallie Stiles, the American girl who is the new Mary Garden at the Opéra Comique in Paris.

This is a tailleur which you can wear in February, March, and April. It is made of a bright navy-blue broadcloth, and both fabric and color are important items of early spring chic. The hip-length jacket is straight in line and trimmed with many rows of blue braid on the sleeves and the bottom of the coat. The skirt has a sort of trouser effect at the top, the only part of the trouser-skirt innovation which has become a real part of styles.

A narrow belt of black and blue indicates a lower waistline, and below this are rows of braid around the hips.

With the jacket is worn a new kind of fur scarf, a silver fox with head and tail cut off, something very chic. This stole may be drawn around the neck or worn as shown.

Very significant is the blouse that is worn with the smart tailleur. The one shown is characteristic of the kind of brilliant waist which makes a tailored suit elegant enough for anything except evening wear. This blouse is cut like a sports jumper, made of light blue crêpe georgette, and entirely covered with shaded lines of blue beads.

Before you turn away from this photograph I want to introduce you to the most celebrated hat in Paris. The knitted chenille cap which Miss Stiles is wearing is from Agnès, and that clever person learned how to make it from the peasant women in the French Alps. She changed the sturdy woolen to dotted chenille, added a jeweled pin, and created a hat that every smart woman just has to have.

To return to the tailleur. We have with us, naturally and inevitably, the tailored suit for sports illustrated by the Lelong tailleur. It is made of jersey—the undying favorite for all sports clothes. Grege is the color—neither beige nor yet gray. The cardigan jacket has tucks across the shoulders in back, and inset pockets, and the skirt has a folio of knife plaits at the left side-front. The knitted sweater is a Rodier shaded djersa, ranging from mulberry to grege, with a leather belt of mulberry.

For the very young person who isn't grown up enough to wear the regular tailleur, Jenny has created the tailored suit shown at the extreme left. The jacket is a half-portion, coming above the waistline, and both jacket and skirt are made of robin's-egg-blue kasha, with plaits in the skirt and notched tucks at the border of the jacket. The blouse of brocaded satin, with its tie of self-material and its breast pocket embroidered in blue, is a vital part of this newest of débutante spring tailleurs.

THE new vogue for the tailleur began with the evening ensemble, and I showed you the first of the evening tailored suits in LIBERTY for October 22, 1927. The all-spangled jacket of that tailleur has developed since into a short jacket in any material, which is worn or left off, according to fancy or the occasion.

Many smart Parisiennes are wearing taffeta dance frocks, like our Jenny model of light blue taffeta, with the very wide petaled skirt, embroidered in rhinestones and with very slim, unadorned bodices. If you have to go with this frock a perfectly plain jacket of chiffon, taffeta, or lamé, you are all set for anything in the way of cold or warm weather.

The only thing masculine about this Worth tailleur (above) of bright navy broadcloth is the trouser top to the skirt. The blouse is of light blue georgette with shaded blue beads.

Photos by BONNEY, PARIS

A taffeta evening frock by Jenny has a flaring skirt embroidered in a sunburst of rhinestones. With it may be worn a bolero of chiffon or lamé.

That HANDY "Little DRESS"

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

ONCE some woman who couldn't express all of the admiration and affection she felt for a certain kind of frock she was describing, called it a "little dress" and let it go at that. The name took and has been adopted to cover a certain type of costuming ever since. You can say in a department store anywhere, "I want a little dress," and be understood. Such a costume is simple, and often washable. It is practical. It is pretty.

It used to be for summer, and for the mornings of the rest of the year. But its range has extended and now there has gradually come into being a "little dress" for evenings as well. Such frocks have been creeping on us gradually. One slips them on easily, as one does a jumper dress, and indeed more facilely than some of these, which are only made to look easy, and as a matter of fact require a lot of adjustment.

The new type of evening dress is not very low in the neck. On busses it does not attract too much attention. On foot, or *à pied*, as the French say, one can take a brief after-the-theater walk in it without spoiling either the gown or the temper.

Of course you know that in London they will not let you go in the dining rooms of many of the smart restaurants unless you have on something that, however humble, is in the spirit and the manner of an evening dress. A costume low necked, preferably short sleeved, and by requirement hatless, is demanded. As a result, the lounges and the dining rooms of London at dinnertime are lovely. And if the Englishwomen ever regarded it as irksome to "dress" for dinner, long centuries of observing the custom have made it simple for them. Why don't we try to universalize that practice too?

One and all of us who conduct fashion columns do not usually regard ourselves as crusaders. We are content to occupy ourselves exclusively with a downright narrative of the news, and whenever possible with the news of the future, or at least with how the news of the present will develop.

Very seldom do we strive to influence what that future shall or shall not reject. Still, a few years ago, we did line ourselves up with the forces of reform when those forces concerned themselves with advocating evening wraps for the evening. We were living in Paris at the time, and sitting in our hotel courtyard we absolutely refused to countenance raincoats that had been rained on and traveling coats that had been traveled in to cover the sheer delicacy of lace and chiffon and silver, of silk and velvet and brocaded evening gowns.

(Right) A "little dress" for evening of black satin with a deep yoke of pink chiffon. (Left) Another "little evening dress" of beige crêpe roma, with a deep crush girdle and a side-panel effect.

This is a handy "little dress" of greenish-blue jersey trimmed with a revers of black satin.

Even when those outer garments had not been dedicated to their rightful purpose of serving in rain and travel, we set up our influence against them as evening wraps. Before they had ever been rained on, something about their very form and texture was inharmonious with an evening wardrobe. Not the experiences they had been through, but the character of the wraps themselves clashed with the occasion.

On the other hand, there is something in the spirit of an evening wrap that belongs to the evening, quite apart from any possible freshness that the wrap has. An evening coat that has been rained on, therefore, is better for dress occasions than a raincoat that is new. Through many years that was our motto. Joined with other forces working toward the same purpose we have all of us apparently gained our end.

Time was when the big stores would get out their evening wrap and show it to you if you asked them to do so. Today, every self-respecting store has all but as much space devoted to wraps for evening as to those for day wear, and just about every self-respecting woman has one of each, so that a serge coat over an evening dress, such as we saw at the Waldorf the other evening, is so frightfully obsolete as merely to elicit from onlookers, both men and women, a pitying smile.

Now we have this other serious plea to make as we did once for evening coats long ago. We wish earnestly to advocate simple evening dresses for the evening, and not afternoon gowns made to serve in this capacity. Just about the only time the latter are justifiable for dinner is when one is going by train to the country, when one has been participating in some afternoon fête and has not had time to go home and change.

But only when both styles of costuming have been abandoned in favor of simple little dinner dresses of the kind shown in the two models here, will a new stage be reached in our national costuming as an art.

THE two dinner frocks shown here are so very easy to get into that we do not have to devote a long period to getting dressed. The first has a yoke and a panel, and that is about all there is to it—about all there is to any of them. The dress gives a nice nude effect with its double chiffon top, and is so practical that you can hop into it in a minute and look quite dressed up. Panels are on everything. Worth has one that he makes go into a side train.

Even the colors of these evening dresses are neutral. The first is black with a pink chiffon top, and the second is beige. The second model has a deep crushed girdle that winds around the hips and falls on one side in the uneven hemline.

The day dress is what the woman who unpacked it from her trunk at the Ritz called "just a little blue-green jersey, with a satin revers and plaited in front." It is what she caressingly called a nice little frock, and the satin revers takes it out of the class of real sports clothes.

Born in a Prop TRUNK

The Story of a Young Actress Who Tried to Play a Wife's Rôle

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Pictures by W. B. KING

(Reading time: 25 minutes 15 seconds.)

DEVON MAYS always said that she was "born in a prop trunk." At that, it was as near the truth as are most of the things that are told in connection with our theater. Laurine Durgin left the act, The Devonshire Sextette, just three weeks before the birth of her daughter, going back to Cowersville for the tremendous event and joining the act with her baby when it was only five weeks old.

She finished out the season, though it proved a bit strenuous having a baby along on split weeks. The baby slept in pulled-out dresser drawers in the hotels and, very literally, in the property trunk at the theater.

Devon was a good baby. She lay there blinking as her mother and father made up, and responded quite nicely when other members of the troupe or members of other acts on the bill picked her up. She was weaned at the end of the first summer, so when her parents started out the next season she was left with her grandmother.

When she was four, however, Laurine decided she wanted her baby with her all of the time—she had been seeing her only in summer—so Devon Mays became a stage child. She took to it naturally enough. Weren't both of her parents of the theatrical world?

William Mays, known as Bill Mays to everyone in the show business, had run away from home when he was fourteen to become an assistant to a magician. He hadn't had much of a home to run away from. The slums of Cincinnati, Ohio. A father who got drunk Saturday nights and took that excuse for beating up the family in general, though on off nights he'd beat them up just as generously because he didn't have the money to get drunk.

Mays, Senior, was almost a stage villain, red-faced, red-haired, beefy, overlarge. When he worked he complained of his job and his boss, and when he was laid off, which became more frequent as he grew older, he complained of the conditions which enabled some men to get ahead. He called himself a socialist, though he knew nothing of socialism. He was against capitalists, against the white-collared clerks who worked for them; thought that the laboring man ought to have "his due."

Mrs. Mays was thin, nervous, and querulous. Childbearing, housework, and Mays' blows had not helped her. Bill, at fourteen, hung around the stage door of a local vaudeville house. When he had proved successful as a "plant" for a magician, and the magician offered him a small salary to go on the road, Mays didn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Devon didn't even know her mother had paid any attention to "Miss Kellogg's husband."

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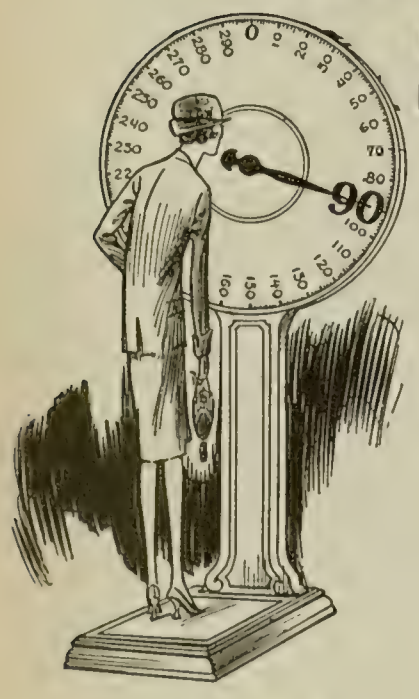

It all depends on her height of course

If she is five feet seven inches in height she should weigh, according to the best authorities, 142 pounds.

If she is 5 feet 5 inches her normal weight is 134 pounds.

If she is 5 feet 3 inches she should weigh 127 pounds.

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McCOY'S TABLETS

[BORN IN A PROP TRUNK Continued from Page Fifty-one]

worry about breaking home ties.

Bill worked at everything around the theater, assisted in half a dozen acts, and when it was found that he was musically inclined, things became a bit easier for him. During the next ten years he learned to play half a dozen instruments, all badly.

At twenty-five he was a single in vaudeville and was billed as "William Mays and Orchestra All by Himself." And what an orchestra he was! There was even a trick accordion that he played with his feet, cymbals that he worked with his mouth while his hands were busy with separate stringed instruments. He played a banjo, a guitar, and even, in a manner of speaking, a violin.

He was playing a full week in Cowersville when he met Laurine. She was one of the "wild girls" of the town. Her father had died when she was ten and her mother took in roomers—a saloon owner, a widower feed-store employee, a hardware salesman, and transient theatrical people.

Because of her mother's position and because she was too lively, too full of spirit, too restless for the social activities that Cowersville afforded her, Laurine Durgin had gained the reputation of being fast. Just enough of a reputation to make the local beaus fight shy of her when it came to matrimony. Just enough so that she had to be ready constantly to repulse the men with whom she came into contact.

She was a pretty girl in a blonde, colorless sort of way. Big pale blue eyes and long lashes a trifle too light. A delicate, aquiline nose. A thin, smooth oval of a face.

Bill Mays, playing Cowersville at the summer Airdrome, met Laurine and fell immediately for her charms. She knew theater patter and yet was not of the theater. Refined. A home girl. A home girl from a home with a yard and a porch swing and flowers growing along a side fence. Everything that the girls he knew weren't.

AT the end of the week, when he asked her to marry him, she accepted with alacrity. She was twenty-three then, and she knew enough about men and about life to know that there weren't many matrimonial chances open to her.

They went over to the courthouse to get married and she took Henrietta Fuller, her best girl friend, along, and the few people who paid any attention to her in Cowersville were surprised that any man had taken the trouble to marry her at all. But they did nod their heads a bit when she accompanied her new husband on the road.

The theater in Cowersville represented iniquity and sin. Laurine was not even important enough for gossip. Inconsequential. Still, marrying an actor, joining a theatrical troupe—that was just about as low as a girl could go.

Bill Mays had insisted that Laurine accompany him. He even made an attempt at pretending that each rooming house they visited was home. Laurine was a good cook and cooked over gas burners when the cooking in the boarding houses proved pretty bad. Bill taught her a simple dancing-team routine so that she could go into his act.

After a year they had a chance to go with The Devonshire Sextette, and while they didn't make much more money than Mays had made as a single, he felt that it was a better life for Laurine.

TWO years more and Devon was born. They named her for The Devonshire Sextette, of course, and got another girl on from Chicago to play in Laurine's place while she was busy with the duties of procreation. Then Laurine joined the act with the baby and the baby cooed during the act.

Devon never remembered those early days she had spent with her grandmother in Cowersville. Her first memories were of the theater. She was quite willing to nod brightly when her mother told anyone that she was "born in a prop trunk."

The Devonshire Sextette broke up. Most of the members had changed with the years anyhow, and Mays and Durgin started as a vaudeville act again, with little Devon brought in as a sure-fire hot finish. Then they had a chance to play stock. Laurine was still young enough and had learned sufficient acting to do ingénues in road companies.

Years of stock—half a dozen companies all alike, one after the other. You got to a town and drove to a cheap hotel or a boarding house that had been on the call board, or that you had been to the last time you had played the town. You followed a slow bell boy up a couple of flights of stairs.

The rooms were all seemingly the same—wooden beds with high heads and footboards; golden-oak dressers with towels over their tops; straight chairs; rockers; torn rugs; wall paper that was both stained and faded; sometimes running water, sometimes a bowl and pitcher; and a funny, tinny bathroom at the end of a long hall.

A walk to the theater then; hanging up costumes for the evening's performance. Meals at the same hotel or boarding house — you always went American plan; it was cheaper that way—watery soup and thin slices of dry tan meat with brown gravy, molds of mashed potatoes, colorless vegetables, and puddings with custard sauce for dessert, thick china, thick table glass, little white dishes around the white plate that you ate out of.

At the theater at night there was a scurrying of making up and getting ready and yet time to pop into dressing rooms to say hello. You went in to see Tevy, or Marion Tevis, who played the leads, or Jerome Ackerly, the juvenile, and you kept out of the way of Fritz McGroy, who played heavies and

thought that the theater was no place for children, anyhow. Perhaps, at that, it wasn't.

Devon loved the theater. Perhaps she loved it because she didn't know anything else; didn't know there was anything else to care about.

Being around the theater, there was no reason why she couldn't earn her keep. There wasn't much room for idlers. Everyone contributed something, and Devon was soon put at what she could do. She was carried on in a shawl until she was too big to be carried on. She stood, solemn and silent, when the will was read in the third act. She had lines before she was six, and she never "went up" in them either, though sometimes her voice squeaked a little. She liked dancing best of all. By the time she was nine she could buck and wing, do difficult breaks, and even pirouette a bit on her toes.

Miss Kellogg, who owned the company they were with then, and played character parts—she had played ingénues until a few years before—made up a routine dance for her and she went on between the second and third acts of the show.

SHE made up to go on almost without instructions. "Don't bead your eyes so much, baby." "Put the rouge higher or else your cheeks will look hollow from the front." She was proud of her make-up by the time she was ten.

She was small for her age. That helped. She played all possible juvenile rôles—in white silk or in a black velvet suit, according to sex requirements. She would stand where she was told, and deliver her lines in a childish and thoroughly affected voice.

Every night her mother did her hair up in rags and they bothered her when she slept but not enough to make her complain. That made nice, long, blonde curls during the day. Her face was round and childish and her eyes a brighter blue than her mother's.

Her lashes might have been a bit too light without make-up, but no one ever found that out, for she had been making up as long as she could remember. Just a touch of mascaro for the street, of course.

She was not a talkative child. When outsiders addressed her she spoke in her high, affected voice and answered just what was required of her. Around hotel lobbies she felt superior, but didn't mind being pointed out, and always spoke—in her best and affected manner—when she was spoken to.

She was billed as "Babe Mays," and she would hear people say as she passed, "There! See! That's the child actress with the company that's playing at the Grand Opera House," or, "Look, that's that little actress, Babe Mays."

When Devon was twelve she was given Little Lord Fauntleroy, which was always put on at Saturday matinées, and she felt that she was important now. Getting ahead. Why, in a few years— There were more important parts in the night plays for her, too. A ragged newsboy, trousers carefully "ragged" by pulling threads out and burning the edges and pouring tallow on them from the make-up candle.

She studied a little. Her father and mother taught her how to read and write, and Jim, the property man, taught her various, and usually true, things about the sciences. Somebody gave her a book on pseudogeography for Christmas, which contained the story of seven little girls who lived in seven different climes.

"Meet the wife," said Fred. Devon laughed—the theatrical laugh she had used when a little girl.

She must have been happy, because she never thought about happiness. There were none of the pains of adolescence. There were just the hotels, the dusty train trips, the theaters, the people in the company, the few outsiders who were allowed to penetrate into the circle. Little quarrels in the company, gossip, love-making, even.

DEVON accepted it all. Accepted it when Miss Kellogg quarreled with Ned Young, whom everyone called "Miss Kellogg's husband," and when Ned jumped the show and when Frank Morton arrived from Chicago and three weeks later became "Miss Kellogg's husband," instead. Facts of life seeped to Devon. There were no attempts to shield her from things—nothing to shield her from, apparently.

She had no companions of her own age but the men and women of the theater with whom she came into contact, who were so childish, so mentally immature, that she did not miss younger companions. Often in a quarrel she heard, "Devon has more sense than any of you," and the remark didn't even amaze her.

Then something happened. Something amazing! Her mother eloped with Frank Morton! She didn't even know that her mother had paid any attention to "Miss Kellogg's husband." Others in the company told her that they had joined the Fairman-Dowley show. She never saw her mother again.

Bernice Gray came on from Chicago as the new ingénue, and she was younger and prettier and a better actress than Laurine Durgin had ever been.

Bill Mays was broken up over his wife's disappearance and was inclined to dramatize himself a bit, but Devon noted that his musical number was put over with just as much fervor as ever. She wasn't amazed when a few weeks later her father began being nice to Miss Gray.

Devon felt quite grown up—a young lady, a real actress; was "Devon Mays" on the billing now. She was growing too old for "Babe Mays." She was starting to get tall—almost too tall for her rôles, it seemed.

THE first thing she knew, the season was over. Before this, the ends of the seasons hadn't seemed important. She and her father and mother had gone to funny little farms for the summer, or to Chicago in search of new jobs, or even to Grandma Durgin—they hadn't been there for a few years.

Now she was sent to Grandma Durgin all alone. Her father and Bernice Gray were getting up a new act for vaudeville—an act that didn't include her at all.

She kissed her father good-by and she never knew that she was to get but two brief glances of him; was not to be of any importance to him again in all her life.

Mays sent her money for the first year, steadily for six months, then intermittently for another six. After that there were only one or two money orders and she lost track of him. She sent letters to him, care of the *Billboard* and care of *Variety*. He never answered. She didn't know what else to do.

When Devon reached Cowersville, it seemed to her she could get away any minute, as she had always got away when it was time to start trouping again.

Grandma Durgin was decent, hard-working, and entirely uncomprehending. Her granddaughter was as much of a mystery to her as her own daughter had been, and yet she accepted Devon quite as she had accepted Laurine, gave her household tasks to do and didn't expect them to be done well.

It wasn't so bad that first summer. There was a stock company out at Electric Park and some of the company stayed at the house. They didn't have anything for her, although she told of her experience. Hadn't she been "born in a prop trunk"?

She hung around the dressing rooms, made herself useful in a dozen ways that a stage child knows, and, because she was wistful and lonely, she was not nearly as annoying as might have been expected.

It's different, though, if you are with the show—or have someone in the company. She was just the landlady's granddaughter. Still,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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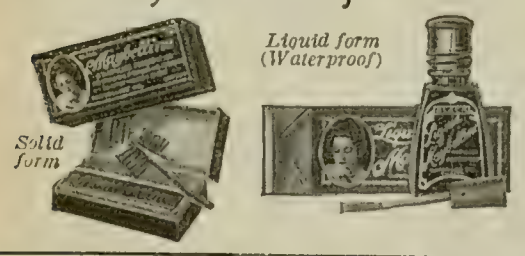

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[BORN IN A PROP TRUNK
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

this was her life—show business; she didn't understand anything else.

Fall came on and the stock company went away and there were only traveling men at the boarding house—traveling men who pinched your arm or your waist.

School started. Devon was put into a class of pupils who were all smaller than she was. Younger, too. Even if they had been her own age she wouldn't have known how to talk to them.

Her mind was quick and mature and she caught on readily enough to most things. She could have got ahead if anyone had taken any interest in her. But her grandmother kept a boarding house on Bacon Street, and that was on the wrong side of the town, and she had been on the stage, was a queer child. Why bother?

Little crowds had already been formed, and she was not included in any of them. She hung on the outskirts, talked to a girl or two. She was as unimportant, socially, as her mother had been.

"The Crowd" ignored her, as a previous crowd had ignored her mother. But Devon Mays, erstwhile Babe Mays, was not as acquiescent as her mother. She was haughty, resentful, hurt. Why, *she* was the one who ought to feel superior. She was an actress, knew show business, had been "born in a prop trunk." These rubes!

ONE girl, Mabel Drake, whom she didn't care for at first, was inclined to be friendly. Devon went with her only because there was no one else to go with. She and Mabel would take walks after school, pass the hotel, look furtively into barber shops and cigar stores.

Devon had never cared much about boys, and the flirtations that Mabel started seemed stupid and pointless. She had nothing in common with these men, small-town loafers, cheap traveling men whom she could see any day at her grandmother's.

She was lonely. She remembered the unbelievably happy days on the road; pleasant smells of the theater, the grease paint, the canvas scenery, little groups gossiping back stage.

She stopped high school at the end of her freshman year. What was the use of going on? It hadn't been any fun. She spent more time helping Grandma Durgin around the house. She sewed nicely, learned more about cooking.

ROGER seemed inconsequential, yet Devon loved him.

Devon wrote to Miss Kellogg. She thought she could do ingénue rôles now. But the Kellogg Stock Company had an ingénue, and, besides, Miss Kellogg reported that business was rotten—she wasn't going to take the show out again. The movies had just about ruined stock, anyhow.

Devon hung around the local theater a bit. Miss Kellogg was right—there were fewer stock companies and those that came to Cowersville didn't need an ingénue nor anyone else.

Devon went with Mabel Drake, flirted a bit with the ragtag boys of the town, dreamed of the days on the road.

THEN she met Roger Morse. She was twenty-two now and pretty. Her long curls had long since given way to a bob.

Roger Morse had been away at college and he had never met Devon. She and Mabel flirted with him and Jack Givens quite openly on Main Street, and when Roger took her home he asked if he could see her the next day. She knew who the Morses were, but was not at all impressed. Traveling through little towns in her formative period kept her from being impressed by the social pattern of the town.

She knew that the town disapproved of her because she had been on the stage, because her grandmother kept a boarding house. But, in a way, she disapproved of the town just as much as the town disapproved of her.

Why, she was in show business. It was all of these people who were outsiders. She felt disdainful of their silly little conventions; felt that she knew far more about life; rather poked fun at their pretensions—and yet so lonely was she that she would have welcomed any advances made by anyone.

When she went around, her head up, her clothes bought from a mail-order house in New York—she wouldn't patronize cheap local rube styles—her smile affected and superior, she knew what people thought of her, and she cared, and she still felt an outsider and superior because she had been in show business—and she was awfully much alone.

Devon knew that the Morses lived in a big house on Elm Street and that Roger was one of the most eligible boys in town. He took her for a drive in his little new roadster and then he took her to the Airdrome and the first thing she knew she was "going with" Roger Morse.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

She also knew why Roger liked her. He thought most of the girls in Cowersville were rubes, too, just as she thought they were rubes. She had been on the stage. She had kept a certain stage patter and the adroit affectations of a stage child.

Rather a stupid fellow at heart, a bit slow, a bit heavy, Roger was amused at the lightness of Devon, at a certain spirit, a defiance, an adventuring, a disregard of convention, that no one else in Cowersville had.

When Roger Morse asked Devon to marry him she wasn't even surprised. He seemed inconsequential, somehow, yet, in a way, she was in love with him, too, with his gentleness, his attention, the fact that he was in love with her.

THEY were married in Grandma Durgin's parlor. Devon didn't think that Roger's parents would "take her up" and she didn't care. She thought they were rather stupid people, anyhow.

She was surprised when, after Roger broke the news of the marriage, the Morses invited her to a family dinner and then gave a party in her honor. Here for the first time she talked as an equal with the boys and girls who had snubbed her at school and had passed her by on the street ever since.

Devon didn't understand small-town conventions or she would have known that by marrying Roger Morse she had, in the only way possible for her, crossed the social line.

Roger had gone into business with his father, which meant that all of the business activities which had a social angle would be open to her, and these were no small part of the social life in Cowersville. She would make friends with a few of the Younger Set, would gradually fit in.

If she were careful, planned her steps, did the right thing, in time she'd be an important matron and her children would be the equals of anyone. A wonderful opportunity. A hundred Cowersville girls envied her.

Devon and Roger went to live in a new bungalow in Rosedale Addition. There was a garage in back of the house for the car. The house was white clapboard, Dutch Colonial style, and Devon had a lot of fun picking out the furnishings.

The bedroom was in two-toned mahogany, the gift of the Morses. The living room had the usual three-piece overstuffed set that was considered so good in Cowersville. Even Grandma Durgin contributed a check as her gift, money she'd saved from everlasting meals for innumerable boarders—and this went into a blue-and-tan Chinese rug for the living room.

Devon began to chum with Marcella Davies and Ruth Hammer, two of the "younger matrons." They giggled together over local gossip, made lamp shades, drove downtown for sodas in the afternoon.

For a while Devon was happy. It was fun getting up in the morning, cooking breakfast the days the colored maid didn't appear. She'd put on a neat gingham house dress and almost visualize herself as "the little wife" in a nice rural drama.

During the morning Devon would arrange the velvet and tapestry scarf on the table and the few books between the book ends, and straighten the sofa cushions. She'd bathe, dress slowly. Another hour gone. For lunch she'd have the scraps left over in the ice box.

In the afternoon the girls would come in or they'd go in town, or when there were four they'd play bridge—Devon was learning to play a nice game. Then there would be a scurrying home for dinner. Sometimes Devon would call for Roger in the little roadster.

She'd ridden in a car before she was married only with boys she had picked up, but she learned to drive quickly—after six months you'd never have known but that she had driven a car as long as anyone else in The Crowd.

LITTLE families ate alone at dinner excepting when there was an occasional attempt at a dinner party. Roger liked a good hearty meal. Devon always had a nice roast or a chicken or a steak, a green vegetable, a good dessert, and likely as not salad, too.

After dinner she and Roger would talk or read or take a drive, or go to the Airdrome and meet some of The Crowd for soda later. There were dances at the Country Club or in one of the larger homes, with a three-piece orchestra and a midnight supper.

Devon should have been happy. She knew that. In a way, she realized her good fortune. Here she was, married to Roger Morse, son of *the* Morses and living in her own new home in Rosedale Addition. Then, on the other hand, she was Devon Mays, daughter of William Mays and Laurine Durgin, stage folks. What was she doing here in Cowersville? Wasting—wasting—

Not that Devon had any great theatrical ambitions. Perhaps it was just that she never saw Cowersville as it was; never really appreciated the step she had taken socially. Certainly she cared less than any other girl in Cowersville would have cared.

To her, Cowersville's social honors were empty.

She had no dreams of a stage success. She had no hope of helping the drama, of seeing her name in lights on Broadway.

As time passed, however, she searched through the magazines for theatrical stories, looked hungrily at the pictures of stage people.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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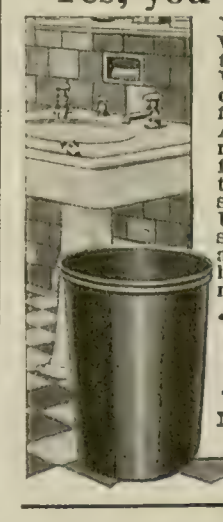
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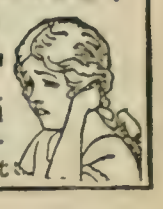
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By Mlle. Renee Duval

FROM Paris I have brought to American women the greatest beauty secret of all time. French hairdressers have guarded it jealously for many years. This secret will enhance the beauty of any woman's hair a hundredfold. And there is but one simple, easy thing to do. Now every American woman and girl can know, for the first time, the real and true secret of the French woman's always perfectly marcelled hair—a thing that has caused American women much amazement. It is all so simple—a small, inexpensive, easy-to-use thing—the invention of a famous French hair dresser—it is called the Marcelwaver. I brought it to America—my friends here perfected it—then sent it to 1,000 American women to try for themselves. It gave such perfect results—proved of such great convenience—saved those who tried it so much money—that every one of these 1,000 women asked to keep it—and their friends sent me orders for thousands of Marcelwavers.

Simple to Use—Perfect in Results.

This Secret Yours FREE!

Do not send me money—just name and address. I'll at once send you this secret—and a FREE copy of my famous book, "How to Marcel Wave Your Own Hair." Send today.

AGENTS!
Men and Women

Marcelwaver is taking American women by storm. Biggest earnings ever being made by agents everywhere. You must get in on ground floor before all territory is taken. Send—today—for complete information—all FREE!

Mlle. Renee Duval
MARCELWAVER COMPANY
Dept. 122-B
Cincinnati, Ohio

Mlle. Renee Duval, Dept. 122-B
MARCELWAVER CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me at once your precious secret of a perfectly marcelled head of hair in 15 minutes at a cost of less than 2c. This information must be FREE to me.

( ) ***Check here if interested in Agent's Offer***

Name.....

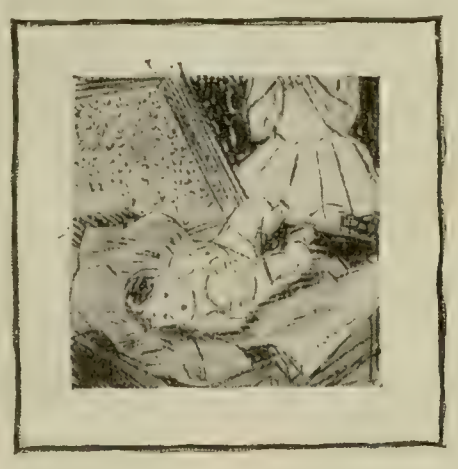
Address.....

City.....State.....

[BORN IN A PROP TRUNK
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

She read *Variety* hungrily. She hardly ever found a familiar name in it. It wasn't names she was searching for. It was an atmosphere. A feeling. Something lost that came nearer to being found in the pages of *Variety* than anywhere else.

She knew the road as it was—poor hotels, cheap food, drafty stages. Why, all the time she had been on the road she had been in first-class hotels only at rare intervals, when there'd been a good break.



Still — memories of the road. Little talks in dressing rooms. Standing in wings watching the progress of the play, waiting for cues. The little talk of the theater: "Roderick wouldn't let us have a hand on our exit. If he'd stop jumping around I'd get a hand every time. He stood one night and we got a big laugh and a hand, too. And the next night he was jumping around again."

When Jerome Ackerly, who had once been the juvenile with the Kellogg Stock, came to town, Devon raved over him. It was just by accident she saw his name in an advance notice of a one-night-stand show. She telephoned three places before she located him. She drove him home to dinner, talked show business all during the meal, went behind with him when they reached the theater.

She knew Roger disliked Ackerly, whom he pronounced "a ham," and she didn't care at all. Even while she knew that Ackerly was a bore and had nothing interesting to tell except a slight fund of gossip about mutual friends, he was important because he represented such a definite part of her life—the part Roger couldn't understand. After he was gone she sank back into Cowersville society again. Bridge parties, gossip, her home, Roger, magazines.

SHE met Fred Le Roy at her grandmother's. He was doing a single in vaudeville at the Airdrome for the first half of the week. The Airdrome had new pictures and a full change of acts twice a week now, all summer long.

Fred was careless and good-looking and indifferent. Tall, with rather a loose mouth and a chin that was not as strong as it might have been. He had long, narrow eyes, a curious slow smile, and you knew when you looked at him that he absolutely was not to be depended on in any way. He was good company, had a fund of stories, and the conceit of the average vaudeville actor.

Devon had grown out of the habit of going to her grandmother's. She had begun to treat her grandmother's roomers with the aloofness with which Mrs. Roger Morse ought to treat them. And here was Fred Le Roy.

Immediately there sprang up between them the curious companionship of the stage. More than that. Fred sensed Devon's hunger. Sensed, too, her beauty, her gay spirit. After all, this was an adventure. Why not? He could take her, break her into the act.

"Of course I can dance," said Devon. "Just the other day I was surprised to find that I could still stand on my toes. Every now and then I start doing bends and kicks. Last year, when they were putting on a church entertainment, I wanted to do some of my old routine, but they wouldn't let me; said it was too professional. Of course my stuff's old now. I was just a kid, you know. I could pick up a new routine easy enough."

Almost unconsciously, certainly without definite words, Devon made up her mind to go, and Fred, without urging, sensed her agreement.

She hated to give up the snug little house, the car, the leisurely days, and the vision of years of peace ahead—Roger, too. She knew what was in store for her: Fred—vaudeville days, or cheap legitimate companies, other men, even, and ahead—far ahead—so befogged that she hardly recognized it, an ambition—a little glamour of success, a will-o'-the-wisp that meant Broadway.

After all, somebody had to get ahead.

She was pretty, knew a lot about show business.

DEVON wouldn't tell Roger goodby. She'd write him a note. He could get a divorce, marry one of the girls in The Crowd. That kind of girl would suit him better anyhow.

Wednesday night after the show she went back stage to Fred's dressing room.

Johnnie Mahon of The Three Mahons was in the room—would be on the bill with him next week too.

"Meet the wife," said Fred. "She's joining me in the act. Hasn't been on in a long time, but I think the act'll get over better if she adds her stuff. We'll have it all broken in in a week or two. I got some swell ideas—"

"Glad to meetcha," said Mahon, "Mrs.—"

"My professional name is Devon Mays," said Devon.

Devon Mays! She could see it—Le Roy and Mays. Maybe, some day, Mays alone. Devon Mays! Hotels, new people, the road.

"Been in show business long?" asked Mahon, accepting her as she was presented to him for acceptance.

Devon laughed. It was the theatrical laugh she had used when a little girl.

"Show business!" she laughed. "Why, Mr. Mahon, it's about the only life I know anything about. My parents were on the stage—been on practically all my life. You see, I—I—well, I always say I was born in a prop trunk."

THE END

BOYS! ice skates free!

HOW would you like to get a fine pair of ice skates absolutely free? Or some other dandy prize you've always wanted? Here's your chance! We'll show you how you can get skates and many other prizes free—and, in addition, earn money every week. It's easy! Thousands and thousands of boys are doing it. So can you! Let us send you our Big Catalog of Free Prizes. For full details, mail the coupon today! Don't wait!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE,
Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue,
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Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

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Clear

up bloodshot eyes quickly and safely

When eyes become bloodshot from wind, dust, over-use, crying or lack of sleep, apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Soon they will be clear again and will feel refreshed and vigorous.

Many persons use *Murine* each night and morning to keep their eyes *always* clear and bright. A month's supply of this long-trusted lotion costs but 60c. Try it!

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Free Mail to Murine Co., Dept. 86, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for book checked: ☐ "Eye Beauty" ☐ "Eye Care"

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Please PRINT your name and address in PENCIL

DIAMONDS are TRUMPS in Costume Jewelry

By EILEEN BOURNE

ULTRAMODERN is this bracelet of white, yellow, gold, and black enamel. The ring is of jasper, silver, and onyx decorated with diamonds. This set and the one at the left are the work of the famous designer, Gerard Sandoz.

"JEWELRY of the right type may be worn with any costume during the day or evening." In these words Mme. Agnès announced the general sentiment of the Paris fashion world.

Costume jewelry has, of course, for many years been a dominating factor of the mode. It was Patou who first gave semiprecious and artificial stones a place of great importance by creating frocks to set off his stunning necklaces and ornaments. Lelong, Premet, Poiret, Worth, Chanel—indeed, most of the famous couturiers—followed Patou's lead in designing special *bijoux* to enhance their creations.

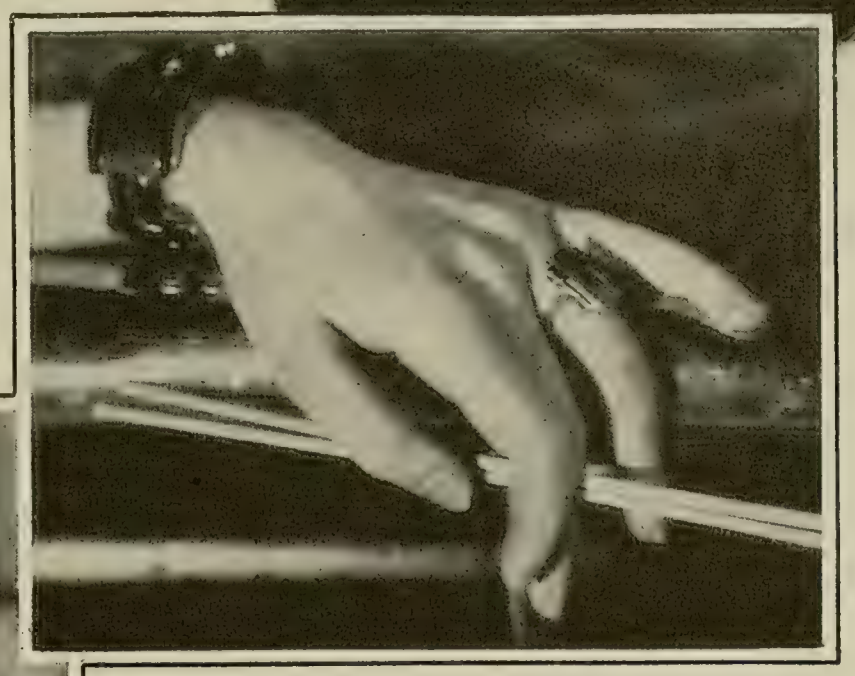
Mme. Agnès, who makes hats only, was naturally the person to consult about jewelry for daytime wear. She showed me charming combinations of gold and lacquer and creations of gold wire and gold links.

Of such material are fashioned earrings, bracelets, and collars which in their simplicity of line are exactly in the spirit of informal frocks and close-fitting hats. Nor are special creations for sports wear neglected. Charming bracelets of leather and gold, presented by Worth particularly, are advocated for golf, and, as Mme. Agnès enthusiastically remarked, "Bijoux for swimming costumes are delectable and very much in vogue."

Make no mistake, however! You can't choose your ornaments hit-or-miss and be smart. For example, few earrings are worn during the day, but those one sees are all of the button type in pearl or gold or one of those amusing enamel combinations. Most of the informal daytime ornaments are small and inconspicuous.

Chanel's jet and crystal hatpins now so popular are typically moderate in size and shape. Small strings of pearls are still good.

"THE golf hand of the moment" is adorned by flexible bracelets which harmonize with the costume for sports. This example in leather and gold is designed by Worth.



ANOTHER set by Sandoz of ring and bracelet. This combination also is red and black enamel set with diamonds. For evening or formal afternoon occasions nothing could be more stunning.

In the Premet collection a characteristic street ensemble of soft beige corduroy was worn with an amber pendant on a slim chain of dark gold. Another frock of black crêpe, ornamented only with gold buttons on the sleeves, was accompanied by a flat collar of matching gold finished with small square teeth.

YOU must be careful, too, in the selection even of these minor adjuncts to the costume. Bright gold should not be worn by a sand-colored woman, nor rock crystals, such as Mme. Agnès chose to adorn her simple two-piece costume, by anyone less colorful than she.

When evening comes, however, elaboration and variety are not only permitted, but encouraged. And the very first thing one observes at a formal evening affair is the glittering stones, especially diamonds.

Not for years have diamonds been so much the rage.

Often exquisitely combined with other stones, they appear in long earrings and in necklaces which end in a pendant a few inches below the throat. Sometimes, with elaborate earrings, no necklace is worn.

LET this ring match your bracelet and have both consist of diamonds set in red and black enamel.

Naturally, this vogue has brought new popularity to brilliants. In white—often combined with black—in green, rose, and blue, these flashing stones are framed in silver and then strung on silver links to adorn frocks of similar or delicately contrasting colors.

The interesting thing about all this jewelry is its flatness. Everything lies low in Paris now except pearls. These are worn in two long strings and are usually accompanied by pearl earrings of button shape. Sometimes one sees a union of diamond earrings and pearl necklace, but not often.

Although one hears frequently that pearls are no longer as much in vogue as they once were, these lovely jewels cannot be ostracized.

For ornaments and rings, however, one must admit they have been quite supplanted. These ultramodern creations in lacquer and onyx and enamel contain almost any other jewel. And whether for the smart decoration for hat and frock or for the adornment of neck, wrist, and finger, the pearl has no rival so important as the diamond and its brilliant imitators. Never, indeed, has costume jewelry been at once so ingeniously varied and so smartly simple.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book, 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
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Street and No.....

City.....State..... 77

VOX POP

A Snappy Senescent Series

PARIS, ILL.—Rex Beach's alliterative article, "Fit, Fat, and Fifty," together with similar senescent, self-kidding dissertations I have observed in popular magazines, prompts me to suggest that LIBERTY run a series of them.

For example, let's have one like this: "Seventy, Supple, and Sex Appealing"; another, "Eighty, Able, and Alert"; still another, "Ninety, Nimble, and Naughty"; with a grand finale—"A Hundred, Hale, Hearty, and Hell-Raising."—*Eolus.*

Life Imprisonment

MADISON, WIS.—Bert Green should get a year, for every article he writes, in Sing Sing.—*G. D. Lawrence.*

To Put It Delicately

TOLEDO, OHIO—After reading Frederick Tisdale's gruesome article, "The Chair," I have the strangest desire to experience this sensation.

But before coming to a final decision, have some of your more or less wholesome writers prepare a few articles on cannibalism, throat-cutting, and other popular indoor sports. I want to make certain that I undergo the greatest of 'em all.

LIBERTY'S slogan should be: More Mire for Morons.—*R. B. Waye.*

We Stand Corrected

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Referring to your article entitled "The Chair," you list Alabama as one of the States employing hanging as the legal method of execution.

For your information, this State has been using the electric chair for a period of a year or more.—*Chas. H. Brown, Assistant Solicitor, Tenth Judicial Circuit.*

Migratory Birds

ORLANDO, FLA.—I have been reading LIBERTY since its third issue, and never had cause to criticize until I read in Vox Pop a letter by J. A. Poirer, criticizing the short story, "Jones," by Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. Poirer is most certainly wrong when he says there were no gorgeous birds in the Philippines. I soldiered there from '98 to 1901 and there *were* plenty of birds: cockatoos, parrots, and many others. Poirer was *not* there at the time that "Jones" was written. The story was very truthfully portrayed.—*A Soldier Who Served with the Tenth Pennsylvania.*

Yes and No

GRAND FORKS, N. D.—Noticed in LIBERTY for December 24 the answer to Question No. 1, among your Twenty Questions: "What six States do not have capital punishment?" You gave, as the answer: "Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, Minnesota, Maine, and South Dakota."

Since when did *North Dakota* adopt capital punishment? Or isn't N. Dak. considered a State?—*Norman F. Welch.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Maine, North Dakota, and Rhode Island provide capital punishment only for convicts who commit murder while in the penitentiary. Either Maine should have been omitted from the list or the two other States included.]

Our Weekly Wentness

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—I see Geo. B. Endicott from Chicago writes you and says: "I am almost led to believe that your magazine is going somewhere."

Now, dear Geo., try and buy one after Tuesday of any week and you sure will know it *went* and was not *going*.—"*Doc.*"

In the Padded Cell

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.—

One among many, I got a thrill
At first from Thrasher's Love o' Lil.
I was strong for Lil in her single days—
I liked her style and beguiling ways.
Her coloring charmed me, for being one
With a gentleman's tastes, I like 'em blonde.
I waited impatiently week after week
For the smile in her eye and the bloom on her cheek.
I dreamed of her æsthetic charms and such—
Of a skin that was probably pleasant to touch.
I confess there had grown on my part a degree
Of fancied romance between Lil and me.
But the fatal words, "I do" and "I will,"
Ended romance forever 'twixt me and Lil! —*Mike.*

All Gunners Agree—

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—As one who was in action with the Australian Field Artillery on the Morlancourt Ridge on the morning of April 21, 1918, when Richthofen was brought down, I wish to state that the account of that episode as given by Captain A. D. Ellis in his "Story of the Fifth Australian Division" and quoted by Lieutenant Stead in "Vox Pop," is the correct one.

The accounts given by Captain Brown have certainly no foundation in fact.

The whole affair was witnessed, not by one or two men, but by the hundreds of artillerymen who were in action on the Morlancourt Ridge that morning.—*J. R. Troy.*

—Except One

NEW YORK, N. Y.—*In re* the story of Captain A. Roy Brown. I was in the 53d Battery, A. F. A., and saw the fight from start to finish. It is now possible to tell the truth.

Captain A. Roy Brown *started* and *finished* Richthofen. Inspection of the body and plane satisfied all who viewed them. Since—I have had no pride in being a member of the 53d Battery, Australian Field Artillery. —*Ex-Gunner.*

Oh, All Right!

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—May I call Captain Roy Brown's attention to what I believe to be a slight inaccuracy in his excellent story, "Dirty Work at the Crossroads"?

Captain Brown states that in throwing his plane into a vertical "power dive," engine wide open, he dropped 8,000 feet in eight seconds.

Now, 8,000 feet in eight seconds is 1,000 feet a second, a mile in a little more than five seconds (5.28 sec.), or a little more than eleven and a third miles (11.36) in a minute, which is over 680 miles per hour; 681.6 miles, to be exact. And 681 miles per hour is what I would call "considerable speed."

No airplane in use today, not even the "mystery planes" of the British Naval Air Force, claimed as the fastest in the world, can stand the terrific strain imposed by a speed of 680 miles per hour. And the planes in use today are immeasurably better than those in use during the war.—*Larry Coburn.*

And He Got Dyspepsia

WINNIPEG, CAN.—Have just completed perusing Captain Brown's latest thriller, "Dirty Work at the Crossroads." Suggest you cut off this man's brandy-and-egg supply. His imagination is running away with him. He describes himself as a god, a devil, a whatizit. Help!

When an aviator starts diving 8,000 feet in eight seconds and wiping out whole German divisions, it's time his drink or his head was cut off.

I was one of those interested spectators in the Canadian Infantry who lazily sat around in armchairs and watched Brownie win the war. It's heartrending to think he had to live on brandy, milk, and eggs.

He was damn lucky. I had to live on hardtack and bully beef.—*F. L. S.*

Slippery Slang

BLOOMINGTON, IND.—How under the sun could you start the New Year by admitting such a story as "The Laura Lie," by Viola Brothers Shore? This story's broken English just downed me. For heaven's sake, don't wait until next New Year's to start in right.—*J. W. Coyle.*

A Compliment (Left-Handed)

DALLAS, TEX.—Henry Kitchell Webster, the author of "The Clock Strikes Two," is to be heartily congratulated for writing a mystery story that really contains an element of mystery. Contrary to most of LIBERTY'S stories of this nature, it makes good reading.—*Louis A. Rippe.*

That Settles It

CHICAGO, ILL.—LIBERTY now has the worst cross-word puzzles out.—*G. B. Heermans.*

SCHUYLERVILLE, N. Y.—Please *do not* make the cross-word puzzles any easier. They are fine just as they are.—*Farmer.*

Tweet! Tweet!

CHICAGO, ILL.—As a pen-pusher, Charley Paddock, author of "Little Johnny Sokilow," is a good movie actor. He has such *pretty* hair!—*Miss I.*

The Self-Answerer (Patented)

TOLEDO, OHIO—Who in the devil cares about Irene Castle? I'm sure the average reader passes over her autobiography.—*Parr Swift.*

See Page 58 of This Issue

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Have one suggestion to make, and you might sound out other readers of your Vox Pop page on same. It is to initiate a Joke Page in your magazine. In my opinion, you would then have the perfect publication.—*R. S. Lake.*

No Wonder! It Has 366 Figures in It

HARTFORD, CONN.—Allow me to congratulate you on *one* decent cover picture—a 1928 calendar.—*Philip V. Sullivan.*

The Popular Mr. Mars—

CORONA, N. Y.—LIBERTY, old scout, your war stories and articles are creating a sensation in our territory. —*James Rolley—Herbert Seckendorf.*

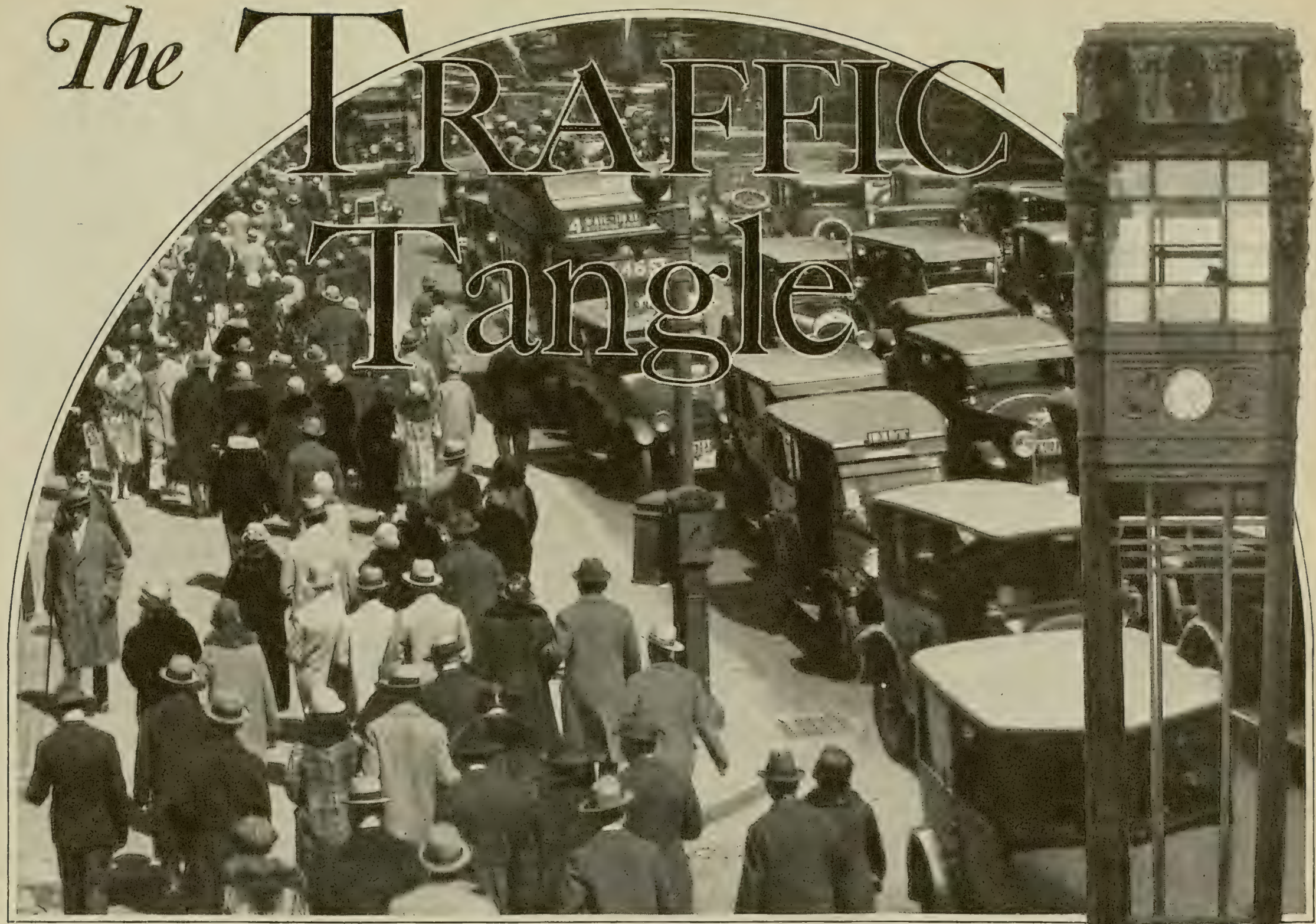
—Is Hurled Out on His Ear

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO—Would you please enlighten me as to what your motive is in publishing stories of war? Let's try and forget the world conflict.—*J. J. Shick.*

Never Satisfied—Wants More

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Your serial, "The Clock Strikes Two," was *great.* A couple of more stories like that, and LIBERTY will be at the top of the heap.—*Isabelle Roy.*

The TRAFFIC Tangle



Brown Bros.

A Review of the Latest Methods for Relieving Street Congestion in Big Cities

An Article by

WILLIAM F. STURM

(Reading time: 15 minutes 34 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of three articles on traffic by Mr. Sturm, which show how large cities are rapidly approaching their limit in street congestion, the various relief measures suggested, and the conclusion drawn from a detailed study of the situation.]

PART TWO

STREET traffic congestion has reached such a point in American cities that its correction is gradually being taken out of the realm of guesswork and becoming the care of experts.

Once considered the province of the police department, these overworked servants of the public may now have the experienced advice of engineers who have studied traffic conditions.

Great national organizations have taken an interest in traffic congestion and its attendant evils. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, recognized that some help must be given in a national way, and there came into being the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, with a large list of committees of public-spirited men who give much time to various phases of the traffic problem.

The National Safety Council is interested in the problem from the standpoint of accident prevention. The American Automobile Association, an influential body of motor clubs and their members throughout the United States, is another. The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, an organization embracing virtually every motor-car manufacturer and accessory maker in the country, probably has the greatest interest in traffic regulation from a pocketbook standpoint, and it is being of real service in its compilation of data and their dissemination. The public transportation utilities also have a vital interest in the matter.

Even exceeding the value of these agencies in the solving of traffic problems is the work of the traffic engineer who goes into a city free of any political affiliations. He makes a study of the traffic situation in all its phases and gives valuable aid in solving traffic tangles.

Chicago has completed a survey of this sort. So have Detroit, Los Angeles, and Pittsburgh. Boston and other cities are at work on surveys.

So important did the matter of adequate study of the traffic situation appear to Albert Russel Erskine, president of the Studebaker Corporation, that he endowed the Albert Russel Erskine Bureau for Street Traffic Research at Harvard University. Its director, Miller McClintock, has become a national authority on street traffic matters.

ONE of the best known and most crowded streets in the world—Fifth Avenue, New York. At the right is one of the towers from which traffic is controlled.

Mr. McClintock has made traffic surveys for several large cities. He has this to say of the solution of the problem of street traffic congestion with the means at hand:

"Primarily we must depend upon improved control and regulation for relief of traffic congestion in central districts. Relief from traffic congestion through control may be obtained in two ways: First, through the elimination of nonessential and obstructive street uses. Some of these may be listed as follows:

"1. Merchandising of any kind in the streets or on the sidewalks;

"2. Heavy commercial operations, such as coal and material delivery, garbage and rubbish collection, that can readily be conducted during the night hours. At present, streets are used to excess during sixteen hours of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

REWARD

Find the "One" House That Is Different From the Others—It's FREE

There are 14 six-room houses pictured here. To be sure they all look alike, but examine them closely. Thirteen of them are exactly alike, but one, and only one, is different. It isn't as easy as it looks. See if you can find the different one. It is going to be given away ABSOLUTELY FREE.

These Clues Will Help You At first glance all the pictures look alike, but on closer examination you will see that one, and only one, differs in some way from all the others. The difference may be in the fence, steps or even shutters. If you can find the one house that is different from all the others write me TODAY QUICK. You may become the owner of this house without one cent of cost to you.

Built Anywhere in U. S.

The one house that is different from all the others is going to be given away ABSOLUTELY FREE It makes no difference where you live. The house can be built anywhere in the U. S., and if you do not own a lot I will even arrange to buy a lot on which to build the house. A beautiful and comfortable six-room house may be yours if you can find the different house. Certainly you have longed for the day to come when you could own your own home—this is your golden opportunity. Act QUICK.

You Cannot Lose Positively every one taking advantage of this opportunity is rewarded. Find the one house that is different from all the others and rush your name and address to me TODAY A postal card will do, just say, "House No. —is different from all the others. Without any obligation please tell me how I can get this fine six-room house without one cent of cost to me."

LEE MORGAN, Pres.
Box 460, Batavia, Illinois

Ask $10 per Pound
For Losing Fat

Here is a suggestion to wives who suffer from excess fat. Ask your husband to pay you, in a gift, so much per pound for reduction. He will gladly do it, for excess fat affects beauty, health, vitality and charm.

Then try this modern method which has been used so widely for twenty years. It is based on wide scientific research which discovered a cause of excess fat. It lies in shortage of a certain substance which greatly affects nutrition. The way found to correct it is to feed a supply of that substance.

That substance is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for two decades—millions of boxes of them. You can see the results in every circle. Doubtless many of your friends can tell them. That is one great reason why excess fat is as rare as it is today.

The use of Marmola requires no abnormal exercise or diet, though moderation helps. Simply take four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal. Then use it only if you start to gain again.

There are no secrets about Marmola. The formula appears in every box, also an explanation of results—the loss of fat, the new health and vitality. This is done to banish every fear of harm.

Go learn at once how much Marmola means to you. Watch the delightful effects it has brought to so many. It may change your entire life. Order a box before you forget it, for you cannot afford to stay fat.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 a box. Any druggist who is out will order them from his jobber for you.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[THE TRAFFIC TANGLE Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

day, but lie comparatively idle during the remaining eight, or from 11 P. M. to 7 o'clock in the morning;

"3. A mitigation of excessive peak loads of morning inrush and afternoon outrush by the staggering of business hours;

"4. The elimination of nonessential through traffic by the provision of by-pass routes around the district;

"5. The development of central district garages and the ultimate elimination of curb parking;

"6. The elimination of loading and unloading operations on streets and alleys through provision of internal receiving facilities in buildings;

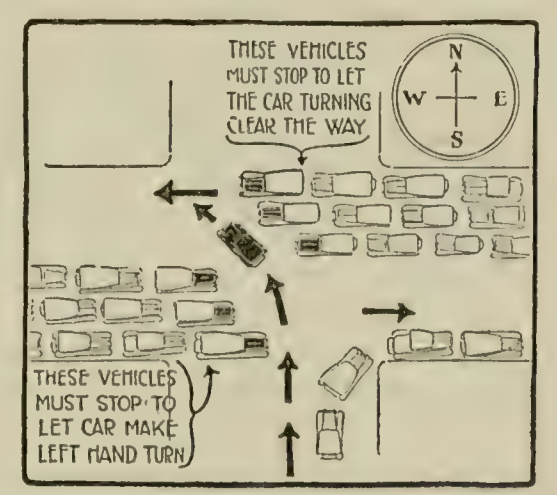
"7. A restriction on street openings by public utilities during the business hours as far as possible.

"A SECOND means of traffic congestion relief is through a more regular and systematic control of existing traffic by:

"1. Regulation of pedestrians both for their own protection and for traffic facilitation. Pedestrian control is growing rapidly in popularity and, where reasonably used, has always brought important results in speeding the traffic flow and increasing its volume;

"2. An accurate co-ordination of traffic signals for progressive nonstop movement. An example of this control is to be found in the Chicago Loop district, where it is possible for vehicles to move on both east-and-west and north-and-south streets at a predetermined speed without necessary stops for signals. Recent tabulations have shown that improper signal control is responsible for as much as 50 per cent of the delays experienced by street cars and 90 per cent of the delays experienced by automobiles;

"3. A regulation of turning movement to reduce obstruction, and, if necessary, a prohibition of left turns at more critical intersections;



THIS diagram shows how left-hand turns disrupt traffic in nearly all directions at busy corners.

"4. The use of one-way streets wherever the narrowness of the roadway makes two-way operation difficult.

"It is obvious from the above list of proposed control remedies that, while they may be expressed as desirable principles, their precise application for the improvement of traffic conditions in the central district of any particular American city depends entirely on a thorough knowledge and interpretation of local conditions.

"There is no panacea for the traffic problem. There is no set of principles that has universal validity and which can be applied as ironclad. For this reason it is essential that cities should give up treating traffic control in a casual and amateurish manner. It is a great engineering problem and can be satisfactorily decided in any city only on the basis of properly collected and analyzed engineering data."

The trouble with all attempts at traffic control is that when it affects the person or corporation in a way that offers a real or fancied injury to business, there is a decided tendency to insist that the proposed remedy be not put into effect.

The delivery of coal or material during the daytime certainly can't fall into the class of things necessary. They are not rush orders in any sense. At least they should not be. Yet material wagons clutter the streets, and husky heavers of heavy bags of cement and plaster deluge the passer-by with dust, while the huge bulk of the truck impedes traffic.

Ordinary days and holidays, it makes little difference to the ash or garbage collector. There is little sense in such collection in the daytime, with the premium on street space such as now exists. This could be done between 11 P. M. and the early morning hours.

The staggering of business as a means of relieving peak loads in the morning and the evening rush was much used during wartime. Some of the motor-car manufacturers of Detroit use it still to reduce the inconvenience to their own employees and to the public generally.

IT has been demonstrated by Detroit and Chicago that a vehicle routed through the Loop district takes longer to make delivery than it does when it is routed around the congested district, even though the distance covered is greater.

The swing to parking in storage garages is gradually being made by the car driver himself as a matter of economy of time as well as of gasoline.

He gets tired of driving all over town to find a spot to park, only to come back later to find that some other car owner has made getting out almost impossible, or has left his mark on a fender.

Los Angeles is one outstanding example of the proper way out of the parking tangle. The city has curb space for 3,750 cars in the central district, according to the traffic survey report, but has garage and parking-lot space for 24,750. Los Angeles is favored some in her parking-lot situation by the weather.

Chicago's Loop district has curb space for 3,320, and the Loop garages can accommodate 8,772 cars. Chicago has great possibilities in Grant Park on the lake shore, which offers almost unlimited parking facilities. These are rapidly being developed through the working arrangement made with

the South Park District, which has the tract in its care.

New York is at a distinct disadvantage because of its size and congestion. Parking lots are almost as rare as turtle feathers.

So far as storage parking at the curbs is concerned, no vehicle has a right to use the space thus. Streets were intended for moving traffic, not as a place to store cars from an hour to a day. One traffic expert I talked to remarked that a man should not feel that he has any more right to park his car in the street than he would have to park his bed there.

And yet, generally, the gauge of the time a car is parked is not the regulation specifying the time, but rather the decision of the car owner as to whether he will get caught, and, if caught, whether he can get his notice torn up through some influence.

The elimination of all curb parking for a longer time than it takes to load or unload is on its way to realization, but it probably will have to come through the matter of education rather than from hard-and-fast edicts of police departments.

The Traffic Survey Bureau of the Detroit Police Department contends that if there were no violations of the parking privilege as to time and place, the congested traffic situation there would take care of itself—though this opinion would seem extreme in the face of conditions that are steadily growing worse.

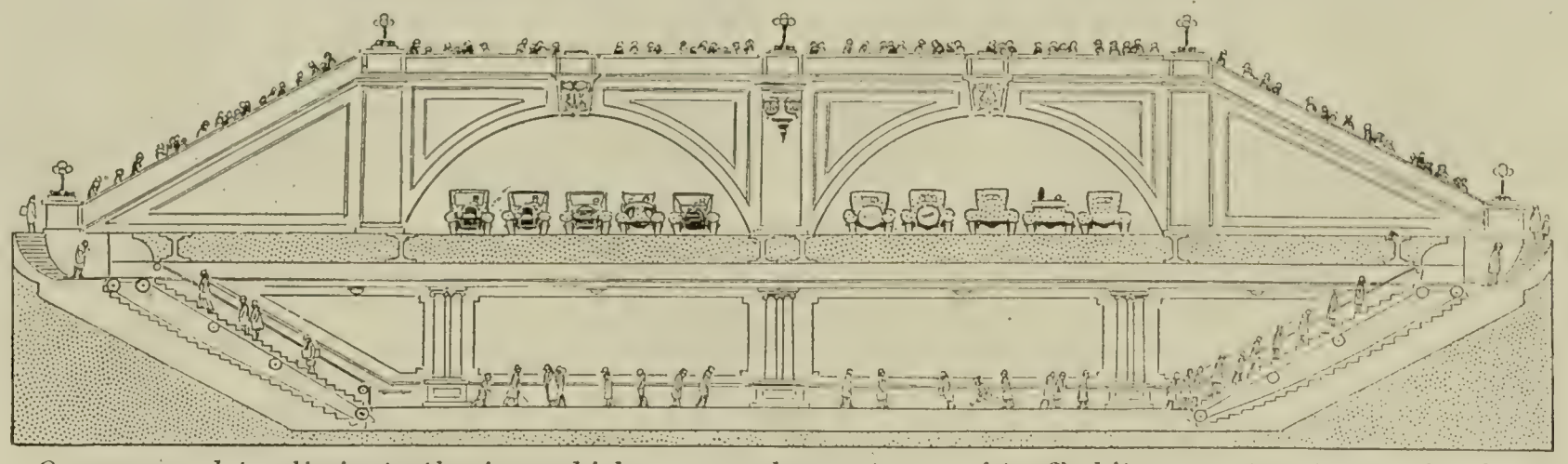
THE following Detroit figures were cited to prove that street parking is not an actual necessity, but only a habit. In one count 7,309 cars used the streets for storage for an average of three hours. The downtown district has twenty-two storage garages and 106 parking lots with a capacity for 13,395 cars, but with approximately 6,000 spaces unused. The assumption is that if the 7,309 cars parked illegally had used the 6,000 vacant spaces the congestion would have been much reduced.

Fourteen traffic men scour the streets and they call on five towing outfits to drag the offending cars away to two auto pounds, where they may be had by the owner on payment of three dollars. Detroit cites this as a low-pressure means of educating the people regarding parking rather than the high-pressure one of absolute edicts forbidding parking.

With no storage parking at the curb there would be room for one or two traffic lanes. Under such a limitation the rule would apply to all vehicles except busses, taxicabs, and street cars, whose stops would be limited to the time necessary to load or unload.

New Yorkers can get a graphic illustration of the drag put on traffic by the busses which stand waiting to get a load of passengers to Chinatown, Coney Island, or a score of other points which the out-of-towner is supposed to enjoy. Intercity busses which park at the curb for long periods are other offenders.

No one questions the right of a bus to stop long enough to pick up a passenger, but busses should have depots on their own property rather than take street space.



One proposal to eliminate the jam which occurs when a stream of traffic hits a counter-stream of pedestrians: A subway with escalators under the street, and an overhead cross-over.

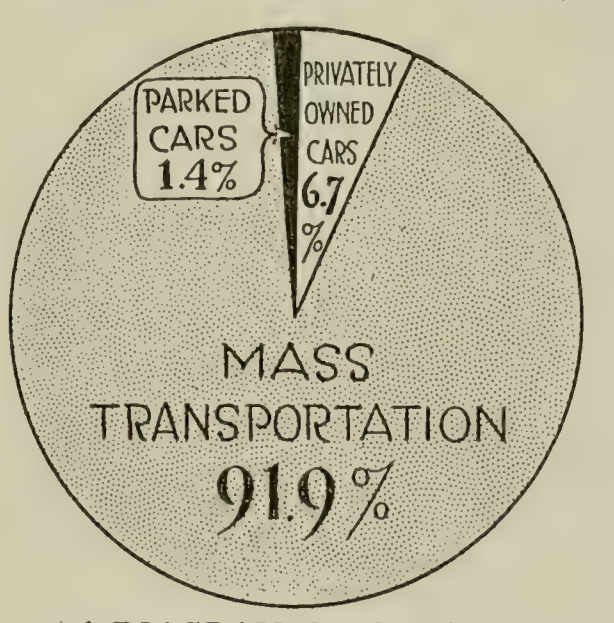
Time was when the merchant vigorously protested any move that would prevent parking in front of his place of business, on the theory that it would deprive him of patrons. Yet it is parking, with the consequent blocking of the street where others might stop to get out of a private conveyance, rather than the lack of parking space, that is doing the harm.

An accurate survey was made of 68,621 patrons of Chicago department stores. Just 1.4 per cent of these patrons came from parked cars; 6.7 per cent from private conveyances; and the rest from mass transportation.

In consideration of the greatest good to the greatest number the time may come when private vehicles will be banned from the congested district. This may seem an extreme view today, but it may be plausible tomorrow. Street space has become one of the most valuable assets a city has. There arises a question as to whether one person has a right to more than just the amount necessary for himself in relation to the city as a whole, rather than his own selfish idea of what amount of space he personally feels is necessary.

Here is a Detroit compilation that is illuminating: In the rush hour between 5 and 6 P. M., 79,742 passengers were moved out of the Loop district by 13,702 vehicles of all sorts. Of these 13,702 there were 11,686 private automobiles, with an average of less than two passengers. On this basis the private vehicle took up 44.26 square feet of street area per passenger, the bus 4.83, and the street car 6.07 square feet per passenger. It does seem that the private-car owner is getting more than his share of the street.

The street space required for all types of transportation in this compilation of an hour's traffic was 1,358,354 square feet. If the private cars were eliminated, and the busses and street cars were increased to take care of the passengers in the private cars, the area of street space required for the vehicles necessary for the transportation of the 79,742 passengers would drop from 1,358,354 square feet to 531,205 square feet, a saving of 60.9 per cent of the street space in the rush hour.



A DIAGRAM showing the comparatively small percentage of Chicago department-store shoppers who come from parked cars.

Conditions will never be any better. Cities continue to grow and automobile registration to increase. Los Angeles has a car registration of one to every 2.3 people. Chicago has one car for every 8.9 of her citizens. The question always arises whether the favored few should be permitted to use their type of transportation at such a high economic cost.

In a survey of 24,609 workers in the Loop district of Detroit, it was found that 20.05 per cent used private transportation, 74.96 per cent used mass transportation, and 4.99 per cent walked.

Many big merchants are seeing the fairness of loading and unloading on their own property. There are 118 buildings in Chicago's Loop district with internal loading facilities. Take a stroll in any large city—New York, Chicago, Detroit, it matters little which one you choose. I have a mental picture now of a very busy New York street, so busy that it is a one-way street, yet horse-drawn vehicles and trucks may be found any day taking up half the available street space by their right-angled position at the curb.

As to opening up streets during the daytime, it may cost a little more per hour for nighttime work, but the freedom from annoyance at night will more than compensate for the additional money in actual time saved.

Pedestrian traffic, generally little thought of as a cause of traffic congestion, is decidedly a factor. It increases with the size of a city. Stand at any one of a hundred corners in New York. There isn't enough control of the pedestrians to prevent them interfering with the vehicular flow. The pedestrian of noon may be the motorist of the evening, but that gives him little fellow feeling for the car driver.

Red lights, green lights, they are all the same to those afoot. If they wait to cross with the green light they are harassed by the right-turning vehicles. If they attempt to cross with the red they run into a heavier traffic flow. The ideal plan would be to have a short interval between the signal changes for pedestrians to cross.

Los Angeles traffic authorities say that they really control pedestrian traffic. For several years the city has enforced regulations against jaywalking and against crossing at intersections other than with signals. According to Dr. Miller McClintock, who formerly was a traffic engineer in Los Angeles, the system of pedestrian control has been responsible for a 50 per cent increase in traffic flow.

A RADICAL solution for pedestrian traffic at intersections is pedestrian subways or crossovers above street level. Of the two, probably the subway is the more feasible, provided the pedestrian can be induced to use it. There is a distinct aversion to using steps. A ramp takes up too much room. Escalators might solve the problem. A subway might be impractical in some cities heavily honeycombed by rapid-transit or utility conduits.

When the pedestrian gets tired of hitting the line at the intersections, he drops down to the middle of the block to jaywalk. Detroit police tallied 901 jaywalkers in a two-hour count in one block. Probably there is less of it done in New York, owing to the hazard.

Automatic traffic signaling is not an old method in any city. It is so new that it has been only a short time since the best time of signaling has been discovered. The first idea was that the signals down a highway should be synchronous in order to produce the best results.

Michigan Avenue in Chicago for years had the synchronous type of signaling, though changes have modified it recently. Visitors to the city were awed by the high traffic speed on this thoroughfare. They heard of it before they reached town and they trembled in it when they arrived. Speedometers showed thirty miles and thirty-five for short spurts.

Sporadic speeds were high, but the average speed between points covering a mile or so was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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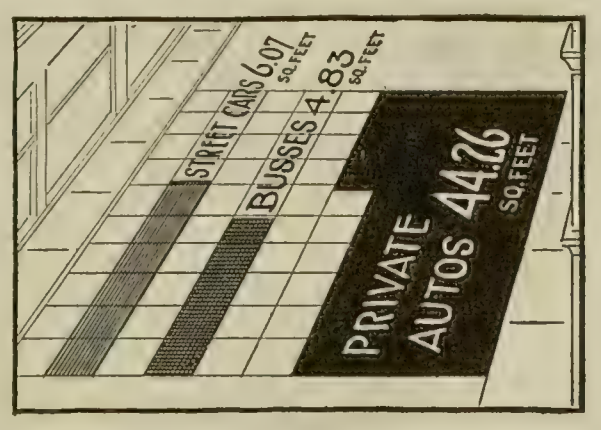
[THE TRAFFIC TANGLE Continued from Page Sixty-one]

only ten or twelve miles an hour. The minute the green lights showed, every motorist tore down the street, hoping to cover a string of lights before the red showed against him for a long wait. When the red did show, he lost much time.

With a properly organized progressive type of signaling, the lights north and south may be so timed that the motorist may adopt a twenty-mile-an-hour speed and by maintaining that speed he may see a belligerent red turn to a friendly green as he nears it, and the process will continue so long as he maintains the even tenor of his twenty miles an hour. The proper timing of the lights depends on the traffic flow in all directions, and the timing should be done only after a careful study by traffic engineers.



A DIAGRAM which shows strikingly the large percentage of Detroit Loop street space taken up by each passenger in private automobiles.

TRAFFIC signal lights are by no means a cure-all for traffic congestion. They have their limited function of speeding up traffic, not stopping it, but there is a point beyond which they cannot aid.

Right-hand turns at street intersections are logical, left-hand turns illogical where heavy traffic exists, for they involve a great slowing up of traffic, no matter what system is employed. If the potential left-turn vehicles stop at the right or left of the traffic stream and turn when the green light is set for the direction they wish to proceed, they must buck the stream of traffic going in the opposite direction.

New York is the outstanding exponent of one-way streets, and these are of material aid in speeding up traffic in her congested district. The trouble with New York's one-way streets is that parkers along the curb reduce the traffic flow by taking up a lane on each side of the street which could better be used for moving traffic. Traffic experts as a rule do not favor one-way streets unless they are narrow.

As long as we can't limit the movement of heavy vehicles for delivery purposes to the night hours, the next best thing is to see that they are limited to certain streets and that they are kept to the right-hand traffic lane.

While this regulation is theoretically in force in many cities, ask any motorist about it who is blocked every day by some old Dobbin-drawn vehicle or by a five-ton truck loaded with steel or gravel, which rumbles along in its might, oblivious of vehicles that could move faster if permitted.

The fact is inescapable that the American city of any size is rushing headlong to an impasse in the matter of relief for traffic saturation with the means at hand.

HIGH-POWERED regulation and control will ease traffic conditions for a time, but that is all. With automotive-vehicle registration increasing at the rate of 2,000,000 a year, something will have to be done to provide more street area, or to reduce the given number of cars and pedestrians that feel they must occupy a given area at a given time.

In a final article in LIBERTY next week, Mr. Sturm will discuss further solutions of the big cities' biggest problem—traffic congestion.

Poems You Ought to Know

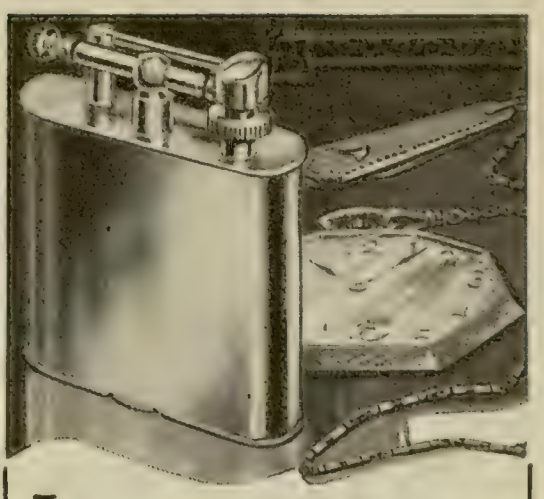
To Celia

By BEN JONSON

[Ben Jonson (1573-1637), like his Elizabethan contemporary, Shakespeare, was first actor and then dramatist. He wrote comedies, tragedies, and masques. In 1631, although the nature of the office was not clearly defined, he became England's first Poet Laureate.]

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!



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I Am One of those Who Have Attempted SUICIDE

The True Story of an Opera Singer Who Sought Death and Found Happiness

By EVELYN HERBERT

Picture by DALTON STEVENS

(Reading time: 9 minutes 30 seconds.)

WHEN I was nine years old I got a doll that was dressed by Caruso to represent him in the character he made famous in the opera Pagliacci. The doll was offered at a bazaar in New York and my parents won it.

Caruso was my idol, for I always wanted to sing and he was the greatest singer of his time.

With that doll came those extravagant dreams which even little girls of nine have, and I sent a letter to Caruso saying I was writing to him because I had won his doll and thought he might want to hear me sing.

Kind-hearted, generous, ever-boyish Caruso did not laugh at this childish note and throw it under the table. Instead he replied very courteously that he would hear me sing any time I was in the neighborhood of the hotel where he lived in New York.

In answer to this long-prayed-for invitation, I soon after found myself facing the tenor.

As I had never taken a music lesson, my preparations for this audition were as original as they were meager. I was ready to sing two numbers: the Soldiers' Chorus from Faust, and the love duet from the same opera.

Caruso was a little puzzled when my nine-year-old soprano went into the rousing male chorus; but when I began the duet in solo he stopped me; then he went over to the piano and joined me with the tenor part.

Without a smile or jest he sang the music, bearing me over the difficulties and landing me safely in the finale. Then he applauded and was kind enough to say that I had a voice that should be cultivated for operatic singing.

We went home joyful; but for the next seven years I still was unable to obtain tuition. Then Mrs. Miles, a daughter of George C. Boldt, the New York hotel owner, became interested in me through the influence of Caruso, and I was given two years' study.

At eighteen I appeared at an audition before Campanini, director of the Chicago Opera Company, and he at once gave me a year's contract.

I made my début as *Mimi* in La Bohème with Bonci, the Italian tenor who then was second only to Caruso himself.

No more than a few months after this notable beginning, which was received more kindly than I had dared to hope, I suddenly found myself faced with calamity.

I was losing my voice!

After having achieved leading rôles with a famous operatic organization, after being praised by critics and applauded by the public, with every prospect of advancing to a pinnacle of ambition, and then to be thrown down with such brutal suddenness, and before I had really time to know what it was to be a prima donna!

The executives of an opera company give jealous attention to its singers. The day came when Herbert Johnson, the manager of the company, called me into his office and, with that suave courtesy which is the especial gift of impresarios, informed me that a variety of circumstances had made it necessary for him to ask me whether I would accept smaller rôles for next season.

He knew what my answer would be before I had spoken. That was why he asked me. I could not accept the demotion. I could only refuse to sign a new contract on such conditions. Whereupon Mr. Johnson was sorry, and my connection with the Chicago Opera Company was at an end.

One gets accustomed to misfortune no less than one comes to regard success casually. I had steeled myself to this awful result of my first flight and went immediately to New York, where I intended to spend all my savings and all the energy and will I had to restore my voice.

IN the next twelve months I went to about thirty voice teachers. You have met those afflicted with some chronic illness who seize upon every rumor of a cure and rush from one doctor to another. That's how I was. Whenever I was told of some teacher who specialized on correcting vocal faults, I at once went to him, stayed until I found he could not help me, and then ran to another who held out a promise.

I was like the frenzied victim of some wild

THERE was a confusion of water, an enormous vision of fighting against walls of yielding but crushing substance.

fad; only in my case the fad meant my life, for both my life and my work were joined together. Teacher after teacher, specialist after specialist, a nightmare of hearings and courses of exercises—and all to no purpose. A year of heartbreaking work and search, and my voice grew steadily worse.

No longer did I have offers from producers.

I could not have done the rounds of so many vocal studios without the secret becoming public property. They all knew it: Evelyn Herbert had lost her voice. Evelyn Herbert, who had reached the top, had lost her voice and become a nobody.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HAIR
that is truly
C·h·a r·m·i·n·g

[Vilma Banky's own experience points out the worth of *real* fresh lemon juice.]

WHEN you talk of natural hair beauty my thoughts just sort of fly to *real*, fresh lemon juice rinses.

You see, my hair has a naturally glossy appearance and its pretty color shows in its true light—always. Again I say—*real—fresh*—lemon juice! I cannot say more.

I urge a *real* lemon rinse—the juice of two lemons in, say, four quarts of water after shampooing — because all soaps leave that thin curd on each hair. Use the fresh lemon rinse and that annoying stickiness and tendency to "mat" are removed entirely.

Fresh lemon juice is a mild, harmless acid; it leaves my hair clean and soft and natural in its glossy beauty—*which is true hair beauty*.

Vilma Banky

EVERY modern woman should understand the value of fresh lemon juice as a toilet requisite. Send today for our informative booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," containing tributes from screen stars. Write your name and address on corner of this page, tear off and mail to

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Sec. 902, Box 530, Station "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

[I AM ONE OF THOSE WHO HAVE ATTEMPTED SUICIDE]
Continued from Page Sixty-three

I had spent all my money and I did not know what to do. I had heard how friends desert one when money is gone. But, like the murder cases and accidents you read of in the papers, such experiences had seemed so remote from me that I could look upon them with complete detachment. But I knew, now, what they meant.

I knew what it was to be alone, with the telephone in my room ringing only at long intervals. And I knew fully what the shallowness of most of one's acquaintances meant when I met a girl friend one noon on Broadway and asked her to have lunch with me. She said she had already eaten.

A half-hour later, by an ironic chance, I saw her in the restaurant I had gone to, dining alone. She had been afraid to go with me lest she should have to pay for my lunch, knowing what my circumstances were.

It seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of everything for me; the whole structure of my career had collapsed so completely that I saw no way by which it could be restored.

Just as things were at their darkest, I received an invitation from some old friends who were summering in the Thousand Islands. They still remembered me with enough sympathy to wish to cheer me up. They begged me to spend a few weeks with them and take my mind off my worries.

There was nothing in particular that I could do in the city and I decided to go, although I was in no mood for vacations. I arrived at this beautiful resort, and my friends did all they could to make the days pleasant for me, but I was too despondent. I was continually tortured by the thought that I had lost my voice and my career had ended.

I could not sleep well at night, and one morning I grew weary of tossing about and rose about 6 o'clock. I dressed and went out for a walk. It was a dreary day, with a cold drizzle. I walked through the garden and the dismal weather harmonized wholly with my mood.

WALKING along the banks of the St. Lawrence, suddenly the hopelessness of my position and the futility of battling against it came upon me with an overwhelming effect. I seemed to see, with a new and grimmer finality, that all was at an end and I had nothing to live for. Then why live?

The water was at my feet. A courage that I had never known before possessed me. "Why not?" were the last words that I remember running through my brain. Then I jumped.

There was a confusion of water, of rushing sounds drumming against my ears, of a wild choking, of hysterical, desperate contortions of my arms, legs, and body, of fragments of incoherent thoughts, of an enormous vision of fighting against walls of yielding but crushing substance on every side.

Then this confusion resolved itself abruptly into a calm. I opened my eyes and found myself lying on the bank with a man bending anxiously over me.

I looked at him without understanding. I did not know what had happened or where I was. I forced my brain to think; literally squeezed it, as one does on awakening from a nightmare, to get at coherent consciousness. Slowly this came. Portions of thoughts fell together like cut-outs in a puzzle picture, and I understood.

The man was a gardener, a stolid workman of about fifty. I smiled as I lay there on the wet

© Photo by White Studio
Evelyn Herbert—the heroine of this article.

grass. The idea occurred to me that even here I had no luck. It wasn't a handsome hero who fished me out, but an elderly laborer. The attempted suicide, besides being a failure, was absolutely without romance.

I PAUSE here to review what would have happened had that gardener not been on the spot when I jumped into the river. I would have been drowned. There would have been sorrow from a few relatives and friends. The newspapers would have carried half a column and a picture. Those who knew me or had heard of me would have shaken their heads and launched into a zestful discussion about me.

Herbert Johnson would have taken a few minutes from his work, leaned back in his chair, and reflected upon the troubles of life. And in the cemetery there would have been a fresh grave, topped by a stone pathetically dedicated to a young woman who had been cut off in the bloom of her years. Within a short time Evelyn Herbert would have been the vaguest of memories.

But see what happened after I was given my life back.

I will pass over the events that took place when I was taken back to the house. My thoughts and feelings were more or less of a blank. I felt I ought to be ashamed, embarrassed; but the "accident," as it was kindly termed, had the effect of drugging me against the more acute feelings. Throughout this semihaze I had the one idea, that seemed like an anchor to me, that I must go back to New York and once more take up the fight. That was the strongest thought I was conscious of. I left the Thousand Islands as soon as I could and returned to New York.

A few days later my telephone rang and this conversation followed:

"Is this Miss Herbert?"

"Yes."

"This is Miss ——. I am a theatrical agent."

"Yes?"

"Miss Herbert, I want to recommend a teacher who can restore your voice."

"How do you know I need such a teacher?" I said dully, still hanging on to a shred of professional dignity.

"Oh, everyone knows that," the woman answered impatiently. "Everyone knows you've lost your voice. I want to tell you that this teacher can help you."

I went to this teacher. My voice improved from week to week. I was still practically penniless, but I did not care. I was gay and happy. My voice was coming back!

I applied for a job in the chorus of Honeydew, a Broadway musical comedy that was about to open, and got it—at forty dollars a week. From a prima donna with the Chicago Opera Company to the chorus of a musical show! And all within a bare two years!

But the drama of this sequence never troubled me. I sang in the chorus and danced my steps. Being away from home, I half-starved through the days. But I did not care. My voice was coming back!

Then I went to "Roxy"—S. L. Rothafel, the famous director of big movie houses—and he put me in his "gang," that first gang that became so popular in the early days of radio broadcasting. I was with Roxy for a year and a half and amplified my income from this job by another one in the chorus of the Fred Stone show, Stepping Stones.

By this time my voice was so improved that the Shuberts gave me the ingénue part in The Love Song. Then I was put in the lead of Princess Flavia, after nine other *Flavias* had been tried out. This was followed by the main rôle of the operetta, My Maryland.

I now have my voice back. I can again look forward to a future and to a realization of my old ambitions.

AS to what the matter was with my voice I am not quite clear. Those delicate cords in the throat had been strained and had revolted.

As I look back upon my terrible experience, I cannot help but see the truth in a philosophy that has become very trite to a modern, sophisticated intelligence, a philosophy that hangs on that hackneyed old phrase, "While there's life there's hope."

I lived, and everything righted itself, as lives generally do. One year you are overwhelmed by troubles, the next year they have somehow disappeared. Life is a sturdy thing; it has tremendous natural resistance to misfortune. When life is given leave to take its course, it will generally find its proper balance.

Each in his own humble way learns his lessons in living. I have been taught the folly and futility of yielding to despair. And if I can pass on what I have learned to others, I shall consider that the publication of this unhappy experience has been justified.

THE END

When there's snap and tingle in the air— *match it*

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The little red signs at cheerful places flash their invitation all along the way. Pause and refresh yourself with a Coca-Cola—one little minute that's long enough for a big rest.

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A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup, ice-cold carbonated water and a little finely crushed ice, stirred with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Corona in *colors!*

[Channel Blue]

CORONA has caught the colorful spirit of modern times! Scarlet, blue, green, maroon, cream, lavender—there is a Corona for every decorative scheme. (And, of course, the standard black Corona.) When you buy Corona, you know you are getting the utmost value in portable typewriters—the only portable with a twenty-year record of satisfactory performance. More Coronas are in use than all other makes of portables combined. See these new colored Coronas at the nearest Corona store. Convenient payment plan.

Write us for a free copy of this new folder showing the new Duco finish Coronas in actual colors.

L C Smith—the Ball-Bearing Office Machine. Its light touch and easy action increase output, eliminate fatigue.

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Sales offices in principal cities of the world 203 E. Washington St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

He Suspects There May Be a Few Dishonest Bootleggers

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 7 minutes 35 seconds.)

BERT GREEN

Haig and Haig Conference, Paris, France.

DEER MARG:

You wood have heard from me before but I had a splitting headache. Hot Dog, I still got it. Of all the awful hangovers theres nothin worse than a shampane bust. When you wake up in the morning and find your pants hanging on the shandaleer and your shirt in the ice box it dont look so good. How anybody can like that bubble water stuff beats me. Id just as soon drink a bunch of carbona, it dont burn.

Now you dont need to blow up because I got a bit plastered. We got to do that once in a while in this rackit. There never was a big deal put over yet without a bottle of giggle soup. Its the stuff that makes the boys put their moniker on the fractured line.

You know Marg, its just brutal the way I love you. Gosh, every time I look at your photo I could bust every spring in your corsets. Its good you dont wear em. I dont know whats the matter with me girlie but youve got me dizzy. Its all I can do to hold myself down every time I give you a thot. Youre worse than that Polish gal I had during the war. She was a bad, bad girl, but good company. And how. Now dont get me wrong, Marg. Im in love with *you* and *you* only. That Polish woman didnt mean any more to me than gin does to a flapper. But as for *you*. You have me slayed.

Listen, Good Lookin. Im goin to tell you everything about what happened at the Interior Decorators Conference here at the Haig and Haig and dont you breeth it to a sole. Be tight as the skin on a coconut. Be like a Scotchman. When he sends his kid out for animal crackers he comes back with all elephants. If the secrits in this game ever get out the United $tates will be dryer than a herring on the Saharra desert.

Well Marg, we held the conference over at the Haig & Haig. And did we have a healthy gate. I'll bet everybody was there what had money in the laughing soup business. Talk about a swell dump. Gee, it was the same joint where the Leak of Nations was signed. Every body was dressed up in their trick suits and motormen coats and the place was a panic. You should see me in my new tux. I bought won of them magicians hats with a spring in it like they wear at the opera. No matter how many times you sit on it Marg it always looks new.

The burlap wooda cost me a yard and a half over in America but I got won of them frog tailors to go on the line for 150 Franks. Thats about two dollars and a half in American dough harshly speaking. The french money over here looks like the labels on near beer bottles, no foolin. A fifty frank note is about the size of an English newspaper. You could rap a bicycle in it.

I was sure a hit at the conferance with my new tux and my brand new yellow shoes and poil gray spats. Everybody was talkin about me. They put me up at the head of the table with all the big shots. On my right was Sandy

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"How could I talk—with that throat?"

With throat raw and painful this is not an alibi. The wife answers sensibly: "See the doctor tomorrow." And she often adds: "Get a bottle of Formamint at the corner drug store now."

For physicians approve of Formamint. Unlike other remedies, it can be taken all day long—wherever you go.

Carry a bottle of pleasant Formamint tablets with you. Especially in dusty, crowded places. To treat sore throat, one every hour; as a preventive, one every two hours. All druggists.

Formamint
THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

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Bauer Chemical Co., Dept. L-12,
113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.
Send me, free, samples of Formamint in metal case

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DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

MacDonald and on my left was Mr. Bourbon from Kentucky. Next to him was King George the 4th and opposite him was Mr. Gordon Gin. Right next to him was Mr. Collins and his brother Tom.

WE no sooner sat down to the table when they led off with a Bronx cocktail which must have been mixed up in Pelham or one of the Government proovin grounds Great jumpin lizzards the recoil nearly blew out my upper set. I could feel meself going into a side slip no more than I hoisted it.

Then, when we was half through the bye valves,—thats the tecknickle name fer oysters — the waitor slipped us a Martini that was loaded with a small dash of nitrate. Thats the juice they put in the hand grenades. One drink and youd eat the canary. Well the hole party began to click. Everybody started making speeches. The place sounded like a fonygraph store.

Then J. Dewar got up and says, "Gentlemen, we are all gathered together here to see that prohibition never comes back in America. We hafta stick together. What we should do is nominate Volstead for President of the United States. We owe him a vote of thanks. Its a great pleasure for me to address such a fine body of honest men, even if the most of you are half cocked.

"Although Im a lowsey speaker I want you to know that theres one thing thats spoilin our business. And thats the new crews the Goverment is puttin on the rum runners. They have took off the old drunkards what they had on them ships and replaced them with young kids out of the navil schools. These kids are full of PATRIOSM an sediment for their country. Theyll shoot on sight. You cant lather em with a case of hootch or slip em any dough.

"I tell you gentlemen its come to a pretty bad state of affairs when a gentleman cant smuggle in a shipment of laughing soup. Only last week a well known congressmen imported 10,000 cases of silly syrup and had it held up off Montauk Point by a bunch of young saps from the naval base. Its turrible, thats what it is."

And hes right Marg. Gosh when you work so hard trying to get a good honest captain to take on the stuff and its held up and pinched by young punks in uniforms its hell.

The next thing we're going to do is organize a chain store business in the United $tates. You know them red front things. We're goin to give away coupons with every bottle bought. Of course its all on the quiet Marg. Heres the secrit list:

Gordon Gin	5	coupons
Booths high and dry	6	"
Galloper	6	"
Johnny Walker	10	"
Black and White	12	"
Old Smuggler	12	"
Sandy MacDonald	14	"
White Horse Cellar	16	"
Canadian Club	10	"
Bacardi	4	"

Everybody was there what had money in the laughing soup business.

3 Star Hennesy	8	"
Ruffinos Chianti	4	"
PORT		
Grahams 6 Grapes	2	"
Clubland White Port	2	"
LIQUEURS		
Chartreuse	2	"
Benedictine	3	"
Crème de Menthe	3	"

You know Marg its only a question of time before you see a feller standin in the back of a grocery store with an arm full of groceries stareing at the picture on the bar room floor.

Good idea, aint it. You see we're goin to give away presents with the coupons. Fur instence for 200 coupons you get a pair of roller skates or junk like that and for a thousand coupons we give away a hole case of nose paint. We're goin to put stores in all the leading cities so nobody will be without a drink. All the housewife has to do is get on the phone and say. Give me a half a pound of butter, a half a dozen eggs, six bars of washin soap, a pound of potatoes and a couple of bottles of Scotch and she is entitled to 24 coupons. Its the bugs ear aint it.

And listen for 24 coupons the broad can get herself a pair of nickle plated hairpins.

Then Johnny Walker got up and went through a lot of motions and revolutions and says, "Gentlemen, what we got to do is organize this business. We're gettin a lotta crooks in this rackit whats ruinin commerce. Remember that this game is growin by leaps and bounds and somethin must be done to protect our interest.

"Before the United $tates went for prohibition there were 7000 saloons in New York alone and today in the same place theres 150,000 speakeasys and all the goverment gets is whats left in the glass.

"Weve got to protect this honest business. I have here a diploma I drew up which we will issue to every responsible bootlegger in America. Here it is. I'll pass it around."

DIPLOMA
Bootleggers College
Class AA

HOOTCH SPECIALIST
Special Privalage Issued During the Period of American Drought

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Mr. Mike Shea, having duly passed the Examinations of Substitution, Misrepresentation, Prevarication, and art of non-delivery;
Also having been honored with the decoration of the Double Cross.
is hereby declared to be
A FIRST CLASS BOOTLEGGER
and has official authority of doing his friends, and their friends, at every opportunity. There can be no squawk or come-back, as all business must be done in person, and the buyer must stand to get a good trimming.

Signed and Sealed in Presence of
O. U. LIONSWET, *Chief*
G. D. HANGOVER, *Secretary*
Seal License #619,975,486.
Booze Handlers Union No. 400.

Attest in Spirit
Dr. AL. K. HALL,
Charter Member of Cellar Sniffers Assn.

Pretty nifty, eh Marg. After awhile the thing will be all organized and sowed up tighter than the skin on a rubber plum.

Well, Marg dont breeth nothin about this secrit stuff. I gotta go now and put a ice bag on my head. Remember me to your old lady and your girl friend with the crockery eye. Tell her I bought her a pip of a slip. You dont mind do you, Good Lookin, there aint nothin meant bye it. Yours internally,

MIKE SHEA.

Tell your old man that I sent him the 100 french post cards but they aint got any more poses.

Watch for more details of the Haig and Haig conference in an early issue of LIBERTY.

Somebody *Called Me a* BRAT!

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to*

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

So I says, "You're both Svedes—in-clud-ing the Scan-din-avian."

(Reading time: 5 minutes 16 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

What is a brat?

Don't be afraid you'll hurt my feelings. Don't tell me it is a nice little girl with red hair. I know it is a little girl with red hair, which is me. But when you call me a brat you don't think I'm nice.

Hulda is gone. She is not with us any more. She said she bane goo whar cheel-drun es hooman and not brats. I think she meant me. 'Cause she told me when Mommy wasn't around one day that I was one—wan brat, ach—she said.

Mommy said she was kind of sorry Hulda was gone. And she was kind of glad Hulda was gone. Grown-ups don't say what they mean. And they don't mean what they say. How can you be kind of glad and sorry about the same thing?

Lars is gone, too. He has gone after Hulda. He was our elevator man. He seems to think I am a brat, too. He said so. A brat must be something terrible, because both Hulda and Lars were mad when they told me I was one.

Hulda was our maid. She was our nurse, too. She didn't give Daddy his bath. Nor Mommy. Nor Auntie. Only me. She also cooked. She also washed the dishes. She also broke the dishes. She also liked Lars.

She was very large. She was most as big as the truck what nearly run over Auntie downtown. It was the time Auntie turned to look at another lady with a dress on like hers.

She was terrible strong, Hulda was. When we were moving, three big men couldn't lift the piano until Hulda put it on their backs. She was red, but not like Auntie and me. Auntie and me are only red in the hair. Hulda was red all over. I guess she still is. When she told Mommy she wasn't going to be with us any more, she got so red I thought she'd catch on fire.

Mom and Daddy and Auntie were talking one day while I was playing with Janey. Janey's a doll. She is stuffed with rags. She has holes in her like gets in panties and I peeked through and saw her stuffings. She is blind. "Prac-tic-allay sightless," Auntie says. I bit off her eyes when I was cutting my teeth. All my teeth are cut now. Except my wisdom ones. Auntie says we'll just have to hope for the best that I'll get them some day.

And Janey's nose prac-tic-allay ain't. It was only painted on and I licked it off. But she is just grand and I love her. I can act like I'm playing with her and get an earful of everything that goes on.

They were talking about something they called "coppy right." It has something to do with a book you read. And Daddy said, "Well, that covers everything — in-clud-ing the Scan-din-avian."

And while Daddy was holding me a little while like he always does before I go to bed, I says, "What is a Scan-din-avian?" And he says, "It's a langwidge and it is a race of people, and it is also several countries. Hulda is a Scan-din-avian and so is Lars."

So next morning I says to Hulda, "Hello, Hulda, you're a Scan-din-avian." And she says, "Noo; I ban Svede." Hulda talks awful funny but she makes it mean something. And I says, "Lars is a Scan-din-avian." And she says, "Noo; he ban Svede, too." So I says, "You're both Svedes—in-clud-ing the Scan-din-avian." And she says, "Noo; ve ban Svedes and ve don't include nothin'."

So I got to calling Hulda and Lars "In-clud-ing the Scan-din-avians" to tease them. Auntie said I was a silly-billy.

Well, anyway, Auntie and Mom went downtown one day. I was left for Daddy to look after. The super-in-tend-ent rang our bell and told Daddy to come down in the cellar. He had some stuff just off the boat. He wanted Daddy to come down and see it. I trotted along.

But I didn't see anything that I ever saw come off a boat before. I don't know if Daddy did either. He didn't look dis-ap-pointed though. And he said, "It's got everything, Mike." And I said, "In-clud-ing the Scan-din-avian." And they both laughed very hard.

So Mike says to Daddy, "Have another shot?" And Daddy said, "I don't care if I do." But I guess he did care. I mean he didn't mean he didn't care.

I used to think a shot was something you fired off with a gun, but it ain't. It's something out of a bottle. You see a little baby in a baby carriage with a bottle up to his lips. Well, he's taking a shot of milk. I asked for a shot, but they said it was not for little girls.

"And not for many big ones neither. Har, har!" said Mike.

And Daddy said, "Har, har, har!" And Mike said to Daddy, "'Dja ever hear the one about—"

But I went wandering around the cellar. I turned on the water in the washtubs. But nobody came running like they do upstairs to turn it off. So I turned it off. And then I saw a little thing there with a handle on it on the wall. I pulled it down.

Something that was humming stopped. Daddy called me then and I went to him. And he said to me, "'Dja ever hear the one about the Irishman and the Jew?" And Mike says, "Don't tell her yet. She's only three and a half." So we went out and rang for the elevator.

We rang and rang. There was only the two of us, but Daddy asked me if any of us had rung yet, like as if he thought we were a crowd. Then all of a sudden there was the awfullest noise and the baddest langwidge.

IT was like two people awful mad singing. And one voice sounded like Hulda's. The other was Lars'. And Daddy says, "Frevens sake, what's this? What's this?"

And the voices were calling, "Let may oudt! Ve ban crazy in here. Ve is Hulda and Lars."

So Mike came running over. He carried on a long con-ver-sa-tion with the elevator. It was stuck between the basement and the first floor. And then he got a policeman. And the policeman had a shot and called the fire de-part-ment.

And the firemen busted in with axes and things and said, "Where's the fire?" And the policeman pointed to his stomach and says, "In here. The lining is gone already."

But I pointed to the elevator and said Hulda and Lars were burning. They weren't. They were only boiling. Then they found out somebody had shut off the power and Hulda was stuck in.

So they asked me about it. I said I'd pulled a little thing down in the basement. And that was the thing that shut off the elevator.

Hulda had gone out to the elevator to tell Lars something. She got in and the elevator got stuck. Hulda cried and said she was dis-graced. And Lars said she wasn't dis-graced much. But they both said I was a brat, and when they went away everybody was mad—"in-clud-ing the Scan-din-avians."

And then somebody called me a copper miner, Whatever that means. I'll tell you about it next week.

Peanut Recipes *Give* Variety *to Meals*

By ETHEL SOMERS

Nuts are most evenly salted when shaken with a measured quantity of fine salt in a bag.

PEANUTS have, weight for weight, more protein than meat. They contain very little water and so are a surprisingly concentrated food. Whether eaten as a main dish, dessert, salad, or confection, their nutriment is considerable. Being popular and comparatively cheap, they offer a delicious substitute for the more expensive almonds in many recipes.

Peanuts are common in two varieties, Virginia and Spanish. The former are large and oval, and the latter are small and somewhat round. Their size, whether "jumbo," "fancy," or "extra," in part determines the selling price; but, fortunately, this has no effect on the nourishment they furnish.

Nuts are cheapest and most plentiful in the late fall and winter months. Frequently it would be economy to buy peanuts in their green state. A reserve supply of five or ten pounds, stored in a cool place, may be roasted or cooked as needed.

Chocolate-coated peanut clusters are a highly nutritious confection especially adapted to winter.

Peanut Clusters

¼ pound sweet chocolate or blended sweet and bitter chocolate
1 teaspoon cocoa butter, if available
1½ cups crisp peanuts (or any other nuts desired)

PLACE the finely cut chocolate and cocoa butter (if used) over hot, *not boiling*, water. Remove from the fire as soon as the chocolate around the outer edges starts to melt. When it has melted on both the sides and bottom of the pan, remove from the hot water. Beat until thoroughly blended. The chocolate must never get hotter than 80° F. The peanuts to be dipped should be about the same temperature as the chocolate. If they are too warm the chocolate will run, and if they are too cold the chocolate will peel. More attractive results are obtained if the dipping is done in a rather cool place, 60° to 75° F. room temperature. The room should be fairly dry, as steam condenses on the candy and makes the chocolate streaked. Add a teaspoon of peanuts to the melted dipping chocolate and remove to wax paper. As the chocolate cools or thickens, it may be replaced over the warm water to keep it the right temperature.

Peanut Brittle

2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups sugar
⅔ cup corn syrup, or ½ cup corn syrup plus molasses enough to make ⅔ cup in all
½ cup water
1½ cups shelled peanuts, either raw or roasted, coconut, or any other nuts desired
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
¼ teaspoon soda

MELT the butter in a saucepan. Add the salt, sugar, corn syrup, molasses (if used), and water, also the peanuts if these are raw. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. When the mixture starts to boil, cover and boil 3 minutes. Remove the cover and boil briskly to 340° F. Dissolve the soda and cream of tartar in cold water. Stir quickly into the peanut brittle, and when thoroughly mixed turn on to a lightly buttered pan. If roasted peanuts are being used, they may be scattered on the buttered pan. Spread the candy as thinly as possible. While cooling constantly spread the brittle with a spatula, pulling and stretching it out as *thin* as possible, and distribute the nuts evenly. If a pair of clean wash gloves are available, the candy may be picked up in the gloved hands and pulled out thin. Break into irregular pieces. In damp weather keep in covered jars to prevent its becoming sticky.

Salted Peanuts

Deep vegetable oil
½ teaspoon fine salt
1 pound peanuts in the shell, raw peanuts preferred (other nuts may be used)

IF raw peanuts are to be used, after shelling the nuts blanch them. Proceed by placing in cold water. Bring this to the boiling point and let boil for 2 minutes. Dip into cold water. Remove at once and slip from the skins. If a quantity of nuts are being blanched, spread them on a towel and remove the skins by rubbing vigorously with another towel. Dry thoroughly by keeping in a warm, dry place for several hours. Fry the raw nuts thus prepared, or roasted peanuts prepared by slipping off their brown skins without blanching. Immerse the prepared nuts in a wire basket in hot vegetable oil (375° F.). Agitate the wire basket during the frying, so the nuts will brown evenly, and remove the peanuts as soon as they are a *delicate* brown, as they will continue to brown for a time after removing from the hot fat. Place in a paper bag with the measured salt and shake well.

SPICED NUTS may be prepared in the same manner as salted peanuts, by blending ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon of cinnamon and cloves mixed, or any desired spice mixture. Shake the hot nuts in the bag until coated with this blended spice mixture.

SALTED or Spiced Peanuts may also be oven-fried by spreading the prepared nuts on a flat pan with vegetable oil (1 cup nuts to ½ tablespoon vegetable oil). Roast in a slow oven (300° F.) 10 to 15 minutes or until browned. Treat by shaking in a bag with salt or salt and spice, as desired.

Peanut Cookies

¼ cup butter
½ cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup milk
1 cup peanuts or other nuts
1 teaspoon lemon juice

CREAM the butter. Gradually work in the sugar. Slowly beat in the well beaten eggs. Alternately add the sifted dry ingredients to the milk to which has been added the lemon juice and peanuts. The resulting mixture is a stiff drop batter. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered tins 1 inch apart, and place halved peanuts on top. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

Roasted Peanuts

PLACE the raw peanuts in a shallow pan in a moderate oven (375° F.). Bake and stir the nuts occasionally, and remove as soon as they are a delicate brown.

Peanut-Sweet-Potato Croquettes

2 cups mashed sweet potatoes
1 tablespoon cream
Few grains cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon salt
¼ to ½ cup finely chopped peanuts
1 egg yolk or ½ egg

PREFERABLY cook scrubbed sweet potatoes in their jackets to prevent loss of food materials. Peel and mash. Beat the cream and seasoning into the mashed potatoes. Add the remaining ingredients and beat until the mixture is light and fluffy. When cool, shape into balls, cylinders, or cones. Roll in finely ground dried bread crumbs, then in slightly beaten egg (this egg is in addition to the 1 egg yolk called for herein; that egg was to be beaten into the potato mixture). Roll in crumbs again. Fry until the croquettes are rich brown in hot fat (375° F.).

Peanut-Butter-Rice Roll

3 cups cooked rice (1 cup before cooking)
2 teaspoons salt
1 cup medium white sauce
1 cup peanut butter
1 egg
¾ cup bread crumbs

MIX the ingredients. Bake in an oiled bread pan in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with tomato sauce. For variety or daintier servings, this mixture may be cooled and shaped and fried as croquettes (see recipe for Peanut-Sweet-Potato Croquettes). Serve with tomato sauce and parsley.

USE LIBERTY'S three cookbooks as guides to what is good and what is appropriate for meals for all occasions. 100 Standard Recipes for formal and family meals. Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks for informal "pick-ups." A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes for light, tasty luncheons. Each book 10¢—all three for 25¢. Please use coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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2-4-28

There are many women who still may have their own gardens and grow their own tomatoes, who like to make their own tomato soup.

And probably not one who doesn't add, for the final touch, a big cupful of rich, heavy cream. For it *does* take cream to give the flavor and real richness . . . That's why *we* use cream——real cream in making *Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup.* It does make a vast difference.

Then for the tomatoes, we develop our own seed and start the plants, you know. And the tomatoes are ripened on the vines—picked red, ripe and juicy—and used while they still have all their wonderful garden freshness.

Then we ourselves go to the Orient to secure the finest spices—each selected to give just the right zip and tang. . . .

You can only achieve the fine flavor of any product when you pay detailed attention to the selection of the materials. And it is *this* that has helped so much to make the Heinz name mean Flavor.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

flavor

In the children's little supper bowls before the nursery fire. At the formal dinner with the long, candle-lit tables. As a happy beginning for your supper this very night. Whenever a gloriously good hot soup is wanted, Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup *is the soup.* There's all the richness and goodness and flavor of garden-fresh tomatoes and sweet, smooth, *real* cream in every joyous spoonful.

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TYPEWRITER

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Handy SANDE

The Romantic Career of a Great Jockey

An Article by

JACK O'DONNELL

MAYBE there'll be another,
Heady, and game, and true.
Maybe we'll find his brother
At drivin' them horses through.
Maybe—but, say, I doubt it;
Never his like ag'in!
Never a handy
Guy like Sande,
Bootin' them babies in!

Green and white at the quarter—
Say, I can see him now,
Ratin' them just as he orter,
Workin' them up—an' now—
Green and white at the home stretch—
Who do you think'll win?
Who but a handy
Guy like Sande,
Kickin' that baby in!

Maybe we'll find another;
Maybe, in ninety years.
Maybe we'll find his brother,
With his brains above his ears.
Maybe—I'll lay ag'in it
A million bucks to a fin—
Never a handy
Guy like Sande,
Bootin' them babies in!

—DAMON RUNYON in the Chicago *Herald and Examiner* after Sande won the Kentucky Derby with Flying Ebony in 1925.

AMERICA'S premier pilot of thoroughbreds. In the background Sarazen, Sande up, is seen winning the Newark Handicap at Havre de Grace in 1925, and in the foreground is the famous jockey immediately after the race.

(Reading time: 19 minutes 26 seconds.)

ON the afternoon of January 21, 1918, Earl Sande, an unknown, undersized, freckled kid of nineteen, won his first horse race on a big-time track when he booted home a cheap thoroughbred, named Prince S, at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans.

Almost ten years later, on June 11, 1927, Earl Sande, then idol of the American turf, crossed the finish line a winner for the nine hundredth time when he rode Harry Payne Whitney's good colt, Groucher, in the National Stallions' stake at Belmont Park, New York.

Nine hundred winners in ten years!

An average of ninety winners a year!

Millions of dollars in purses for the owners of the horses he rode!

More millions for the men and women who bet on Sande's mounts!

Fame, fortune, and acclaim for Sande himself!

Not once during those ten years was the finger of suspicion pointed at him. "Sande up" was a guarantee that the betting public would be given a run for its money.

Then—

On the afternoon of November 4, 1927, the whole racing world was shocked by the announcement that Maryland racing officials had revoked his jockey license, taken up his badge, and *escorted him to the gates of the track*, as they sometimes do cheating trainers, crooked bookmakers, or common touts. Sande was not charged with cheating. He hadn't deliberately pulled a horse; he hadn't taken his mount "all over the track," so as to lessen his chance of winning; nor had he given his charge an indifferent ride.

On the contrary, it was Sande's great desire to win that had got him into trouble. In his anxiety to bring his mount home first and justify the confidence his backers had placed in him, he had, according to Patrol Judge Willie Doyle, "deliberately taken his mount, Bateau, across the track and cut off Reigh Count, the favorite."

Sande denied the charge, contending that Jockey Chick Lang, on Reigh Count, had

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"grabbed a firm hold on my blouse and tried to pull me back." He also declared that he had the right of way and that Reigh Count had no chance of passing him on the inside rail—that the space was too narrow. In this he was supported by two other riders in the race, Jockey Louis Morris, rider of the winner, and Jockey McCoy, who finished second.

Turf writers who witnessed the race were about evenly divided as to the culpability of Sande. They were almost unanimous, however, in expressing the opinion that the punishment was somewhat harsh, and that the Maryland racing officials unnecessarily had humiliated the idol of the American turf by expelling him from the grounds.

Wide World photo

Sande up on Sir Barton.

THAT race followers throughout the world sympathized with Sande and will retain their high regard for his ability, his integrity, and his sportsmanship was attested in thousands of cablegrams, telegrams, and letters to Sande.

Sande, like most top-notch jockeys, indulged in rough riding frequently. He once was set down for rough tactics in Kentucky, and often was criticized by turf writers for the same reason. Sande himself doesn't pose as a gentle pilot.

"There are a dozen tricks that virtually every rider uses," he told me. "Boys will lock legs, grab saddlecloths, and shoulder each other. Locking legs and grabbing saddlecloths is foul riding. Shouldering or elbowing an opponent who is trying to make you 'jump the fence' is not; it is self-protection. But if the stewards see only half of what happens, the guilty boy may escape while the other gets the punishment."

Sande's employer, Joseph E. Widener, the Philadelphia sportsman, considered the punishment meted out to Sande a bit severe, as was indicated in the letter he sent the Maryland Racing Commission three weeks after the boy's license was revoked. The letter and the answer to it follow:

To the State Racing Commission,
Baltimore, Md.

GENTLEMEN:

I am writing in the interest of Earl Sande, for whom I have a very high regard, and hope you may not feel it an intrusion.

Sande has been very sad since the loss of his wife, to whom he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"The Cream of th

FREDERICK MADAN

Giovanni Martinelli
in Pagliacci

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]

was most devoted, and, hoping to brighten his spirits, I arranged a trip abroad for him, to sail November 26. To my great disappointment he today told me he couldn't go with the present cloud hanging over him, caused by your recent ruling.

Even though considered guilty by your stewards, I hope you may feel him sufficiently punished by the end of your Maryland racing season to restore him to his former good standing, so he may be willing to sail on November 26 as I have arranged.

P. & A. photo

Sande and Zev.

It is only Sande's fine character and hurt feeling which prompt me to write you in this way. In my many years on the turf I've known few, if any, jockeys who have been such a credit to the turf.

Useless to say, I will greatly appreciate personally any consideration you may show Sande.

Sincerely yours,
JOSEPH E. WIDENER.

Mr. Joseph E. Widener,
Rural Route 3,
Lexington, Ky.

MY DEAR MR. WIDENER:

Replying to your recent letter, received November 19, asking if the Maryland Racing Commission could not restore Jockey Earl Sande to good standing at the close of the Maryland racing season on November 26, I beg to advise you that both of my colleagues on the Commission are away and it has not been possible to call a formal meeting of the Commission. I have not been successful in reaching Mr. Mudd, but I have communicated the contents of your letter to Mr. Spencer, and both he and I are agreed that we do not feel justified in taking favorable action in Sande's case at this time.

The stewards at Pimlico found Sande guilty of a serious offense and suspended him for the remainder of the Pimlico meeting, and referred his case to us for further action. Believing that the stewards were right in their ruling and that the offense merited further action, we revoked Sande's license.

We regard the present application as premature. Should Sande make application to us in 1928 for a license, we will give the matter most careful consideration. Very truly yours,

JAMES A. LATANE, *Chairman*
Maryland Racing Commission.

[CONT'D ON PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

Giovanni Martinelli

famous tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, *writes:*

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Giovanni Martinelli

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P. L. Daniel
Douglas, Ga.

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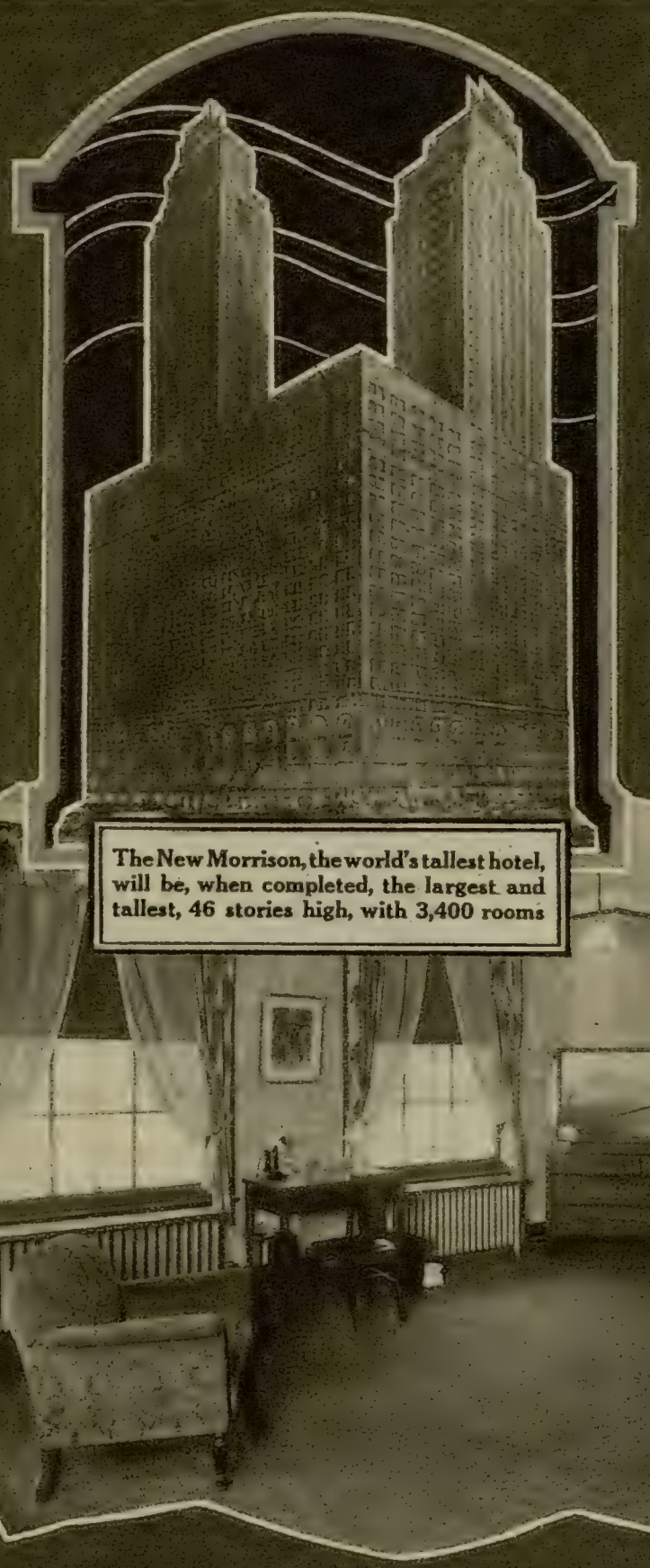

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-FIVE]

Regardless of the ultimate decision of the racing officials in Sande's case, the little fellow will go down in history as one of the greatest racers of all time.

WHO is this Sande? Where is he from, and what is there about him that qualifies him for a place in the turf's Hall of Fame, alongside Fred Taral, Tod Sloan, Danny Maher, Snapper Garrison, Buddy Ensor, Grover Cleveland Fuller, Johnny Loftus, and Joe Notter?

Twenty years ago, as a kid of nine, he was receiving his first lessons in horsemanship out on the plains of Idaho. From a neighbor's boy in American Falls he had bought a little roan pony for fifteen dollars, an old bicycle, and some live ducks. The pony and Earl raced with other boys and their ponies in the town, and it soon became known throughout the countryside that "the Sande boy is a right smart rider."

P. & A. photo

At Tia Juana with his wife, in 1926.

"I had a lot of fun in those days," Sande told me. "I used to imagine myself astride a real thoroughbred coming down the stretch at the tracks I read about, and I longed for a chance to get in a real race."

The chance came to Sande rather unexpectedly a few years later at a Fourth of July celebration in his home town. The main event at the celebration was a horse race over a half-mile track right out in the sagebrush.

The leading horseman of American Falls was a barge of a man, Burr Scott. Scott had a thoroughbred named Guise for which he wanted a rider. He went among the spectators, calling for a volunteer jockey. Young Sande pushed his way through the crowd and said: "I'll ride your horse, Mr. Scott."

"I've had many a thrill since that day," said Sande, telling of the race; "but I've never experienced such joy as swept over me when I brought Guise home in front for a ten-dollar purse, one dollar of which I received."

For a year and a half, Scott and young Sande worked the State and country fairs, engaging in match races for small side bets, winning most of them, owing to Earl's natural horsemanship and experience, until finally they brought up at Phœnix, Arizona.

Here the pair separated—Scott to return to American Falls with his horses; Sande to enter the employ of Doc Pardee, a liveryman who owned two quarter horses, Tick Tack and Vanity Fair, which he raced whenever opportunity presented. At a country fair in Arizona he won twenty-six match races in one day!

When the United States got into the World War, Sande was eighteen, three years under the minimum age called in the first draft law. In August, 1918, when the call went out for men from eighteen to forty-five, he registered, but was ten pounds under the minimum weight fixed by the War Department. Anyway, he was never called to the colors.

The war did not affect racing in the United States, so Sande decided he would attempt to break into the big time at New Orleans. Armed with a letter of introduction to Joseph P. Goodman, horse owner and trainer, he went to the Crescent City in November, 1917.

Sande signed a contract with Goodman at twenty dollars a month, his clothes, and the usual winning fee of twenty-five dollars and the losing fee of ten dollars.

His first big-time race came early in January, 1918, when Goodman told him he was to be given an opportunity to ride Liberator.

Liberator, especially with a new boy in the saddle, wasn't fancied by the bookmakers or the public. His price was chalked up at 20 to 1. Goodman himself didn't think his horse had much of a chance against such fair platers as Busy Joe, Viley, and a few others that had won some cheap claiming races that year.

"I FOUND I was quite cool at the post," said Sande. "I kept my eyes on the other boys, managed to keep Liberator's head pointed in the right direction, and when the barrier went up I gave him his head and we were away with the leaders.

"But this was my first race on a big track, and I had gone into it without proper preparation. I didn't know the habits and peculiarities of the other horses in that race.

"Viley had a habit of bearing out toward the fence when he reached the turn going into the stretch. The other boys, knowing this, kept to the inside. When he started bearing out this day, he took Liberator and me with him. We finished second to Busy Joe, piloted home by that sterling rider, Albert Johnson."

Sande was almost in tears. He imagined Goodman would berate him for what he believed was a stupid ride. Instead, he was greeted with a hearty "That was great, Earl; you did splendidly!" from the trainer.

"That race and the result was the best thing that could have happened to me," said Sande. "It taught me to always study not only the habits of the horse I was to

[CONT'D ON PAGE SEVENTY-NINE]

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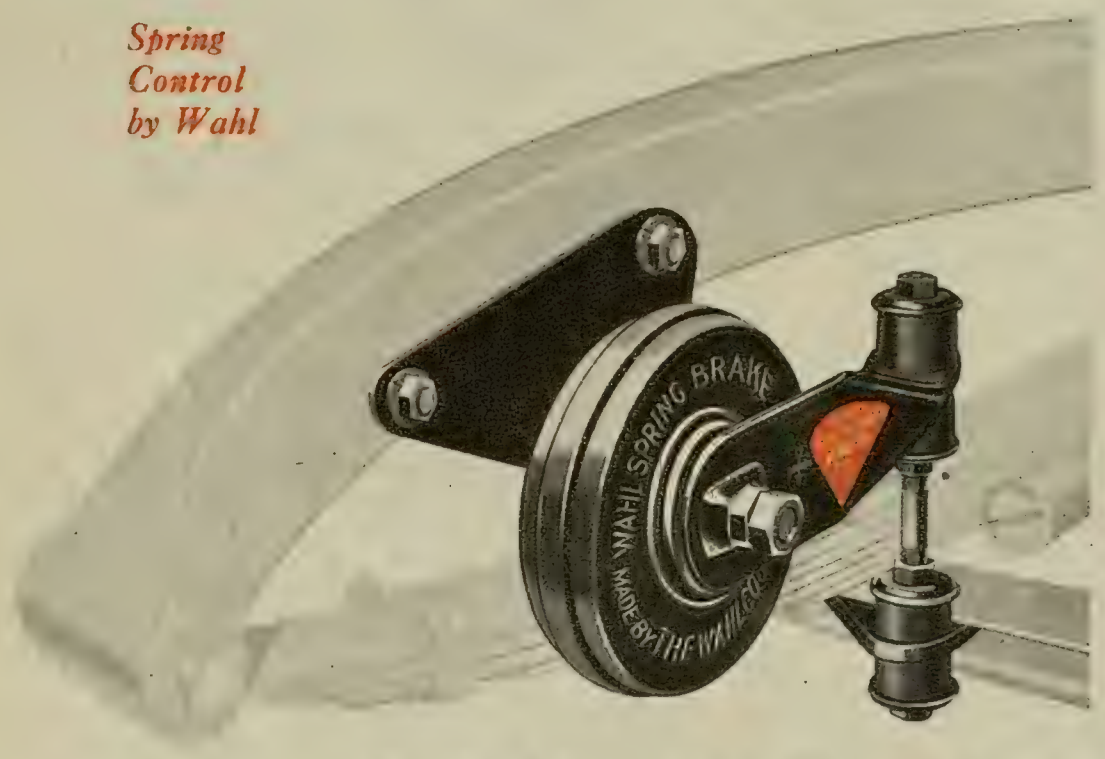

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Wahl Spring Brakes revised the whole motor world's ideas about shock absorbers. During 1927 they set a new standard in spring controlling devices.

They have been adopted as factory equipment by several of the largest car builders—an unquestionable endorsement of their merit.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

ride, but also the habits of those I wanted to beat.

"Since that day I've won many a race because I could predict seconds in advance just what certain horses and certain boys would do at a certain time under certain circumstances.

"Horsemen call this generalship. Whatever it is, it is one of the most valuable qualities a jockey can have."

Sande brought his first winner home just fifteen days after the Liberator race. And to make his victory doubly sweet, his mount —Prince S— was the outsider in a four-horse field, quoted at 8 and 10 to 1 in the books.

P. & A. photo

Weighing in before the international match between Zev and Papyrus, won by former.

Around race tracks one often hears the remark: "Good horses make good jockeys!" Sande, like every man and boy around race tracks that's worth a tinker's dam, has enemies who will tell you that Sande is a leading jockey because he always had the best horses to ride. But Sande made his reputation riding mediocre horses superbly.

He won it on cheap horses like F. C. Cole, which he brought home in front at the juicy price of 100 to 1; and Mary's Beau, a 20-to-1 shot. He won his place as one of the greatest riders of all time by his clean living, his honesty, his light hands, his quick thinking in tight places, his indomitable courage, and his natural horsemanship.

A RACE rider remains an apprentice until he has piloted forty winners across the finish line of recognized tracks. Some boys remain apprentices for years. Sande graduated from the ranks of apprentices in almost record time.

He rode his fortieth winner at Lexington, Kentucky, on April 27, 1918, three months and six days after he won his first race on Prince S. And in September of that year, at Havre de Grace, Maryland, he rode four winners out of six mounts. A year later, at the same track, he won six out of seven races on the card, establishing a record in Maryland that never has been equaled.

Before he had been riding a year, from the time he asked Joe Goodman to give him a chance, Commander J. K. L. Ross, the Canadian sportsman, paid Johnson & Kane $16,000 for Sande's contract, which they had bought from Joe Goodman for $7,500.

Under the terms of his contract with Commander Ross, Sande received sixty dollars a month and clothed himself. He was, however, permitted to accept other mounts when his services were not required by Ross, and he thereby increased his earnings several thousand a year.

With Sande as his star rider, the Canadian sportsman's fortune on the turf curved upward. Earl rode for him from the fall of 1918 until early in October, 1920. However, the day before the famous race between Man o' War and Sir Barton at Kenilworth, Canada, Sande learned, to his amazement and chagrin, that Commander Ross had substituted Frankie Keogh as the rider of Sir Barton in the match race.

"IT was the greatest humiliation of my life," Sande told me. "The match was exciting the attention of America and Canada, and I had looked forward to riding Sir Barton. I went to Mr. Ross and asked him why I had been taken down from his horse."

"'You're in a losing streak, Earl,' he told me. 'The winning of this race means a great deal to me, and I thought a change of riders might bring me luck.'

"There was but one thing for me to do—ask him to cancel my contract. He refused at first, but later agreed."

The severance of relations with Commander Ross subsequently proved a good stroke for Sande. A few days after the Man o' War-Sir Barton race, in which the latter was soundly beaten, Sande signed a contract with Samuel C. Hildreth at a salary of $15,000 a year. Hildreth then, as now, was trainer for the Rancocas Stable, owned by Harry F. Sinclair, the oil man.

Mr. and Mrs. Hildreth took Sande into their hearts and their home. It was through them that he met Miss Marion Hildreth Casey, Mrs. Hildreth's niece, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Harry Casey of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The friendship which sprang up between these two young people resulted in their marriage a few years later.

There was something almost poetic about this union. Up to the time that Sande met this lovely New England girl he had lived a lonely life. He had no intimates. He did not drink. He did not go in for wild parties, cabarets, or gambling. He knew that the jockeys'

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Spades: A-10-8-5-2; Hearts: A-7-4; Diamonds: A-J-6; Clubs: 9-3. With the above hand, what would be the correct declarations, score love-all? (A) If it be held by South (Dealer). (B) If it be held by West (Second Hand), South (Dealer) having bid one No Trump. (C) If it be held by North (Third Hand), South having bid one Club and West having passed. (D) If it be held by North (Third Hand), South having bid one Diamond and West having passed. (E) SPECIAL QUESTION: Which of the four above questions is the most difficult, and why? (Answers to this question must not exceed 50 words.)

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Everybody except Carrom employees may enter. 2. Write answers to AUCTION BRIDGE questions on plain paper, and mail them to us, not later than midnight, March 4th, 1928. 3. Write your name and address in upper left hand corner of paper. 4. Upon entering this contest you agree to abide by the decisions of MR. MILTON C. WORK, SOLE JUDGE.

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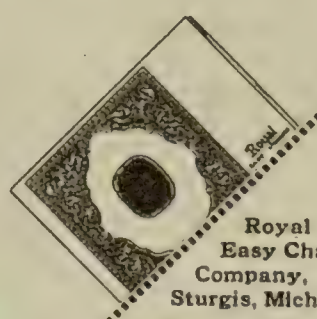

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[HANDY SANDE
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

great bugaboo—weight—was always near by, waiting to attach itself to him.

The only romance that had touched him was the romance of the race track. His days were laid out for him as carefully as are those of a splendid athlete in training. Day in and day out, during the racing season, which began in April and ended in November, he arose at 5:30 A. M., breakfasted on fruit and black, sugarless coffee, reached the track at 6, and galloped, schooled, and exercised horses until 10, when he went home to sleep until 12:15 P. M. Then, luncheonless, he went back to the track to report at the jockey room at 1 P. M.

At 6 o'clock he ate a fairly good meal of meat and vegetables, but rarely permitted himself the luxury of starchy foods, sugar, cream, pie, or cake. Between 9 and 10 o'clock, regularly, every night, he retired.

In Mrs. Sande the jockey found a companion who gladly shared his circumscribed life. Rarely did she miss a day at the races. Part of the joy of her life was to hear the crowds acclaim her famous husband.

P. & A. photo

Sande "taking the mud" as an also-ran at Aqueduct in 1925.

THEN came that unhappy day at Saratoga, August 6, 1924. In attempting to protect a younger and less experienced rider from injury or death, the peerless Sande went down in a jam, to be trampled and mangled by flying hoofs.

Sande was riding James Butler's Spurt in a mile-and-seventy-yard race, and was well up with the leaders when the first turn was reached. Benny Marinelli, who had the leg up on Señor, suddenly cut sharply across the field, causing a jam between Speckled Beauty, Semper, and Cathleen Ni Houlihan.

Little Albert Bruening was riding Gnome Girl close to the rail. When Sande was forced to the inside there was grave danger of Bruening's mount being cut down. Seeing the danger, Sande took Spurt back. Then, when he tried to ease the horse to the outside, Spurt crossed his legs and down he went.

Earl was thrown violently. The onrushing Speckled Beauty, Semper, and Cathleen Ni Houlihan crashed into the fallen Spurt, and one of them rolled on the prostrate Sande.

It was all over in a flash. Three jockeys were down on the track with Sande. Women screamed. Mrs. Sande, watching the race from the clubhouse, fainted in the arms of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.

Admiral Cary T. Grayson, President Woodrow Wilson's personal physician, hurried to offer his assistance. Mr. Widener, president of the Westchester Racing Association, telegraphed to New York for Dr. James Russell, the noted surgeon.

At the hospital, X rays showed that Sande had suffered a compound fracture of the right leg—a clean break a little above the knee, another about six inches higher, and just above that the bone was splintered in two places. In addition there were a broken collar bone and a fractured rib.

"Sande will never ride again!" announced the doctors.

"I'll fool 'em!" was Sande's answer. "I'll be riding again next spring!"

For three months Sande was confined in Saratoga and New York hospitals. Discharged then, he went back almost immediately for an operation on one of his kidneys, which had become infected as a result of the accident.

When he emerged the second time, racing fans were talking about the spring opening in Maryland.

"Sande? What about him? Will he ride this year?" they were asking one another.

"Nope! He's through!" said the wiseacres. "Once they take one of them bad flops under the old hoofs, they lose their nerve."

NOBODY quite knew what Sande was planning to do. Then, one day in February, Harry McCarty, the original Irish Lad, "broke" a story to the effect that Sande and Sam Hildreth had come to the parting of the ways—that Sande would not be seen in the Sinclair colors again.

In due time Sande confirmed this report. What caused the split between the rider and Hildreth never was made public.

Then came a spring afternoon at Havre de Grace—April 21, 1925. Maxie Hirsh, one of the smartest trainers in the business, sent out the word that Earl Sande would ride Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's Sulky Sarah—better known to the general public as Sarazen—in the Newark Handicap.

"Here's the test!" said the sharpshooters. "If Sande has lost his nerve, he'll show it today."

Fifteen thousand enthusiasts turned out to see it—and Sande's attempt at a comeback. When the horses came out of the paddock

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE EIGHTY-THREE]

Everybody's happy—it's Eskimo Pie time!

Eat it like a banana—peel back the foil wrapper

Watch their faces . . . those laughing, never-care youngsters who know that Eskimo Pie time's arrived.

They're happy! Because nothing else satisfies their sweet tooth craving like this cool, enticing, magic-flavored treat.

Delicious, rich ice cream enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate . . . wholesome, nutritious, as good for their health as it is good to eat.

Wherever lively crowds gather—at parties, sporting events, socials, bazaars, dances—Eskimo Pie is served as a delightful, distinctive surprise.

When you want an instant "bracer" . . . when you wish to join the children in a feast of taste, ask your nearest ice cream dealer for Eskimo Pie.

BUY THEM BY THE BOX — SERVE THEM ON ALL OCCASIONS

© 1928, E. P. Corp.

An enticing bar of firm, delicious ice cream, enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate, held in a sanitary moisture-proof wrapper. That is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—*Eskimo Pie*

Over three hundred million sold yearly

NOTE TO RETAIL DEALERS: *If your ice cream manufacturer is unable to supply you with Eskimo Pie advise us immediately.*

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION

ICE CREAM for health

ESKIMO PIE MANUFACTURERS: *Our retail selling plans and point-of-purchase advertising are ready for you. Write us for full information.*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Parker's new Duofold with Pressureless touch

Shown in exact size and colors through

LIBERTY'S FOUR-COLOR PRINTING

COLOR is the vogue in fountain pens, too. The colorful pen sells fastest—and LIBERTY'S four-color printing speeds sales of Parker's colorful pens.

Here is Parker's latest Duofold in the new five Permanite colors, exactly as you will see them at the store. Mandarin Yellow, Jade, Lacquer-red, Lapis Lazuli Blue, Black and Gold, *all Black-tipped*—all in their original lustrous beauty. Eye-appeal that creates buy-appeal! The sale is made here and affirmed at the dealer's counter.

You put color in merchandise to sell *more* merchandise. What a contradiction of purpose to advertise it in colorless black only!

The advertiser's plates from the original Parker ad in the November 19th LIBERTY were used for this reprint. The paper is identical. LIBERTY uses an exclusively-made *58-pound cover stock* for all four-color advertising—eleven pounds heavier than the paper the Saturday Evening Post uses. Paper does make a difference. *Compare the printing!*

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Because of its interchangeable construction, Parker Duofold is a Combination Pocket and Desk Set Pen. When you own one of these, you own half a Desk Set, too. Just add a Parker Base and a Pen Taper to complete your writing equipment for your Desk also.

Parker Duofold

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U.S. Pat. Office

Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold $5

OVER-SIZE $7

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY]

for the parade to the post, a deafening roar greeted Sande.

They were at the post. Sande, as always, was alert. No move of starter or opposing jockey escaped his keen gray eyes. Up went the barrier. Off in a bunch went the spirited horses—all but Sande's mount, Sarazen. He was slow to get away.

Once he got running, however, he extended himself. Sande helped him. Together they flew after the leaders. On the turn, the rail horses bore out just a trifle. They left an opening through which Sande believed he could take his mount. It wasn't much of an opening, but—

Track experts predicted Sande would never ride again, after the Saratoga accident. "I'll fool 'em," he replied—and did.

Through the narrow hole Sarazen went—on, past the leaders, on with ever-quickening strides. When he flashed under the wire, a length and a half in front of the second horse, he had established a new track record, clipping four-fifths of a second off Billy Kelly's time. He had stepped the six furlongs in 1:11.

Sande had come back!

Less than a month later, learning that the horse he had been engaged to ride in the Kentucky Derby had been withdrawn, Sande went to the blue-grass country, seeking an opportunity to ride in the great classic. Gifford A. Cochran offered him the seat on Flying Ebony.

The black colt was 20 or 30 to 1 in the "winter books" a week before the race. But Sande wasn't afraid to take a chance. He had ridden 100-to-1 shots to victory. Sande accepted the offer.

P. & A. photos

Mrs. Sande was her husband's chief nurse after his smash-up at Saratoga in 1924. This pictures them in their Jamaica, N. Y., home.

Derby Day was a rainy day. The track was muddy and getting muddier every minute. Twenty thoroughbreds went to the post.

WHEN the barrier went up, Flying Ebony got off about fourth. Sande immediately rushed him into second position and kept him there until they reached the back stretch, where he took the lead for about an eighth of a mile. Sande then eased off, permitting Captain Hal to make the pace. But when they turned into the stretch Sande began to shake up the black colt.

At the eighth pole, Flying Ebony came up alongside Captain Hal, "looked him in the eye," as the saying goes, and then went on about his business. Under Sande's masterly riding he held his lead all the way to the wire, winning easily.

A great cheer went up from lawn and stands. It wasn't a cheer for Flying Ebony so much as it was for Sande. The boy had awakened a horse that didn't seem to have a chance, and had won for the second time the greatest of America's racing classics—the Kentucky Derby. His first victory had been on Zev in 1923.

All through that year of 1925 Sande rode like a Cossack. Fear wasn't in his repertoire.

But—

The old bugaboo—weight—was chasing him. He was finding it increasingly difficult to make 112. And the winter lay-off was coming.

By fasting a little more, by hitting the road a little more often, by working a little harder, he got through that next year with a high winning percentage.

Then came the spring of 1927.

Sande was climbing in years and in weight.

Something had to be done about it if he were to continue in the saddle.

He was making big money—$50,000, sometimes more, a year. But he couldn't earn that sort of money unless he could get mounts. And he couldn't get mounts unless he rode around 112.

Turkish baths! Road work! Less to eat!

THE woman who had watched over him for more than three years saw a pinched, starved look come over his freckled face. She saw him watch her with hungry eyes as she ate an ordinary meal.

And she came to the conclusion that it wasn't fair for her to eat her fill. It made it more difficult for Earl. So she decided to play the game with him.

Thereafter she ate when he ate. She ate what he ate. No more!

Chocolates, bonbons, sundaes, starches, cream, sugar—all were barred!

It was fun! It was a game—and she played it all the way. If Earl expostulated, she laughed at him. If he could stand that sort of diet, so could she!

August! Saratoga!

"Sande! Sande!" "Come on home, Sande!" "Bring the hoss in!" "Sande!"

Down the stretch they came. Under the wire they went, Sande leading on Chance Play.

The excitement was intense.

On the lawn in front of the clubhouse, a little woman suddenly collapsed.

It was Mrs. Earl Sande.

"A blood transfusion is necessary," said the doctors at the hospital that night.

The news got out. It spread to the habitat of jockeys, trainers, and owners around the track. It seeped into the cottages out at "the Lake." It reached Saratoga's Broadway.

To the hospital went potential donors. In the van were a score of jockeys. Quick little big men.

They were followed by husky-voiced trainers. The blue-bloods came and offered to open their veins to give health to Sande's partner. Broadway's red-bloods asked if they wouldn't do.

The doctors did the best they knew.

On the 2d of September she died.

Looking over the flower-laden casket at the station at Saratoga a few days later, a grizzled old trainer brushed his eyes with a sunburnt hand and said:

"Sande'll have to go it alone now."

THE END

HOW SHOULD HE HAVE KNOWN THAT

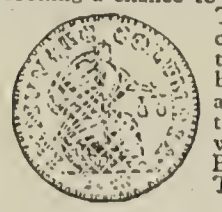
He Tossed Away $500

It looked like an ordinary Silver Dollar to him and the cigar clerk never batted an eye

GEORGE cashed his Saturday check at the grocery. Two $10.00 bills; two silver dollars and a few pennies were left. The bills he placed in his wallet; the silver in his pocket. Later in the evening, he stopped for cigars. He tossed a silver dollar on the counter; got his smokes and change; walked out and the incident was over.

As George departed, the cigar man glanced at the dollar; then quickly stepped to the light for a closer look. Sure enough, there was the date: "1804." With trembling haste, he sealed it in an envelope and from his pocket placed another dollar in the cash drawer. George heard about it the next Saturday . . . saw the $500 check the cigar man had received for the coin. He learned that for 85c in change and a few cigars, he had tossed away a young fortune. "Talk about rotten luck! I oughta' kick myself around the block. But how should I have known?" he asked the cigar man.

"Like I did, that's how," said the clerk. "I saw an advertisement in a magazine headed *'Old Money Wanted'*. All day long I give and receive change. I wanted to know the value of old coins and how to tell them when I saw them. I sent 4c to the NUMISMATIC COMPANY of Fort Worth, Texas, the largest old coin dealers in America, and received a big coin folder telling about the profits that have been made from old money. You don't catch me overlooking a chance to pick up a fortune so easily.



There are unknown numbers of valuable coins in circulation. Liberty nickels [not buffalo] coined as late as 1913 are worth up to $50.00. Certain $5.00 gold pieces are worth as high as $2000.00. Believe me, boy, IT PAYS TO BE POSTED."

"Well," said George, "it's just another proof that education pays," and he walked sadly away.

Have you a valuable rare coin in your pocket right now? Would you know one if you saw it? Why not POST yourself without delay? Send coupon below with 4c for large illustrated coin folder telling about the profits made in old coins. Send coupon NOW before you "toss away a fortune." Surely you can't lose and there is everything to gain. Mail this coupon TODAY.

Numismatic Company of Texas
Dept. 252, Fort Worth, Texas

Please send me your large Illustrated Coin Folder for which I enolose 4 cents.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please Write or Print Name and Address PLAINLY

Copyrighted by Numismatic Co., 1928

BARKING DOGS Never Bite!

Free: If your dealer does not yet feature Barking Dog Smoking Mixture, a generous sample will be sent you by return mail for 50 cents, together with an attractive MacScott tobacco pouch, FREE. The MacScott pocket pouch is Hermetite—thin, tough, tight, light as a feather and waterproof. It will not crease nor sweat. Mail coupon for yours while supply lasts.

A PIPE TOBACCO famous among connoisseurs! *(You should know it—see attractive offer on coupon).*

Blended to order for a few special customers by a little shop on Wall Street twenty-five years ago, this mixture attracted a notable following of distinguished men: Army and Navy officers, clubmen, financiers, and diplomats.

Orders come by mail from all parts of the world. And . . .

BARKING DOG Smoking Mixture

. . . although it is now a national institution, still keeps the same quaint little trademark and delightful old-time, never biting, friendly blend. To be had at all the high grade tobacco distributors in the principal cities of the United States.

Why not try Barking Dog mixture next time you supply *your* pipe? The coupon below brings it.

BARKING DOG SMOKING MIXTURE
511 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me a good generous sample (the regular 50 cent package) of your famous old Barking Dog Smoking Mixture. Send me also, without charge or obligation, the MacScott tobacco pouch of bright plaid Hermetite. Enclosed find fifty cents.

Name.....

Address .....

City..... *State* L

NEW WATER FERN

Beautiful House Plant -- REQUIRES NO SOIL

THRIVES IN A VASE OF WATER

A peculiar and interesting plant that is admired by everyone; handsome, velvety, fine, fern-like foliage. Curls up and goes to sleep when taken out of water, and keeps in its sleeping or dormant state for weeks and awakens again in a few minutes after being placed in water. Owing to the fact it is capable of sleeping and awakening repeatedly, it is called the Opossum Fern. Do not confuse this plant with the much advertised Resurrection plant. If you want one of the most satisfactory and beautiful "Table Ferns," something entirely new, get one of these marvels of plant life. Plants, **25c each; 3 for 50c; 7 for $1.00,** postpaid. **BURGESS SEED & PLANT COMPANY, 371 W. F., GALESBURG, MICHIGAN.**

13 Ways to Spend A Pleasant Evening

LIBERTY Binder holds 13 issues—wide selection for a pleasant evening's reading. Binder is handsome black leatherette, gold stamping—fine for library or reading table. Costs only 80c. Order yours *now*—mail this coupon to LIBERTY, Binder Dept., 247 Park Ave., New York.

Please send me.....Binders, for which I enclose 80 cents each.

Name.....

Address.....

2-4-'28

"He's Out of Town"

The Dramatic Saturday-Afternoon Call

A Perplexing Chapter in LIBERTY'S Famous Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

"DON'T slop paint on your new trousers!" Lil warned Sandy, handing him a pair of overall antiques. Then she crammed a painter's little cap, advertising Perkins' Putty, upon his head. "Now you look like—"

"Never mind telling me," he said. "Get out of my workshop."

"*Your* workshop?" Lil giggled. "That's a hot one!" And she kept on giggling.

Sandy had to laugh. He and Lil had been spending a week at the Morses', keeping house at Pop's expense while he went on a business trip up-State, taking Ma. They'd lived high, varying between steak, roasts, and chicken, had entertained twice, and now they were using up a lot of Mr. Morse's cherished lumber to make a bookcase. Sandy seemed to consider his white paint gratis, too!

Not knowing this bookcase was just one inch too long for the space between his living-room windows, he took extra care with artistic shadings on each shelf. If Lil hadn't watched the nervous rotation of his tongue as he painted, she would have mistaken them for mere slips of the brush.

"We ought to get a famous quotation for the front of the top shelf," Sandy said. "'All the world's a stage,' or something like that."

"What about 'Come, My Friends, My Books, and Lead Me On'?" Lil suggested, wondering if she'd read this or was just making it up.

"You don't need anything to lead you on," Sandy told her; "but it's a good quotation to use. I'll paint it on for your birthday."

"I need a new ice-box pan," she told him. "So I'll give you that for *your* birthday!"

"Then we'll both be big-hearted," Sandy said, removing his father-in-law's overalls. And he suddenly felt real romantic, grabbed up his wife, gave her a kiss—and carried her upstairs.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Don't be foolish!" she told him.

The doorbell! She snatched a cooky en route.

Lil peeked through the curtain, chewing on a raisin. Where had she seen that fat man before?

The doorbell again! She continued chewing.

The caller's wheeze was quite audible through the closed door, and he appeared to be sorting a pile of bills. Could he be from the A. B. C. Pay-as-You-Wear Company? The January payment on her new fur coat was a couple of weeks overdue. Perhaps he'd come about the washing machine? Or was it the second payment on the crib?

"Sandy!" she felt like calling. "Get out Pop's gun—quick! We're being dunned!"

Instead, she continued chewing. Then she opened the door with her most alluring "Well?"

"I represent the Feathernest Company, Mrs. Jenkins. Is Mr. Jenkins at home this afternoon?"

She gulped. (Oh, he'd come for the overdue payment on the green settee they'd started to buy when they were engaged!)

"No, I'm sorry to say he isn't—right now," Lil fibbed, jumping because Sandy had just started the radio. "If you'd come back—"

"Not around anywhere?" the man asked. He sniffed cigar smoke.

"He's out of town," Mrs. Sandford Jenkins said. "It's really too bad you didn't happen to call a few days ago." And she flashed a winning, though tricky, smile at the florid gentleman.

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Of Course!

I was asking my uncle questions from an Ask Me Another book.

"That last one was wrong!" I said gleefully. "Now answer me this one! Why is ice slippery?"

My uncle admitted he didn't know, and was about to give up, when his ten-year-old daughter exclaimed:

"Why, that's easy, dad! Ice is slippery because some one forgot to throw ashes on it."—Norman Morse, 129 Washington St., Hartford, Conn.

Circumstances Might Alter Cases

When refreshments were served, Helen refused a second helping of ice cream with a polite "No, thanks," although she looked wistful.

"Do have some more, dear," the hostess urged.

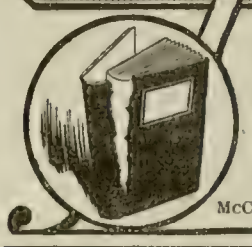
"Mother told me to say 'No, thank you,'" the little girl explained; "but I don't believe she knew how small the dishes were going to be."—E. L. Jurras, 7826 Whittaker Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The new package for the new improved Glo-Co

AT LAST a dressing which keeps the hair in place and *acts as a tonic too!* Even its delightful fragrance is *new.* Glo-Co Company, 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

As necessary as the morning shave

IRON GLUE



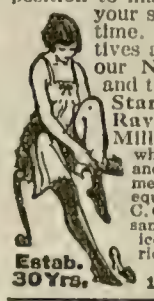
To Mend Books

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug, grocery stores, or 15c size sent by mail. Tubes. Bottles.

McCORMICK & Co., Baltimore, Md.

I Want 700 Agents at $90 a Week

Men and Women! Write me today and by this time next week I can place you in a position to make $2.00 to $5.00 an hour in your spare time, up to $15 a day full time. Thousands of our representatives are making that and more with our New Plans. Simply introduce and take orders for famous World's Star Hosiery, Underwear and Rayon Lingerie sold direct from Mill to Home—a complete line for whole family. Permanent customers and repeat orders. No investment needed. Complete selling equipment furnished Free. No C. O. D. No deposit. It's a chance to make thousands of dollars. Exclusive territory. Extra Service Awards. Cash Bonus. Promotion. No experience needed. Write today for all particulars.



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1792 Lake Street Bay City, Mich.

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MUNN & CO.

Associated for 82 years with the Scientific American

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569 Scientific American Bldg., *Wash., D. C.*
1366 Tower Building, *Chicago, Ill.*
693 Hobart Building, *San Francisco, Cal.*
576 Van Nuys Building, *Los Angeles, Cal.*

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
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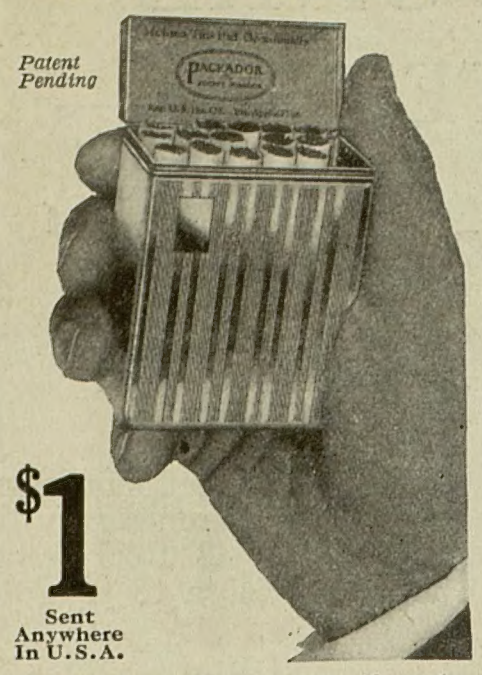
BALDNESS

CAN BE AVOIDED

LuckyTiger kills the germs. Stops falling hair Money-Back Guarantee Use White-Fox for all skin eruptions. Barbers and druggists.

LUCKY TIGER

The Pocket Humidor



$1
Sent Anywhere In U.S.A.

YOU offer your friends cigarettes. But how? Ragged—bent—dry and rumpled? Is this a system? PACKADOR keeps cigarettes perfectly. Preserves original flavor. Flips open with one hand. Takes a pack of twenty, wrapper and all. Keeps tobacco out of your pockets. Made of non-tarnish nickel silver. Featherweight.

Send No Money

Mail the coupon—pay the postman. If you don't like PACKADOR after 5 days—return it. Money back.

PACKADOR The POCKET HUMIDOR

Alfred Vester Sons, Inc.
10 Mason St., Providence, R. I.

Send me one PACKADOR. I'll pay the postman $1 plus postal charges. Money back if I don't like it.

Name.....
Address.....
L-1.....

Chase Pain Away with Musterole

Just Rub It On

When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, rub on good old Musterole. As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief. For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism, aches and pains in back and joints, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

Jars & Tubes
MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Rudyard Kipling

Has written another graphic article
Light and Power
IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

$5 FOR FUN

Qualify for One of LIBERTY'S Weekly Prizes for Original

WORD GOLF PROBLEMS

WANT TO HAVE
in 3 Strokes

W	A	N	T
W		N	E
W	A	V	E
H	A	V	E

HARD TO BOIL
in 5 Strokes

H	A	R	D
B	O	I	L

BANK TO CASH
in 3 Strokes

B	A	N	K
C	A	S	H

PAID TO BILL
in 4 Strokes

P	A	I	D
P	A	I	L
P	A	L	L
B	A	L	L
B	I	L	L

TWO TO SIX
in 5 Strokes

T	W	O
S	I	X

CASK TO WINE
in 4 Strokes

C	A	S	K
W	I	N	E

There will be *no awards for solutions*, but $5 will be paid for each original WORD GOLF problem printed in LIBERTY.

LAST week we showed you how this entertaining and profitable game is played, and here are six more WORD GOLF holes for your amusement. Note that only one letter is to be changed at each stroke and that the positions of the other letters are not to be disturbed. By this simple process one word is converted into another in the number of strokes indicated in the diagram.

Tee up and see if you can beat par on any of these holes. One under par and you've made a birdie; two under will give you an eagle—accomplishments dear to every golfer.

See the Solutions in Next Week's LIBERTY

Now lay out some holes yourself and send them in to LIBERTY for a try at one of the $5 prizes. Don't make them too long. A drive, a brassie, one or two iron shots, and a couple of putts will be about right. Not too many traps and bunkers, if you please, by which we mean that the words should not be too unusual. Give everyone a fair chance in playing the hole. You *must* avoid obsolete and foreign-language words, and it is best to stay away from proper nouns, too.

You are not limited as to the number of problems that may be submitted, but please bear in mind that unaccepted entries cannot be returned and that LIBERTY cannot undertake correspondence on the subject of WORD GOLF.

Address WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

DARK	TELL	CRY	WILL	HEAD	FIRE
DARN	HELL	COY	WILT	HEAL	FILE
DAWN	HEAL	COB	WELT	TEAL	FILL
	HEAR	SOB	WENT	TELL	FELL
			WONT	TALL	FELT
				TAIL	FEAT
					HEAT

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 32

1—The ostrich. It has been known to attain a speed of sixty miles an hour.

2—The aorta.

3—Mecca.

4—A recently discovered specific for diabetes.

5—Two: mainspring and hairspring.

6—La Salle, the first explorer of the Mississippi River.

7—Three hundred and sixty-five days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 45.51 seconds.

8—Japan.

9—Latin.

10—Cape St. Charles, Labrador.

11—For treason in the seizure of the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, Oct. 16, 1859.

12—United States, Australia, England, and France.

13—A test devised by Dr. Bela Schick for determining a person's susceptibility to diphtheria.

14—Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, both born in Kentucky.

15—Sand that contains silica and metallic oxide.

16—A schooner has two sails, and a sloop one. Both have jibs.

17—The unlawful killing of a human being without malice expressed or implied.

18—It was named for Alexander Volta, who made the first voltaic battery.

19—At a point in the eastern part of Smith County, Kansas.

20—Mohammedanism.

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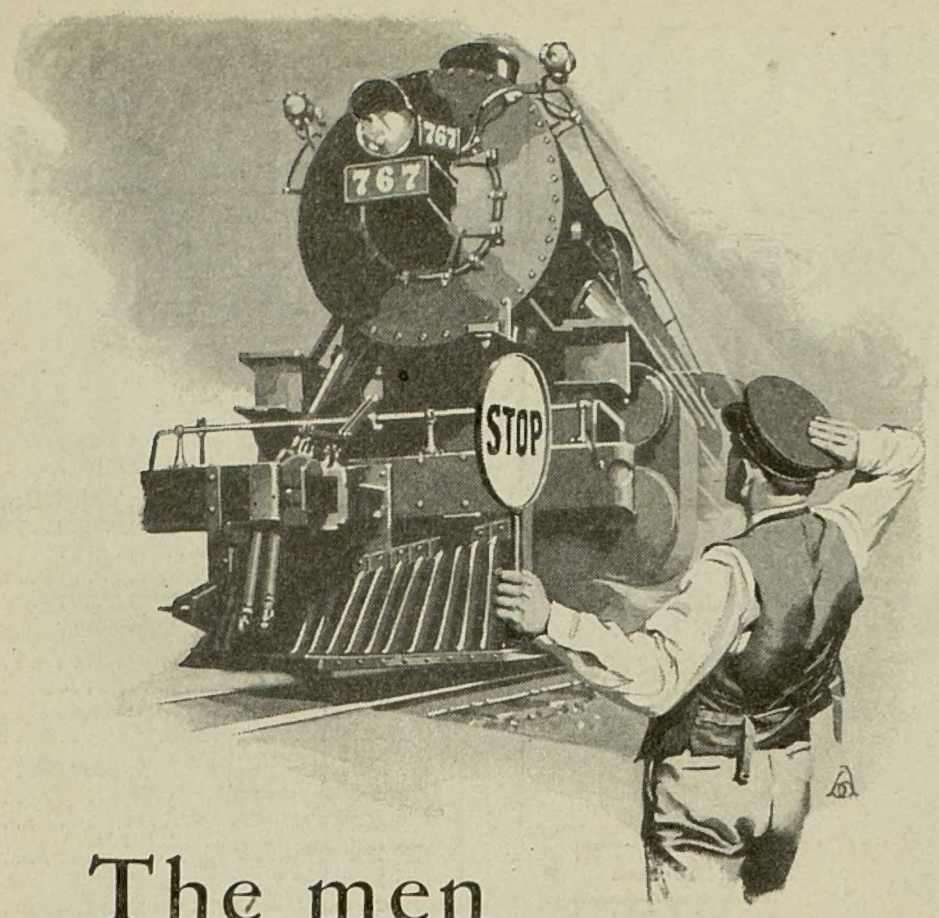
Every precaution is taken to insure accuracy; however, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional omission or change in this index to advertisements.



The men who speed you through

As THE great express thunders through Cobb's Crossing—cleaving the quiet of the country village—you turn in your Pullman chair, stretch luxuriously, and doze again. Did you ever pause a moment to think of the men whose duty it is to speed you so swiftly and smoothly on your way? . . . The chances are that their skill and their vigilance are the products of International Correspondence Schools' training.

The veteran engineer, who unleashes the fierce energy that hurls you ahead . . . the grimy man whose steady, ceaseless swing fires fury into steel . . . the men who built the bridges over which you rumble . . . the men who groomed the sleek, live mass of metal before it left its terminal . . . the conductor who takes your ticket . . . many of them have probably learned their job, thoroughly and well, through I. C. S. instruction. Many of them are fitting themselves for advancement by the same trustworthy methods.

Three hundred railroads, including the Lackawanna, Canadian National, Canadian Pacific, Florida East Coast, Great Northern, Missouri Pacific, Southern Pacific and Union Pacific, have adopted I. C. S. home-study methods for training employees in the method and practice of their work.

Comprehensive courses cover virtually every phase of the operation of a vast railway system. Founded on home-study, with graded lessons and rigid examinations, they are supplemented by a very remarkable service. Seven I. C. S. instruction cars, fully equipped, operate over the lines of the three hundred roads with which the special agreement prevails, and special instruction rooms are maintained at Scranton and Montreal—the latter for Canadians.

In addition, the schools offer a broad and well-balanced program for apprentice training. Many of the roads adopting it provide study rooms near their own shops. Regular monthly reports, from the I. C. S., inform officials as to the progress of each student and help them to select the men who are most capable and most ambitious. Together, in every conceivable way, the schools and the railroads are striving to develop the highest type of workmen. Largely through their efforts, transportation is the smooth, swift servant that you have today.

Even if you are not connected with railroading, the coupon below may interest you for the very multiplicity of courses that it lists. If you *are* a railroad man, it offers you a clear track to achievement in your chosen field. Why not mark it and mail it today?

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
"The Universal University"
Box 8475-G, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I am marking X in the list below:

☐ Locomotive Engineer	☐ Coppersmith	☐ Rate Clerk	☐ Diesel Engines
☐ Locomotive Fireman	☐ Electrician	☐ Station Agent	☐ Gas Engines
☐ Air Brake Inspector	☐ Toolmaker	☐ Bookkeeper	☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Roundhouse Foreman	☐ Painter	☐ Cost Accountant	☐ Plumber
☐ Trainman and Carman	☐ Carpenter	☐ Industrial Management	☐ Roundhouse Machinist
☐ Electric Locomotive and Train Operator	☐ Apprentice Training	☐ Executive Training	☐ Common School Branches
	☐ Railroad Construction	☐ Stenographer and Typist	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Conductor	☐ Civil Engineer		☐ Car Repairer
☐ Machinist	☐ Bridge Builder	☐ Secretarial Work	☐ Car Inspector
☐ Boilermaker	☐ Concrete Work	☐ Good English	☐ Mechanical Drawing
☐ Pipefitter	☐ Architects' Blueprints	☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Surveyor ☐ Chemistry
☐ Blacksmith	☐ Structural Engineer	☐ Practical Telephony	☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Tinsmith			☐ Personnel Management

Name.....

Occupation.....Employed by.....

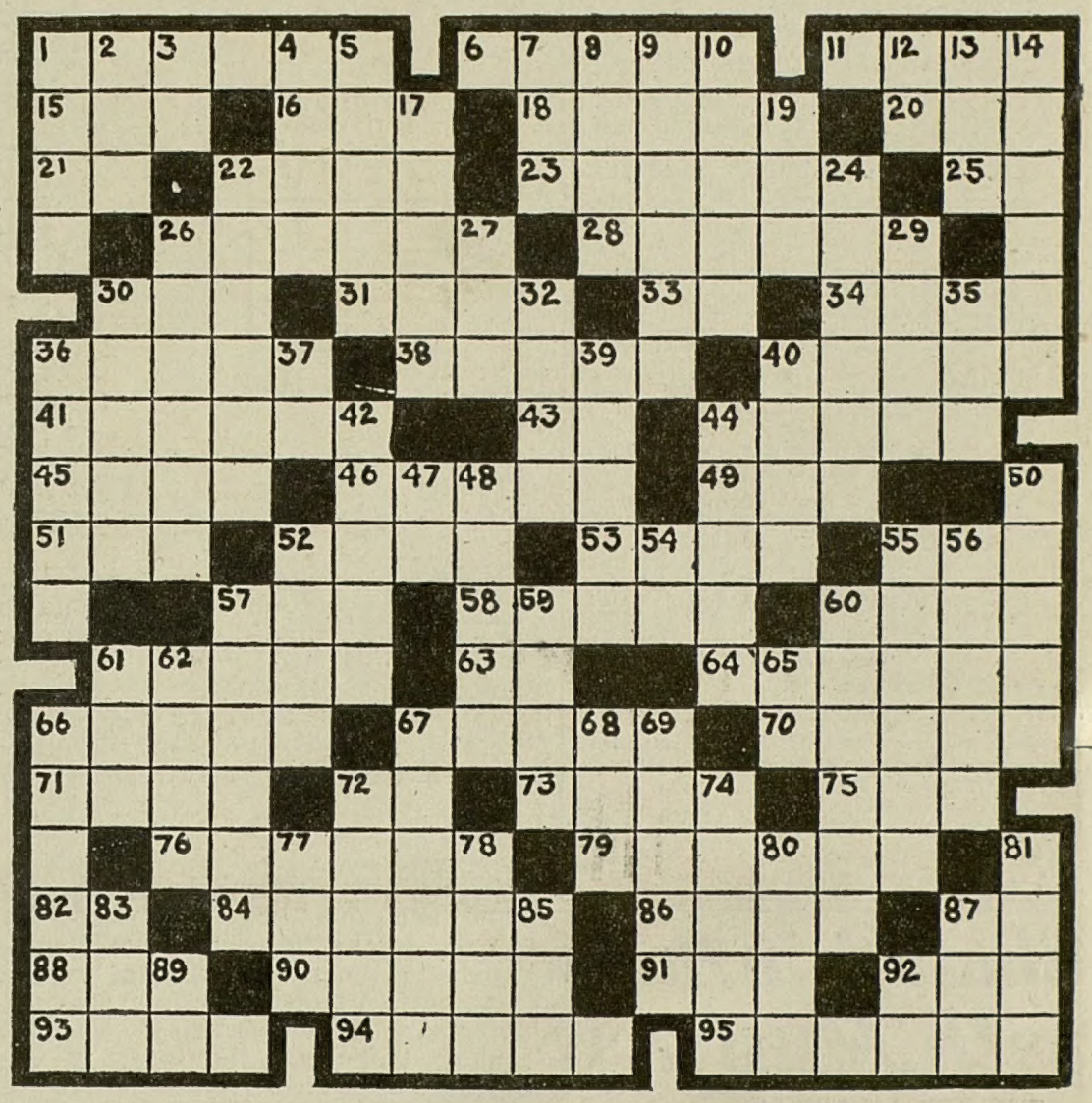
Street Address.....

City.....State.....

Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

FOURSQUARE CENTER PUZZLE

THIS will not long resist the skilled solver's efforts, even without dictionary aid. The less practiced ones may be delayed momentarily in the vicinity of 43 Horizontal, but there is nothing in this rather unusual design to try you unduly.

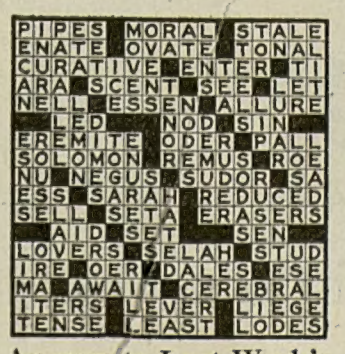


HORIZONTAL

1 Reverse
6 A fruit
11 Soft mineral
15 Extinct flightless bird
16 Exclamation
18 Species of eel
20 Observe
21 By
22 Arabian military commander
23 Cudgels
25 Else
26 Heavenly body
28 Declares
30 Regret
31 Fruiting spikes of grain
33 Suffix meaning oil
34 Inspires dread
36 Labor in behalf of
38 Hindu stringed instrument
40 Wading bird
41 Those who haul or drag
43 Prefix meaning not
44 Plunders
45 Paradise
46 New Zealand aborigine
49 A color
51 Induced
52 Point that stands backward in an arrow
53 A Siouan Indian
55 Witty saying
57 A fish
58 Bore young, as a sheep
60 Spirit of evil (Hindu myth.)
61 Small, mean house
63 Note of the scale
64 Stertorous breather
66 Kind of type
67 Supply arranged for successive relief
70 Silkworms
71 Ejaculation
72 Pronoun
73 Made haste
75 Street boy
76 Recount
79 Cloth worn by Scotch Highlanders
82 The symbol for tantalum
84 Sarcasm
86 Wading bird
87 Note of the scale
88 Egg cells
90 Jeopardy
91 Iniquity
92 Sack
93 Torn
94 Tears
95 Nullify

VERTICAL

1 Mohammedan priest
2 No
3 One of the United States (abbr.)
4 An incarnation of Vishnu (Hindu myth.)
5 Possessive pronoun
7 Measures of type
8 Parcels of ground
9 Declaimer
10 Nautical
12 While
13 A constellation
14 A shade of red
17 Regions
19 Still
22 Football team
24 Cauterized
26 Eddied
27 Prefix meaning three
29 Rule; dominion
30 Author of The Cloister and the Hearth
32 Move
35 Printer's measures
36 Projectile
37 Syllable indicating hesitation
39 Early Greek poet
40 American Indian
42 Little
44 Goads to activity
47 Metric measure of area
48 Fat
50 Asterisks
52 Form of to be
54 Symbol for tellurium
55 Feminine proper name
56 Nymph of mountains and hills
57 Avoids
59 Suffers illness
60 Deadly
61 Domestic animal
62 Persian poet
65 Compass point
66 Pastor
67 Withdraw
68 Fitting
69 Measures of time
72 Bishop's headdress
74 Draw off
77 Head covering
78 Ireland
80 Prong
81 Wise man
83 Salutation
85 Antiquity
87 Oily tissue
89 One indefinitely
92 Symbol for barium



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

LET YOUR FACE DECIDE

USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE — YOUR FAVORITE SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER

YOU have your favorite shaving soap. You use it every day. You are a creature of habit.

We have something *new* in shaving. Better, smoother, faster—the *Modern* Way of Shaving. We want you to try it on—for your own shaving good.

So we "proposition" you here and now:

Make this 3-day test

Take your favorite shaving soap and lather up one-half of your face. Lather it well. Brush it up, brush it up, brush it up! Rub it in just as hard as you please. Hot towel it, and lather it again. Give the Old Soap all the breaks!

Now wet down the other side of your face—with hot water or cold—and leave it wet. Then spread on a film of creamy, cooling Barbasol. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Shave! Like this:

1—*Wash the face {and leave it wet}*
2—*Spread on Barbasol {but don't rub in}*
3—*Shave*

Do this for three days in a row, and compare sides while you're shaving.

Notice the difference between shaving the soap side and the Barbasol side. On the soap side there's *pull* and *drag* and *smarting beard resistance.* On the Barbasol side, all smoothness, ease and silky coolness!

Note how *long* it took you to fix up the *soap* side for the slaughter, and how short a time on the *Barbasol* side for the shaving! That means good time saved when you *double* it for both sides of your face. Time for reading the paper, smiling at Wife, catching the 8:18!

Let your face decide

You'll feel the difference. One side all hot and dry, where the soapy alkali worked on the skin. The Barbasol side all smooth and soft and cool, because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin. No after-smart, no sting, no burn, no ingrowing hairs with Barbasol.

So we repeat the proposition:

Go half-way with Barbasol for three days. You'll go all-the-way with Barbasol for life.

Will you do it? Here's the coupon for the generous trial size! All Druggists 35 & 65c.

COUPON

The Barbasol Co., Indianapolis, Indiana

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

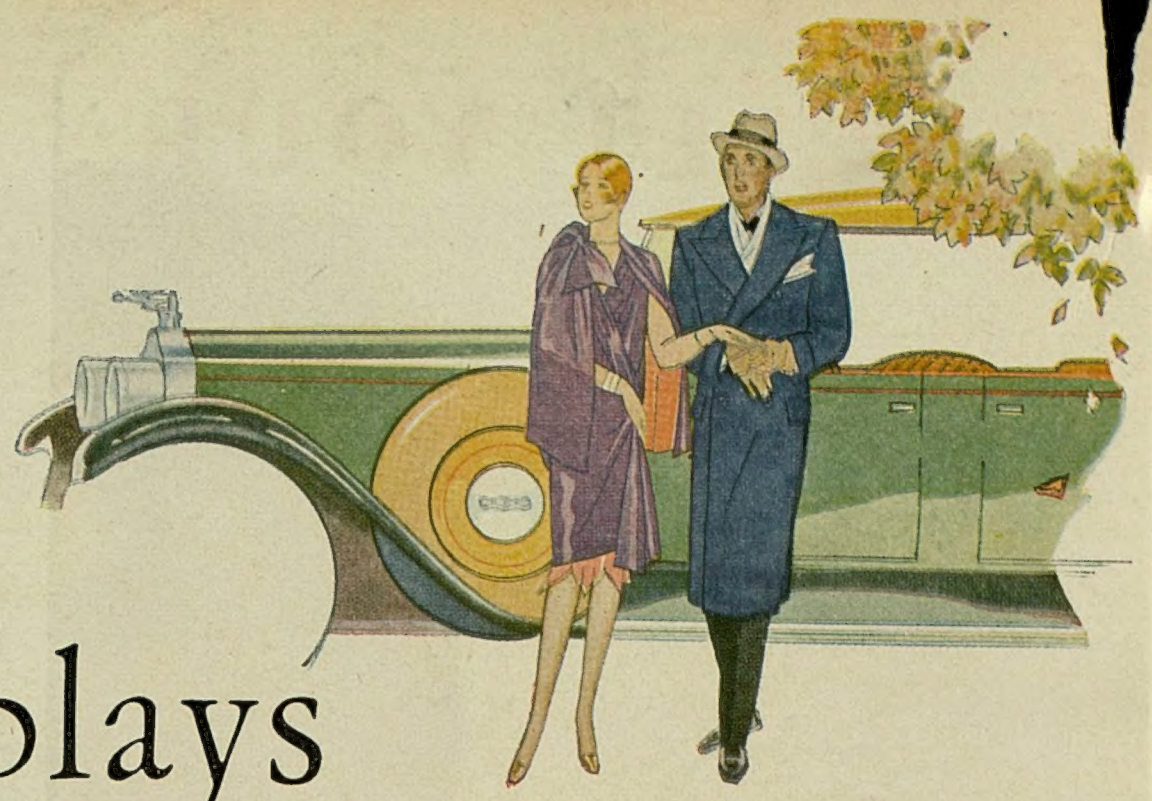
Name .....

Address.....

LM 2-4-28

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving



Dorothy plays the piano, but not like that, of course

Dorothy enjoyed our surprise

As we stepped out of the car, someone was playing the piano. It sounded wonderful! I recognized that delightful bit of Liszt's—the *Dance of the Gnomes*. It couldn't be Dorothy, surely. She plays—and plays rather well, but not like that. . . .

Who do you think it was? . . . Rachmaninoff! Yes, Rachmaninoff playing the piano—through Dorothy's new Orthophonic Victrola. We couldn't believe our ears. We almost expected to *see* the great Russian pianist himself, and here it was the Victrola all the time!

Dorothy enjoyed our surprise—and we enjoyed some of the best music we have ever listened to. It was so realistic, so lifelike. I'm not going to attempt to describe it, for I don't believe I could—and do it justice. All I can say is that you felt the performers were right there in the room *with* you.

Bob and I decided, on the way home, that we would just have to get an Orthophonic Victrola. We had one of the old-type machines, and, even though we seldom played it, had hesitated to part with it. It had been in the family so long, it seemed like an old friend. (*You* know how it is.)

Bob and I decided we would just have to have an Orthophonic

But we got rid of it. Our local Victor dealer made us a fair allowance on it, and then permitted us to make a small down-payment and so much every month. We "play as we pay," as Bob says. And what a joy it is! A fine entertainer, and a liberal education for little Betty. I'm glad we spent that evening at Dorothy's.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate an Orthophonic Victrola *in your home*, where you may judge its harmonious appearance as well as its musical performance. There are many beautiful models, from $75 to $1550, list price. Most of them are *electrically operated*—nothing to wind. See and hear the *Automatic* Victrola, the remarkable instrument which changes its own records.

Model Nine-fifty-five. The Automatic-Electrola-Radiola List-price, $1550

The New Orthophonic **Victrola**

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.